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MAKING PRESIDENTS BY PHOTOGRAPHY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ROOSEVELT was the first statesman to rebel at the notion of president-making by photography. It happened at the Philadelphia convention, just after he had been nominated for vice-president, and was starting for the platform, his address in his hand, to make his speech of acceptance. I, who had adjusted my camera on three chair tops, so as to command a view of the scene, shouted:

"One moment, please! I want your picture."

Depew, Roosevelt, Leslie Ward, and Odell halted. Roosevelt was highly incensed, and Platt, who was sitting near by, snickered aloud at his discomfiture.

"Don't you do it!" bellowed the vice-president-to-be.

But I had already snapped my shutter. There was a great commotion at once. My camera was upset, and fell toward a man who shoved it off so that it grazed Mr. Roosevelt.

"Get that man out of here," he commanded, pointing at me, "or I won't speak."

I was unceremoniously ducked under a

platform and kept there for over an hour, so that I never got a picture of him in the throes of his oratorical acceptance. I amused myself, however, by cutting a hole through one of the planks with my pocketknife and making through the aperture plate after plate of the convention assembled.

Curiously enough, four years later the camera was adopted as a means of exploiting this same rebellious Mr. Roosevelt, who had long before forgiven the offending photographer of 1900 and had many times aided me in securing important and interesting pictures. To-day the Department of Pictorial Publicity is a recognized factor in the making of presidents, vice-presidents, governors, and the like, and is utilized gladly by the National and State committees.

Up to about the year 1904, the process of newspaper exploitation of the various candidates by means of quickly prepared photographs for press uses was in its infancy; the newspapers in each town had to depend upon their own artists and photographers for pictures of the candidates which would possess a local interest, and though the National Committee flooded the press with staple



"Croker the only man of the crowd who wasn't on his feet and cheering."

photographs of their men, these became well known so early in the campaign that they came to possess little or no news of value.

This was the condition of affairs at the opening of the Roosevelt-Fairbanks campaign when I was drawn into service.

I fitted up a dark room at one end of the Campaign special car and had just about arranged my chemicals, supplies, ice, and water—we used thousands of gallons of water and literally tons upon tons of ice, frequently bringing the train to a stop simply to allow me to stock up on these two commodities—when the telegrams began to pour in. These wires came from local delegations up the line telling what sort of an affair the candidate was to expect in this town or that, how many people, how prominent they were, how they were dressed, on which side of the track the depot was located, whether it was in the sunshine or not, and such information. They came in by the peck, and they nearly swamped me at first; but they proved very reliable.

At the smaller towns, where there wasn't much of a crowd present, I stood on the back platform, close to the candidate, and deliberately posed him before their very eyes. At such times he assumed an attitude which

gave a sort of "spread-eagle" effect; these pictures, I found, got more space in the newspapers. By having no background except a bit of the car platform, photographs could be palmed off on any community as being taken in that very town, whereas they may have been taken a week before in a town five hundred miles away. The candidate grumbled at being posed in this open-and-above-board fashion, but I got around that difficulty by convincing him that it was absolutely necessary in order to get the pictures, and by making the crowd believe I did not belong on the train with him.

Soon, however, we began to cut out the little five-minute stops and center our efforts on more prominent places, allowing ourselves forty-minute stops in such towns. Here was where quick work had to be done. To take a typical instance, I remember at Salt Lake City, I was out mingling with the crowd before the train had slowed down. Of course, all through the campaign I tried to keep secret the fact that I belonged on the candidate's special train; hence, the need for mingling in with the crowds about the stations en route.

As the delegation moved up to greet the



"In military uniform with a 'dee-lighted' smile."

Secretary Loeb, the President, and Major Patcher at Yellowstone Park.

candidate he quite naturally made room for them on the platform of the car, unostentatiously disposed the local dignitaries about him in a hail-fellow-well-met group, while others of our party gently maneuvered them into the sunlight (all by previous arrangement with me), and I did the rest.

I snapped several views and then, while he

was delivering the speech, I hurried around the front of the car to the dark room, developed those plates, and my assistants printed dozens of the photographs and actually made a score or more of very large bromide enlargements before the train was ready to leave the town. With these under my arm, and some of them hastily autographed by the



"Depew, Roosevelt, Leslie Ward, and Odell balted; Platt was sitting near by."

candidate, I jumped down into the crowd again, presented the various local dignitaries with photographs of themselves and the candidate, scattered others around among the citizens, and even had a number of the enlarged pictures displayed in the shop windows of the town. The various newspaper representatives were each given an exclusive plate, made right in their own city, you know, and as a consequence we left behind us a highly satisfied lot of people.

In another town, where the entire population had gathered around the public square, I climbed a pole and took a comprehensive photograph of the whole gathering, hastened back to the car, made several enlargements at least four feet high, and stuck them up in store windows with the query above them: "Can you find yourself in this picture?" It mattered little to us whether they could or not so long as they stopped, looked at the photograph, and recalled the occasion. This whole business was also accomplished before the train pulled out.

The matter of dress, alluded to heretofore, is a thing which may appear humorous rather than important. But if you will look closely at all campaign pictures (not necessarily those reproduced here) you will see that the candidate invariably wears the same style of hat and clothes as do the members of the visiting delegation which welcomes him. This is not always due to a freak of chance. The secretary

on the private car frequently receives a telegram ahead of time "tipping us off" as to what to wear. Thus, on one occasion, the wire ran:

STATE CAMPAIGN SPECIAL

Arrangements perfected; train will remain outside station in sunlight; committee wearing high hats, frock coats, will greet party on arrival.

(Signed) STATE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



"I never offend a Democrat!"

When Fairbanks went through Indiana he wore a slouch hat and slouchy clothes, as any native son should do, but when he got across the line into Illinois, out came his high hat, Prince Albert coat, and white vest.

The accompanying photograph of Roosevelt in a mirth-provoking pair of trousers shows him unconsciously "doing as the Romans do." The audience on that occasion was a plain, everyday audience.

As for adapting appearances to the country through which a candidate is traveling, I



"Look at all the ugly men!"

have known times when even the train has been changed, the luxurious private cars being discarded and the cheapest, tawdriest coaches possible being substituted.

Bryan, of soft-hat fame, did not need to make any change, as everybody knew his invariable rule. Indeed, the "Great Commoner" made no appeal by this perfectly legitimate method of "faking"; the enthusiasm which he aroused for his democracy was always natural. He really got along better with the local press than any other candidate, but he did not get the advantage of new methods of photography as he might



"You of the Blue!"

to-day. In 1896, when he was jocularly known as "The Boy Orator of the Platte," only the big dailies had perfected a rapid system of half-tone reproduction. The smaller papers could not afford the expense, and hence, though Bryan frequently had me on board his train, the photographs were generally unused by the papers.

The mania for souvenirs has often caused candidates considerable trouble. On one occasion some one stole Mr. Roosevelt's half-hosiery, on another his supply of handkerchiefs, on another his shirt, and on the occasion of a famous Waldorf banquet, some one made away with his evening coat. The resourceful Oscar at once took in the situation and at the last moment, Mr. Roosevelt walked into the banquet room in a coat, the sleeves of which were three inches too short for him.

The main point about campaign photography is the press publicity it can obtain for the candidate. Newspaper space is practically invaluable; there is no way of computing how much it is worth. And although the cost of maintaining a completely equipped photographic apparatus en route is very heavy, the National Committee does not grumble. It costs probably \$50 all told, counting the expense of a private car, to make a dozen



"Bryan did not need to make any change."

pictures on the train, which would cost but \$3 in a local gallery—and in some towns we turned out these pictures in great numbers.

Such pictures as they are, too! What reader does not realize the marvelous characterizations of Theodore Roosevelt that have been caught in the open air by the campaign photographer, showing the vigor and energy of the man—an effect impossible of attainment in a tamely posed gallery picture. Sometimes I reproduced these pictures life-size and sent them ahead to be hung in the hotels where the candidate would lodge, thus helping to work up local interest in him several weeks before he put in an appearance. For the enlargement work of some of my candidates I carried the usual arc light, and the electricity to supply this, of course, had to be generated on the train. Thus by day or night we could get our enlargements, and it was generally by night while the candidate slept that we were busiest. Sometimes, though, the great man would sit up overtime himself, autographing the more imposing photographs.

The method we pursued with these large, signed pictures might prove of interest to the

reader. If we were due in San Francisco, say, in a short time, I would look up the editors of the various papers and send each of them one of these autographed pictures—each, of course, being a different pose. With it would go a note:

Dear Mr. —: Mr. — (naming our candidate) happened to remember his old acquaintance with you, and has requested me to send you the inclosed photo. It is considered one of his best likenesses, etc.

The result generally was that, before this photograph was framed and hung in the office, it was run in that editor's paper.

I have told how we posed the candidate and the local committeemen and turned out dozens of prints from the negative inside of forty minutes. This is by no means a record. Upon one occasion I left New York City after my candidate had been speaking there at the Broadway noonday meeting. By the time we had made the run from Jersey City to Newark, some fifteen minutes, I

had my photographs of that meeting finished, sealed in packages, and ready for our porter. He took them and met a porter on an incoming train going back to New York.

"Carry these to Jersey City," said our porter, handing the other a \$10 bill. "A messenger boy will meet you at the train."

This messenger boy was on hand when the train pulled into Jersey City, took the bundles, and delivered them in turn to a score or more of boys who were waiting at the ferry. These then spread out and delivered the photographs to the newspapers designated, all in time for the afternoon issues.

The New York *Tribune* also printed a flashlight of the Ohio Society dinner, held on Saturday night, March 3, 1900, at the Waldorf-Astoria, which was taken by me at 7.03 P.M., rushed downtown (almost an hour's ride in those days); up to the top of the *Tribune* building, there developed and printed, twelve duplicate half-tone plates were engraved from it, and before the banquet had ended a messenger boy was delivering printed copies of the *Tribune*, with the picture on the front page, to the various banqueters.

President McKinley autographed each copy. It was considered quite a newspaper feat at the time.

One way of working the press occurs when the candidate arrives in a city too late for a photograph to be taken. He is going to speak that night, we will say, and intends to leave early the next morning. This happened at Cincinnati once, when I was out with another one of my candidates. About seven o'clock in the evening the train pulled in, and was besieged by a band of newspaper men. They were referred to me for photographs.

"Fellows," I said, "we haven't anything exclusive but a lot of half-tone plates, already made up."

"All the better," was the chorus.

Of course, by pre-arrangement, these plates were enormous affairs, twelve or fifteen inches high, and depicting the candidate (another trick) with outspread arms. All in all, each plate must have covered the half of an ordinary newspaper page. They were dealt out to the various newspaper men, put on the presses, and the next day the town was simply plastered with enormous reproductions of the campaigner in various of his perfervid, spread-eagle moments. It was a very impressive exhibition, and we obtained about five times the usual pictorial publicity.

Another subterfuge which the campaign photographer works—he must never, never associate himself publicly with that private car down in the yards—is to walk into a newspaper office casually and say, "I see that So-and-so (who, by the way, is his candidate) is in town to-night."

"Yes," replies the managing—or perhaps city- or art-editor.

If the photographer happens to be known in the office, then the conversation takes a personal turn for a while. At last, drawing a bundle of photographs from under his arm, the "pictorial publicity" agent says:

"By the way, I've got some good pictures of So-and-so here that I took myself some time ago. They're exclusive stuff, and I thought they might come in handy to you. Just happened to be in town on some private



"Delivering himself of his favorite 'personal appeal.'"

business. I'll make you a present of them."

Naturally enough, the photographs are accepted with avidity, for they really are exclusive and generally very good, expressive likenesses.

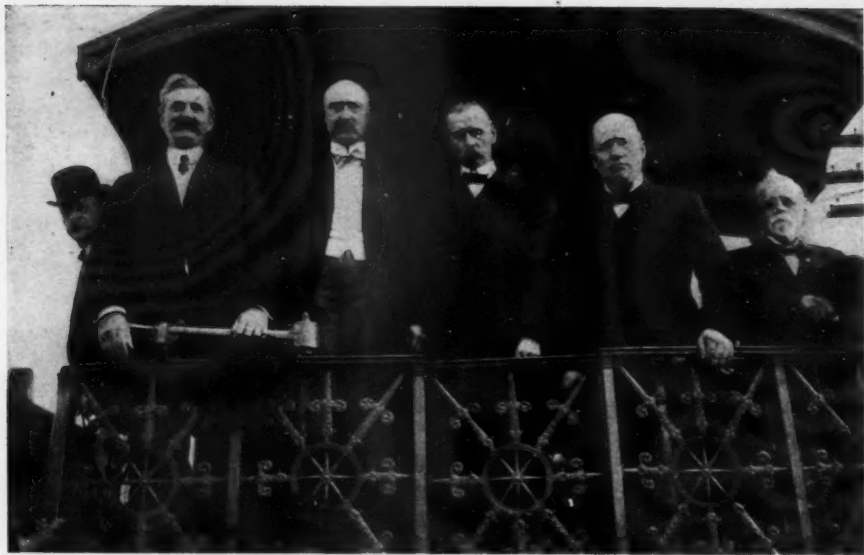
In the year 1900, when I was in Kansas City at the Democratic National Convention in Convention Hall there, a rather amusing circumstance took place. Bryan had just been nominated amid the most tumultuous sort of hullabaloo, and people were jumping to their feet, tossing their hats, and shouting. I took a flashlight of the New York part of the celebration, and started to move my camera toward another part of the house, when a messenger approached me.

"Didn't you just take a picture of that bunch?" he asked, pointing his finger at the Empire State delegates.

"I did," I answered.

"Well, Mr. Croker asked me to ask you not to print it. Take another." He disappeared.

I looked at Croker. He was on his feet, cheering and roaring louder than the rest, in anticipation that I would come back and



Governor Cummins of Iowa. Vice-President Fairbanks.

"On the rear platform to get their pictures taken with the great ones."

photograph his enthusiasm. Later in the dark room I understood. You will observe from the picture I give here (the one that Mr. Croker didn't wish reproduced) that he kept his seat morosely during the first pandemonium. Croker never was for Bryan, and I happened to catch him. He was sitting very languidly in his chair, the only man of the crowd who wasn't on his feet and cheering. That was what was the matter.

"Dressing the part," as I have said, is one of the features of a campaign. Roosevelt in baggy trousers, Roosevelt in military uniform with a "dee-lighted" smile (one of the best "dee-lighted" photographs ever taken of him, and one which I tried for months to get before finally obtaining it), Roosevelt with a sunflower in his buttonhole (could this occur in any other State save Kansas?) are not always circumstantial happenings.

There are other tricks of the game, there are other ways of being democratic, of being "all things to all men." Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, had a habit of appearing with a "quid" of tobacco in his mouth. The audience tittered as he stood before them, rolling his "chaw" in silence. Gradually the

titter spread to a guffaw. Dolliver spoke not a word. Finally, when the merriment had reached its highest, he would dig a finger into his jowl, extract the "quid" and throw it on the floor amid a burst of democratic applause. By expectorating profusely as a *finis* to his ruse, he gained his point. Everybody was in a high good humor when his speech began.

Senator Charles W. Fulton, of Oregon, was another "stumper," whose methods were as effective as Dolliver's. He would begin something like this: "Well, I must say I'm disappointed at this crowd! Look at all the ugly men! Not a good-looking man in the whole convention! How does it happen that such a lot of misshapen features on the masculine side have been able to attract so many beautiful female partners? Here I've been a bachelor for forty years; but if I had known you fellows could do as well as you've done I'd never have been a bachelor for fifteen minutes," etc. By this heart-to-heart method he placed himself on the best of terms with his hearers and then took a dive into politics. The joke of it all was that his wife was probably sitting in the audience listening to his remarks.

Vice-President Fairbanks always had a ready stock of short stories applicable to the occasion. If he was in a Republican community, of course, he was on home ground and could let the eagle scream. If, however,

he is a human being. His beliefs, too, are patriotic, I know. But—his methods of reaching his results are erroneous. It is like the case of an old friend of mine, who was talking of his chum, a man whose affliction



"In a bail-fellow-well-met group."

Secretary Taft.

he happened to be in a Democratic stronghold he told the following:

"I never offend a Democrat, because I realize that, first of all, politics or no politics,

with rheumatism at times made him other than genial. 'I do not hate John,' he said, 'because he has got the rheumatism, but I hate the rheumatism because it has got John.'"



"The candidate disposed the local dignitaries about him, while others gently maneuvered them into the sunlight."

Such were the subterfuges by which the campaign orators held the crowds in good humor until they could get at the meat of their speeches, and, incidentally, until I could get my plates and have them developed.

Roosevelt, from a photographic point of view, has always been an almost impossible subject. He has a mode of address which makes it extremely difficult to catch him. The grotesque picture of him here given, with his mouth wide open, speaking off the rear end of his train, was taken at a time when he was delivering himself of his favorite "personal appeal."

"*You*," he would say in impassioned tones, pointing his finger directly at some one in the audience, "*you of the Blue*—"—everybody craned his neck to look—"and *you*," continued the speaker, pointing in an opposite direction—"you of the Gray!" By this time half the town audience would be on its feet to see which of its citizens had been designated. The speaker's appeal would immediately follow, burning with patriotism. It is highly probable, but hardly necessary to add, that there wasn't a war veteran within forty miles of his voice. Or, if it was another subject under discussion, he would point

down and shout, "*You*, mother with your baby in your arms!" and perhaps there was no such person in the hall.

Speaking of the soldiers reminds me of the fact that the committees and their adjutants are prone at all times to assemble the veterans, the lodge members, and other uniformed bodies and parade them prominently about with the candidate. They are placed on the speaker's stand, appealed to in the oratory, always photographed, and otherwise raised to honor because of their votes and their influence. It is a great card to play.

And that is the way the business of making a president is conducted. No small part is played by the man behind the camera. If you get a glimpse of statesmen hurrying into old pantaloons and slouch hats in the aisle of a railway car, or hustling their local delegations out on the rear platform to get their pictures taken arm in arm with the great ones, or if you can imagine a hot night in a dark room with the camera man developing negatives and the candidate autographing pictures while the train makes sixty miles an hour, this bit of reminiscence will not have been written in vain.

THE NIGHT

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS



ND this is your life!" observed the elder man thoughtfully.

The other nodded, smiling his tolerant, pleasant smile. "Such is my life."

He would have said more, apparently, but, interrupted by the locust warning of the buzzer, he turned and, taking up the nicked headpiece of the receiver, fitted it to his head.

For a few moments his slender fingers moved deftly about the clustered apparatus on the plain wood table, here tightening a turn-screw, there locking a switch. Then sitting passive, he listened, his abstracted gaze ranging through the open window, over the sun-smitten sweep of dunes and naked glaring beach, beaten upon by sleek, green-bellied, silver-crested combers, over the purple-sheeted sea to the dark heaving rim of it: a prospect patterned in level low lines broken by the abrupt skeleton of the aerial.

"Steamer?" inquired the guest, bending forward in eager interest.

"Yes—calling Montauk. So far no answer. I'll cut in."

The supple fingers were again momentarily busy with the instruments, at length settling gently on the sending key. Instantaneously, with a rippling crackle startlingly loud, a violet-colored spark like lightning bridged the gap between the platinum knobs of the induction coil. For a brief time thereafter crash after crash responded in synopated rhythm to the expert manipulation of the key, shaking the little cottage upon its foundations.

As suddenly as it had begun, the racket ceased. "There's Montauk at last," commented the operator. He swung round,

maintaining his intent expression. "It's the *Minnesota*, of the Transatlantic Transport Line, two days overdue—heavy weather, she says. Do you care to listen, Wain?"

The elder man assenting, his friend made place for him and surrendered the headpiece. After a time, with a perplexed expression, "I don't hear anything but a faint, intermittent ticking, Speed—like a watch with locomotor ataxia," Wain complained.

Speed laughed quietly. "That's it—that's the still small voice of Wireless. It's loud enough—you heard—when it starts out, but after it has filtered through a few odd miles of atmosphere it sneaks down the aerial like a dying whisper."

"I don't understand it at all—don't presume I ever shall." Wain vacated the chair in Speed's favor, but the latter merely laid aside the receiver and shut off the current from the variegated and formidable-looking mechanisms.

"It's simple, really," he explained carelessly. "You've seen ripples widening from the spot where a stone has dropped into a pool? It's just that way with Wireless; you drop an electric impulse into a sea of Hertzian waves, and they go rippling off indefinitely. Now figure to yourself a chip of wood rocked by the wavelets on the pool; it corresponds to the receiving station—the aerial, out there, the sensitive antenna that receives the impulse and passes it on down to the resonator, here. You see?"

"I begin to. And you're devoting your life to this business?"

"Not altogether. I am experimenting with—along certain lines; the Wireless paraphernalia is merely a sort of guide."

"Don't the Marconi people object?"

"No-o; we're working together in one di-

rection. I'm on the track of a few simplifications of the system, which is at present clogged by too much machinery."

"But aside from that—?" persisted Wain, inquisitive. "Those 'certain lines'—?"

"It'd be hard to explain without going pretty deep into an abstruse subject." Speed eyed him a bit uneasily. "You believe in telepathy?"

"Thought transference?" Wain shook his square head, a sturdy skeptic. "I doctor the body of man, not his brain."

"Well, it's in that direction. Few people realize how thin is the wall between the phenomena we call wireless telegraphy and pure, abstract telepathy."

"I hope they never will," grunted the elder man sharply, half in scorn, half in acquiescence. It was with the physician's eye that he looked Speed up and down. "You're trained pretty fine," he summed up tersely. "Smoking much?"

"Inordinately," laughed Speed. "I always did, you know."

"Hmm. Sleep well?"

"No-o." Speed averted his keen young face from the too searching gaze. "I—er—haven't, you know, since—"

"You're lonely?" It was, however, as much an assertion of fact as a question.

"I have Chester," evaded Speed.

"Your valet? Where is he now?"

"I sent him to New York to make some purchases. He'll be back to-morrow morning."

"Well." Wain consulted his watch. "I presume you realize it's madness—or the quickest, surest way there—to bury yourself alive in this solitude. I am equally convinced that argument and advice would be wasted on you. Come along over to the dock with me; it's nearly six, and if I don't start now I'll be late for dinner."

"Glad to."

The two men left the cottage and, turning their backs to the surf, swung shoulder to shoulder along a well-defined path through the dunes, from the sea beach to the edge of the landlocked bay. Before them, beyond the intense green of the flats, the water stretched wide, a serene sheet mirroring flawlessly the translucent glory of the summer evening's sky. On the farther shore the lighthouse thrust a red finger high above the ragged, dark contour of scrub-oak and pine forest. Along the water line straggled a

string of summer cottages, dwarfed by the barrackslike hotel.

As they gained the rude landing stage to which was moored the catboat in which Wain had crossed, Speed prematurely congratulated himself upon having turned the conversation.

"You won't come over and dine?" Wain dropped heavily into the tiny cockpit of the boat and prepared to hoist sail. "My wife wants to see you, and the hotel table isn't altogether impossible."

"You're good, but—no, thank you," returned Speed from the dock. "Shall I cast you off?"

"Please. I'll sing out when." Wain tugged, panting, at the halyards until he had the canvas spread to his satisfaction, thereafter making fast to cleats and slowly coiling up the surplus rope. "These experiments?" he demanded suddenly, with a troubled face. "Do they lead anywhere? You get results?"

"To some extent, yes."

"I gather you're trying to project your voice—?"

"In a way. . . ."

"And you succeed?"

"I—can't say; I get answers."

"The deuce you do! From whom?"

"Perhaps I exaggerate. What I mean is that I have caught words and fragments of phrases that might be replies."

Wain snorted indignantly, tucking the coiled slack between peak-halyard and trunk.

"Oh, voices! Recognize any of 'em?"

Speed moistened his lips nervously and stared purposely toward the mainland. "Only my wife's," he admitted eventually, in a low tone.

"But how d'you know she's not—?"

"Bess isn't dead," asserted Speed with quiet conviction.

"But you don't *know*!" disputed the physician vehemently. And then, more mildly:

"Can't you forget?"

"No, I—A fellow doesn't, you know. I dare say it was my fault. It still hurts."

There was real pain in the faltered admission; Wain, tender of heart, melted in compassion and forbore further intrusion into the sanctuary of his friend's sorrow. To no other living being, he knew, would Speed have opened his heart; and he prized this proof of intimacy. To-morrow, possibly, the

man might be won back to society and the ways of sanity by a little explicit argument based on accepted truths of medical science. But for to-night—"I'm ready," Wain announced, grasping the tiller and trimming the main sheet. "Till to-morrow, then!"

"I count on you." Speed cast the painter aboard and gave the bows a shove. The cat slid away irresolutely; then, sail filling, it heeled and gathered momentum.

Speed watched its breadth of rose-tinted canvas dwindle to a tiny drifting patch ere he turned again toward the lonely cottage in the dunes—with a sigh. For Wain had hit upon the truth; Speed was lonely, desperately so, and more so at that moment, perhaps, than ever he had been since, without warning or explanation, his wife had left him. That day marked the second anniversary of their marriage—since waking his mind had been filled with the consciousness of it. Within six months would come the second anniversary of their separation. . . . He bowed his head, eyes somber and vacant, lips twitching. For him there could be neither oblivion nor surcease of longing.

For distraction, that night, after eating mechanically, he threw himself with a certain fierce ardor into the pursuit of his vision—struggling, through the long, lamplit hours, with his great problem, the solution of which was to revolutionize the world's methods of communication, doing away not only with the antiquated telegraph and telephone, but with wireless itself. He dreamed curious dreams, this man; and the greatest of them was this.

It was midnight ere, worn and spent, he put aside books, plans, and blueprints, and seated himself before the little deal table, switching a heavy voltage into the strange yet simple combination of devices wherewith he sought to aid the transference of thought by the more gross expedient of projecting the human voice through space. Nightly at this hour, when conditions were most propitious, he experimented thus, striving always in the one direction—to reach the subliminal ear of the woman who was his wife.

Adjusting the duplex receiver so that both ears were covered, he bent forward, tuned up the induction coil, and called repeatedly into the transmitter, in a voice vibrant and clear, the one word: "Bess!" And at each iteration of the monosyllable a brilliant spark leaped silently between the knobs. Then,

swiftly shifting the current to the receiving mechanism, he hung in suspense, waiting, scarce breathing, listening, while the great hush of the night-wrapped world sang sibilant in his hearing, only accentuated by the crisp rattle and thud of the slow-breaking surf.

Suddenly he stiffened in the chair, a spot of color burning above either cheek bone, an odd light in his eyes. Had he heard, or had he dreamed he heard, that attenuated whisper which, night after night, had seemed to sound in answer to his heart's bitter cry?

"Allan!"

"Bess!" he cried. "Bess! It is I—Allan, your husband! Do you hear? Answer me!"

An uncontrollable tremor shook him violently. Faint and sweet and far as the winding of a fairy's horn he seemed to catch the answer: "Allan, I hear, and I am coming!" And then, as always, fell the dead silence.

After a while, despairing of further attempts, he shut off the current and sat back, profoundly agitated. Reality or illusion? His wife's voice, or the articulate yearning of his soul? He clenched his hands tightly, knotting his brows in anguish. Was Wain but too justly vindicated of his solicitude for his friend's sanity?

The harsh alarm of the buzzer again disturbed and distracted him. Unthinkingly he had diverted the current into the Wireless apparatus. Out of the vast void of darkness some one was calling the Marconi station at Montauk. Abstractedly Speed put on the receiver and eavesdropped—his privilege, by reason of his understanding with the Wireless management.

The buzzer silenced, his ears were filled with a ceaseless, frantic repetition of the code signal for Montauk, thrilled with an accent of emergency. It educed no answer. After a minute or two Speed cut in, giving the signal of the Nokomis Experimental Station—thinking it probable that some accident had temporarily disabled the regular station. The reply came immediately:

"Hello, Nokomis! What's the matter with Montauk?"

"I don't know," Speed drummed out. "Who are you?"

"Minnesota, Liverpool-New York, twenty miles southwest Nokomis Light. Please transmit these messages to Montauk or New York as soon as possible."



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"Her name broke from his lips like a sob."

"Go ahead." Speed reached for pad and pencil.

"*Transatlantic Transport, N. Y.,*" he translated the faint, rapid tapping in the receiver. "*Ss. Minnesota, 20 m. S. W. Nokomis, struck derelict this P.M. 11.50. Sinking by the bows. Steerage uncontrollable, rioting on boat deck. Two boats lowered, overloaded, and sunk. Sea quiet. No vessel in sight. Hopeless. (Signed) Barrester, Captain.*"

"Great God!" whispered Speed, stripping off the sheet of paper, and dropping pencil for sending key. "Hello, *Minnesota!*" he called. "Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," came the curt reply. "Don't waste time. Water may reach engine room any moment. I'll keep on sending until we sink or blow up. Ready?"

"Ready."

Stupefied with horror, torn with pity, the young man began to write.

"Passengers' messages," came out of the night. "*A. L. Speed, Sciences Club, N. Y. We were coming back to you, Bes . . .*"

The clicking stopped; inexorable silence ensued. Though for the better part of the next half hour the cottage quivered and resounded with the dull thunder of his signaling, Speed got no further answer.

Dropping the key at length he stood erect, compressing his temples with both hands in the effort to compose himself and think. The thought of what had taken place twenty miles out at sea, coupled with the consciousness of his impotency, menaced him with madness. He was conscious of black despair closing down upon his sentience like a palpable cloak of darkness.

Something happened within his head—something which his overwrought mind could compare only to the closing of a circuit; he seemed almost to hear the sharp metallic click as the switch was clamped. A mist wavered, tenuous, dissolving, before his eyes, oppressing him with a passing sensation of vertigo. He swallowed with difficulty, gritted his teeth as if in superhuman endeavor, and lifted his head, staring blankly with eyes credulous and luminous with happiness and peace. For he was no longer alone.

He had not seen her enter, but she was there, his wife, standing by the center table in one of her well-remembered poses of unaffected, unstudied grace. Her hair, he saw, was braided as she had been wont to braid

it for the night. A negligee, a flimsy silken thing of palest blue, trimmed with exquisite lace—a present he had made her—molded itself closely to the lines of her gracious body; at the throat it hung open, betraying the sweet firm contour of her neck, rising like rosy marble from the edging of her night-dress. About her waist was clasped a girdle of wrought gold and gems, richly shimmering in the lamp's soft light; this likewise he had given her. One small white hand rested palm down upon the table, supporting her; it was unadorned. Her left arm she held curiously crooked; the broad golden circlet of their wedding ring shone upon her hand. In the shadow of her wonderful hair her forehead showed serene, unlined, immaculate. Her lips he likened to rose leaves set against alabaster. In his sight she was unutterably lovely. His eyes were drawn ineluctably by hers, the changing violet eyes of a child.

He knew that she waited for him to speak; her face was a prayer and an appeal for his forgiveness. But he seemed unable to speak; he was suffocated with emotion—with joy, with love, with compassion. He noted that water dripped from her sodden clothing, forming in little pools upon the floor. Her name broke from his lips like a sob: "Bess!"

She inclined her head quaintly, lips shaped in a tender smile. He fancied that she breathed the words, "It is I." He grasped the chair beside him, steadying himself.

"You—you escaped?" he cried.

"I escaped, Allan." The deep nuances of her voice, rich with the love he had thought forever lost, thrilled the chords of his being like the smitten strings of a harp. He trembled in uncontrollable agitation.

She continued, her every accent and gesture piteous, saddened, breathing the spirit of her penitence. "What else could I, Allan, my husband? Night after night you have called me, my beloved; night after night my heart has answered that I would come. Could I suffer anything to stand between us, oh, my heart? 'Neither fire nor water.'" She smiled in gentle deprecation. He stood speechless. After a little time, and now stronger, the wonderful voice went on:

"I had dreamed that to-morrow, at the latest, I would come to you, kneel before you, beg your forgiveness, Allan. For, oh, the blame was altogether mine, my husband!

But if I have caused you suffering, I, too, have suffered—sorrowed even in my greatest joy." She lowered her face momentarily above the inexplicably crooked arm, lifting it luminous with emotion.

He did not understand. "There is no need," he said brokenly—"no need, since you have come back to me—"

She stopped him with an imperative gesture. "There is need—great need, my husband. Between us there can no longer be any misunderstanding. Faith, faith and understanding as complete as our love, must be ours, henceforth and forevermore, Allan. You did not know, nor did I guess, how little worthy I was—"

"No!" he cried violently.

"But it is so, truly so, Allan," she contended inflexibly. "I, who have sorrowed, know. Through sorrow I have learned. I did not appreciate; I thought, because you left me for your work, that your love must be a lesser thing than mine, who would have sacrificed my every desire and hour in your service, beloved. To keep you with me, always! But you would go. Insensibly I grew jealous of this rival; I conceived for the work of your life, a man's work and worthy of you, a hateful enmity; it seemed to threaten me, like some malicious, heartless identity, bent on separating you from me. I did not understand, Allan—I was too young, too poor in experience and knowledge. I lived in a world of illusion, unreal, woven of a girl's dreams, until we were married, and thereafter for a little time. The meaning of living and of love, the lesson of womanhood, I had never known. No—let me go on!

"One day you seemed even more abstracted, less considerate than ever. That day I—for the first time, Allan"—a slow flush burned her cheeks, but her eyes held steadily to his own—"I was made to understand the meaning of my woman's birthright, the burden and the joy of it. I was dazed, frightened. Instead of turning to you, in my folly I turned away. I fled to England, staying with my mother's family. They were very sweet and good to me, but in the long months of waiting, Allan, I came to see my error, my sin against your love. Slowly I began to see.

"There came no word from you; I thought your heart must have turned against me. I waited, waited, hoping against hope, until

that first night when your voice sounded in my ears, though the sea lay between us, calling me back, back to your heart, Allan! Meanwhile the boy was born—"

"The boy!" he interrupted hoarsely. In his hands the back of the chair cracked, threatening to break. "What boy?"

"Our boy, Allan—your son and mine." A second time she bent low over the curved, cradling arm. When again she faced him, she seemed transfigured with joy. "I have brought him home to you, beloved—the man-child, worthy of his father. See!" she cried proudly, lifting toward him her empty arms. "Is he not beautiful, your son, my beloved? Was ever a child more strong and sturdy and sweet and wonderful? See his little hands, the adorable creases in his little legs."

"Bess!" The cry was torn from the man's soul. For now it was made plain to him that she was mad. "You—you have not—he was not drowned, Bess?"

Her troubled eyes questioned his, bewildered. Slowly she shook her head. "I have told you that we escaped, he and I, Allan! No; he is there." She hugged close to her bosom the terribly empty cradle of her arms. "He is safe, my heart's dearest."

Choking, in his agony the man dropped the broken chair and strode toward her. And stopped. For suddenly she was not. And his heart became as ice in his breast; his tongue clave to the dry roof of his mouth; his brain reeled. Then, with an exceeding bitter cry, he turned and fled the awful desolation of that place.

An hour later, it may be, the shock of cold water brought him to partial rationality. He found himself standing waist deep in the surf, with arms outstretched, his eardrums throbbing with the echo of his wife's name, shrieked in a voice he failed to recognize as his own.

But for that, with the unceasing chant of the sea, the night had been quiet and beautiful. Overhead the sky was clear and splended with stars. A slight haze, dimly luminous, blurred the distances. Out of its occult bosom long, black, foamless rollers shouldered sluggishly, with a singular seeming of reluctance lurching in over the outer bar, pale cold fire gleaming on their crests as they curled to break in a welter of phosphorescence.

Lowering his arms the man turned back. Behind the beach the dunes rolled away in

ghostly procession, a chill breeze stirring the sand grass on their rounded summits and filling the air with eerie whisperings. Above them the unlovely façade of the cottage lifted up, flanked by the gaunt aerial, doors and windows golden with lamplight.

As he gained the unwashed beach the man's knees seemed to give beneath him. Racked by strange and terrible spasms of sobbing, he fell, pillowing his head instinctively upon his forearms.

In this posture, at length, a sort of syncope mercifully numbed him into insensibility. In this posture the day discovered him.

A film of water, upthrown by the making tide, half strangled him. He rose, staggering, a little blinded by the glare of light.

Over the edge of the placid sapphire sea the sun was rising, red and hot, its level rays splashing a scarlet lane across the waters. The wide arc of the horizon, stark against its border of magenta and purple cloud, was bare of any sail or smoke smudge; but, clear and black against the blood-red trail, something floated, a tiny spot, far offshore.

The man's eyes were arrested and held by it. Wan and haggard he stood at gaze for many minutes. Then, almost automatically, he stooped and unlaced his shoes.

Free of these, he was attired only in a light cotton shirt and duck trousers. Without any trace of hesitation he advanced into the surf. The water rose to his knees, a wave splashed him to the waist; presently his feet left bottom and he began to swim straight out for the drifting spot of black. He was a strong swimmer and unafraid. His methodical, long,

powerful overhand strokes urged him rapidly through water limpid green and warm. Once only he paused to rest and regain his wasted breath. He had then covered half the distance; the spot had taken shape as a small life raft, composed of two air-tight metal cylinders with a scanty breadth of planking uniting them. Upon this fragile platform something lay without motion. As he watched a wave lifted the raft high in the brilliant sunlight. He saw a flutter of something white, backed by a shimmer of turquoise blue. A sunbeam shattered itself blindingly upon a jeweled boss of a golden girdle.

Speed turned upon his side and struck out, fear gripping his throat with fingers of ice.

Some moments later he grasped the edge of the life raft and skilfully lifted himself aboard.

As he knelt above her, his wife lay supine, at ease, as if asleep, face turned to the sun and glorified by its radiance. An end of rope had been passed round her waist and made fast, inexpertly, to the deck planks. Held jealously in her arms a child rested, chubby arms clasping her neck, one fat, rosy cheek against her own.

Wearily of the constraint of her embrace, he turned and whimpered in his sleep. The shadow of a smile moderated the anxious line of her scarlet drooping lips; a tinge of color crept into her cheeks; upon them the long, light lashes quivered and lifted. She sighed; and the first glance of her widening violet eyes probed deep into the soul of Speed.

COLOR SONG

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

PURPLE

THE fingers of the stars are round my throat,
The moon has laid her hands with jewels set
Upon my hair—while in my ears still rings
The grief of passion-flower and violet.

The night has spread her treasures on my dress,
While nuns are soft at chanting and their hymns,
And all the saints have stretched abroad their arms,
To draw my glory round their pallid limbs.



WALL STREET AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER

By W. G. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL COLLINS



BESIDES being a great market place and money reservoir, Wall Street is a manufacturing community, as much so as Pittsburg, Chicago, Fall River, and any mill or factory town. The only difference is in the kind of goods produced.

Wall Street's industrial specialty is the manufacturing of stocks and bonds and every other form of securities. That is its principal business and around it has been built a wonderful and complex machinery for the sale and distribution of its output.

The market and the manufacturing features of Wall Street are interdependent. Each is indispensable to the other. Money and credit is the life fluid.

The great fortunes of Wall Street have been made in the production and sale of securities, nearly always accompanied by market juggling, and not in speculation. Many speculators have amassed fortunes, it is true, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the successful ones have been identified with the manufacturing end of the game or have made part of the selling machinery.

The machinery of Wall Street is called the

Market. This Market receives new stocks and bonds as they are manufactured, and keeps them before the public until their quality is tested and value gauged by income-producing ability or strategic position, and until they find permanent investment lodgment.

This process may take a few years or many, depending on the properties underlying the securities, and upon their management. Some stocks find their way into the strong boxes of investors in ten, twelve, fifteen, or twenty years, while others remain in perpetual "solution." Notable in this last enumeration is Erie, which has been a football in the stock market from the very beginning, more than fifty years ago. Other stocks which have been "tried out," like Lake Shore, Chicago & Northwestern, New York, New Haven & Hartford, and Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, find permanent resting places in the hands of the investor class.

To get at the real inside of Wall Street one has to go behind the stage play of speculation and stock gambling, which is the spectacular feature held up most strikingly to view. Speculation is encouraged by the manufacturers of securities because it is an active aid



**WALL
STREET
IS A
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TURING
COMMUN-
ITY.**

to them in creating and maintaining a market for their goods. Without the speculative feature Wall Street would be a dry affair and the difficulties in the way of marketing the merchandise would be greatly increased. A stock market without speculation would be like a human being without lungs, heart, stomach, and other organs, as well as without flesh and blood. It would be mere skin and bones. The manufacturers of stocks and bonds would have to peddle their wares in primitive huckster fashion, from office to office and house to house.

It costs the public an immense sum of money to maintain a stock market for the benefit of the manufacturing contingent and its numerous sales agencies.

In its crystallized form the Market is represented by the New York Stock Exchange, an unincorporated association having a membership of 1,100 men. Seats on this Exchange have sold for \$95,000 each, making a total valuation of \$104,500,000. The present quotation is a few thousand dollars less, but it is likely ere long to cross \$100,000,000. Aside from a life-insurance provision of \$10,000 the value of seats on the Stock Exchange is predicated on what they earn for their owners. That they should command \$95,000 each must be accepted as conclusive evidence that they are worth that much. Allowing ten per cent as a minimum return on personally directed active capital, a single membership may be rated as having an average income value of \$9,500 a year or \$10,450,000 net for the entire membership.

As a matter of fact, \$10,450,000 annually is only a tithe of what the public pays the members of the New York Stock Exchange. In commissions and interest alone it pours into the Exchange every year not less than \$60,000,000, an average of \$54,545 per member.

This vast sum is contributed purely for the privilege of playing in a game where the chances are heavily against the players. To employ a gambling comparison, it may be said in truth that the New York Stock Exchange bears the same relation to the speculative public that the "kitty" does to a poker game where there is a "rake-off" on every pot played. I may be permitted to assume that a large number of my readers will understand this illustration if accentuated by the further explanation that such a "rake-off" is almost confiscatory, and that six men engaging in such a game with \$100 each will all get up "broke" at the end of a session of moderate duration. So it is with those who "sit into the game" of speculation as played on the New York Stock Exchange. Their contributions to the "kitty" are bound to extinguish their capital unless they have unusual means of replenishment and an inexhaustible income from other sources.

Wall Street has also been described as a "Tollgate in the Highway of American Progress," levying an inexorable tribute on all enterprises of magnitude. There is truth in the figure of speech.

Every big financial thing has to go to Wall Street for money and for credentials. Without the proper Wall Street "O. K." a corporation proposing to issue securities for general investment lacks the brand of legitimacy entitling it to respect and confidence. People may rail at Wall Street and denounce it as a nest of swindlers, and as being wholly and irredeemably bad, but the fact remains that corporate property, to get the right treatment from the public, must come from Wall Street and carry Wall Street's expressed approval. The public curses Wall Street and then inconsistently jumps to the conclusion

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that there must be something wrong with a corporate issue that cannot show the Wall Street mark of friendly identification. To get the right kind of a send-off any sort of corporate proposition must submit to Wall Street inspection and to Wall Street taxation.

There is a harsher name for it—blackmail.

On numerous occasions rich men or groups of rich men have undertaken to do large things in Wall Street independent of the established banking interests there and of the organized machinery of the Street. Sooner or later they one and all bow to the yoke and acknowledge obedience to the recognized powers. Until they submit to the paying of the customary toll, those who have tried the experiment of being independent—going it alone—find their paths beset with trouble. Pitfalls are dug for them, obstacles put in their way, traps set for them, credit mysteriously and secretly attacked, motives impugned, and sand thrown in their machinery at every stage of action. They do not make headway, and find themselves uncomfortably isolated. They are made to feel in many ways that they have violated the rules of the game, and that they are being subjected to discipline. They are taught that higher Wall Street is a club and that membership in good standing in this club is essential to success in the practice of high finance. Without such membership and without probationary experience to test the clubable qualities of the candidate an outsider is placed at a disadvantage which makes life a continual trial.

An instance is told of the quite recent experience of a coterie of very rich Westerners, who, soon after arrival in New York, realized from their industrial holdings \$75,000,000 in free cash, with some of which they bought control of an important railroad and launched

an ambitious campaign of extension and amalgamation, their purpose being to own and operate a great railroad system. They were seeking a legitimate investment for their money, had planned a splendid life work for themselves, and fully believed that they were strong enough in themselves to carry out their plans. In the consciousness of their strength they imprudently let it be known that they would not have to call on banks or insurance companies of New York and would save for themselves the usual tolls exacted of others who had been forced to stand and deliver.

Everything went off smoothly at first, chiefly because of the dash and superb self-confidence displayed, but ere long rough traveling was encountered. Opposition, open and covert, was met at every step and more than once the entire personal fortunes of the coterie were pledged. The hard fact was finally driven into them that they need not expect peace until they "joined the club" in the usual way. They fell into step and after tying up with two or three old and recognized banking institutions of international standing they found the going easy. They might have won along the lines originally laid down, but the struggle would have been a hard one and they wisely decided that it would conduce to their personal comfort and to their peace of mind to seek the lines of least resistance; in other words to travel the beaten road and abandon pioneering.

It may be in this case that the keepers of the tollgate charged usurious interest on the deferred payment and then something for the bother they had been put to in making the collection. Whatever the assessment may have been it was paid cheerfully, and this Western coterie found itself in good-fellowship in the Wall Street Club of high financiers.



The incident is frequently mentioned in Wall Street as an object lesson which it would be well for outsiders to study before entering independently upon lines of business which might at some stage require large credit or indorsement.

The Wall Street life of a speculator is said to average less than three years. This may be regarded as entirely reasonable, when the speculators pay directly into the "kitty" in the items of commissions and interest \$60,000,000 a year.

But even that by no means comprises the total public losses to Wall Street. There occur two or three times a year what are termed "shake-outs," a phrase descriptive of violent breaks in the market marked by a wholesale slaughter of innocents and the agonizing extinguishment of marginal accounts in commission houses and bucket shops. These "shake-outs" follow the climax of seasons of unusual speculative activity, on the bull side of the market. At such periods the public is invariably found to be loaded to the guards with stocks, having been drawn into the play by the *furor* of wild fluctuations and arrant manipulation. Not one in ten of these outsiders could be coaxed or driven into buying stocks when cheap and inactive, yet when bitten by the gambling bug they rush blindly into the Street with their money and buy whatever the broker may suggest.

It is the broker's business to buy and sell stocks for what there is in it for him, which is a commission of \$25 on every 100 shares bought and sold—\$12.50 each way—plus a "scalp" on interest charges. The adviser nine times out of ten knows no more about the inside of the market or the merits of the stock he puts his customer into than the boy who marks quotations on the blackboard or the gentleman behind the bar who composes his

cocktails. The victim cares very little about that, however. He has the fever in his blood and is determined to "make a play," unmindful of previous losses or of the experience of others.

Insiders take advantage of these periods of active speculation to get rid of the stocks they have been carrying for just such a market. Experience has taught them that the time to sell stocks is when the public clamors for them. After the public has been "landed with the goods," to use another phrase of Wall Street coinage, the insiders either stand aside and passively await the finish or hurry it along by "getting on top of the market"; that is to say, by "selling short." To sell short it is only necessary to give your commission broker an order to sell a certain number of shares and he will go into the market and execute the order just as if he had the certificates. To make a legal delivery, the broker who has sold the shares borrows them from an actual holder. There can always be found in Wall Street great numbers of such holders who are willing to loan their shares because by so doing they relieve themselves of the carrying charges, i. e., interest, etc.

"Short stock" thrown on the market at such times has as much influence as "long stock." A market already "overbought" or top-heavy does not long stand up under such pressure, and prices sag. A decline thus inaugurated oftentimes runs into a violent break or slump which sometimes takes on the complexion of a panic. By the time the panic develops the public has been pretty well shaken out of its marginal deals and the insiders in self-protection rally to the support of their specialties, buying at the bottom the stocks they sold when the market was soaring and outsiders were breaking their necks to get their money into the game.



The cost to the public for one of these "shake-outs" ranges from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. In a fairly active market the open speculative account on the books of commission houses is at a very low estimate 2,000,000 shares. When the firm of C. G. Gates & Co. decided to quit business, it had 700,000 shares on its books. This account is protected by an average margin of ten per cent, a total of, say, \$20,000,000. At the climax of a great market boom the open interest of the public on the Exchange is quite likely to be 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 shares. The aggregate interest in the bucket shops is considerably larger than the Stock Exchange total. This account has an average protection of two to three per cent. In the Stock Exchange, as well as in bucket shops, stubborn players keep on remargining until they can go no farther, but the great majority simply stand martyrlike and see their original margins wiped out and then go back home

to raise more money to play with, or else quit broken-hearted.

To the \$60,000,000 annual contribution to the Wall Street "kitty" add \$60,000,000 to \$100,000,000 lost every year in the oft-recurring "shake-outs" and on top of that figure a steady average yearly loss of \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 chargeable to bad judgment and "freeze-outs," and a fair estimate may be reached of what it costs the public to support Wall Street—a grand total of approximately \$250,000,000 every twelve months. The 85,000,000 people composing the population of the whole United States do not pay much more than double that sum for the support of the national government, the maintenance of the naval and war establishments, the post office, the custom houses, the federal judiciary, and the innumerable incidental expenses of the civil structure. Wall Street comes high, but it seems to be indispensable.

THE POET

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

BACK of his splendid song, O think of the songs unsung!
 Back of his painted dreams, the dreams that he never reveals!
 Behind each lyric of rapture
 The songs that he cannot capture
 Save for his own delight, to keep his heart still young!

But the songs that he never can sing—
 Children created of one glad song tells us what he feels—
 Some day they shall be uttered
 When far his soul has fluttered,
 Sung by an unborn singer in a new and wonderful Spring!



THE PRICE OF PARADISE

By WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SHAVER



FOR the want of thirty cents! True, many a man who has starved to death would be alive to-day—or at least yesterday—had he had that sum. But what is anguish of the body compared with anguish of the soul? Why speak of mere starving?

On Tuesday Sammy had "run a errant" and had received as emolument five cents; Wednesday morning his communistic ideals had suffered temporary eclipse and he had surreptitiously bought—but dern it all! wasn't it thirty cents they needed? Five wouldn't do no good. Sethie would 'a' spent it himself if he'd 'a' made it.

Sethie just guessed not! Sam knew that show was comin', didn't he?

Yes, he knew it all right enough, but how was he goin' to know it would rain all week so's they couldn't make no more money?

If Sammy had not spent five cents there would be only twenty-five more to earn.

Granted; but just the same: Sethie *would* have spent the nickel.

"Liar!"

"I ain'd! You're one!" Anyway, who run that errant? Wasn't it *his* nickel?

Yes, but—hadn't they both said they was *partners*?

But supposin' he, Sammy, had the nickel right now in his pocket, how was that to help if they couldn't get a quarter more before the show? Wasn't it as likely (with scorn) they'd get thirty cends as twendy-five?—say! wasn't it now?

Incontrovertible argument, and there was silence in the vestibule. Each leaned gloomily against a door jamb and stared miserably at the slushy pavements and at the sodden March snow, the sound of whose intermittent gurglings in the water-spouting made the chill dusk yet more dismal. Five o'clock Saturday afternoon, and the world is closing its books and tidying up its shelves and desks, for the work of the week is nearly done; with the firm of Gishkin & Doyle, odd jobbists, the week's work had never been. And this, this was the last night of the Justly Celebrated, Universe-Famed, Professor Margand's Dog and Pony Show. Direct from Private

Audiences before the Crowned Heads of European Royalty, and now showing for one week only at the Harlem Opera House. The last night!—the thought was preposterous, intolerable, it just couldn't be the last chance.

Sammy, in soliloquy, spoke aloud: "Id may nevvver come again, nevvver, nod next year neither."

"I know it," assented the mourner against the opposite door jamb. The two souls bled afresh, but in silence.

"Id has bedder bills than any other show this year!"

Assent.

"Sammy, let's go look again at that one in the saloon winder."

"Aw, whad's the use; we can't see the show."

Sethie, the indomitable, wagged his head: "Show ain't over yet!" he observed succinctly. They moved out of the sheltering vestibule and splashed toward the corner. As they passed a shabby apartment house, a four-year-old youngster beat upon the window pane to attract their attention; both glanced up.

"There's that Clancykid!—it bawls on good days, might just as well be outdoors now," bitterly complained the tired mother's true friend, eying the baby contemptuously. On fine days, Sethie minded babies or wheeled them in the park, after school, "for five cents a kid." The weather had been bad all week, hence, no babies, no nickels, so now, no show.

"You'd ought o' tried gettin' a job mindin' 'em indoors, Sethie, then we'd be goin' to the show," grumbled his partner.

Sethie turned on him wrathfully: "See here, Sam Gishkin! Y' think I'm goin' to earn all the money? Last time I put up twenty cents. You spend your money on—" The argument swung back into the vicious circle and buzzed round and round. But it was agreed that thirty cents must be forthcoming within two hours or—no show.

Neither thought of appealing for help from the family exchequer; the pocket money of the two was an invisible item on the monthly disbursement lists of the Doyle, Gishkin households. By their own hands or their brains must they win it.

The saloon windows shone before them in the blur of drizzling rain. They stood side by side beneath the poster for perhaps the hundredth time, and the two sighs that they gave were as one, or as origin and echo.

There was Professor Margand in cream-colored tights; gold-spangled crimson coat, tight-fitting; his gold embroidered cap set rakishly on one side of his handsome head, and his glossy mustache waxed most pointedly. In a semicircle about him

sat the Crowned Heads, fully crowned, of all Europe. But it was not at Professor Margand nor at the Crowned Heads that the two stared, and sighed, and stared again. In Professor Margand's hand there was a hoop, and through the hoop, held high above his head, there bounded from opposite directions two of the most wonderful dogs that the hand of man ever drew.

"Sethie, do you think thad-they ever col-



"They stood side by side beneath the poster for perhaps the hundredth time."

lision?" asked the senior partner in awed tones. Mutual recriminations had been forgotten.

"They might—maybe to-night if we was to go," Sethie answered gloomily. Long staring in silence; presently the voice of Sam hushed in sorrow: "An' they may nevver come again!" and then the yearning, disappointed soul found relief in two words—"Oh, hell!" and they averted their eyes, and turned away.

From far down the block, a girl's voice called: "Se-e-eth-ie! Seth-ie! Come ho-o-ome to sup-per!"

"I got to go home, Sam; you come out when I whistle."

Professor Margand and the bounding Fifi and the leaping Flo were left alone, unworshipped.

There is that about the inflection of a boy's whistle which reflects the state of mind of the boy; he may hold his fingers the same way each time—the fingers may be equally dirty—he may blow with the same cubic amount of breath and be satisfied each time that his whistle has been the perfection of tone, and yet—exuberance, warning, derision, query—each has its part in the sound, and is unconsciously so interpreted and understood by d' gang.

But in Sethie's whistle an hour later there was an unknown quantity—a vague, uneasy, puzzled quality, which caused young Sam to stir restlessly. Mrs. Gishkin also heard the whistle, but to her ears it meant only that that tow-headed little Doyle kid was hangin' round.

She looked sharply over her fat cheeks at her son: "You ain'd agoin' oud to-night, Sammy," she said with conviction; "you got t' take a ba-ath."

"Aw, ma!" whined Sam.

Again came the whistle. Mrs. Gishkin opened the window and leaned out into the night: "Sammy ain'd comin' oud; he got t' take a ba-ath," she called shrilly; there was no response; Sethie had heard the raising of the window and had ducked into the vestibule. Mrs. Gishkin waited irresolutely, then banged down the window. At intervals the whistle sounded shrill, now pleading, now imperative.

"Led 'im vistle!" Mrs. Gishkin decreed vindictively.

With maddening regularity and iteration the whistle floated up from the dark. She

flung open the window again in exasperation: the street was empty. Before she had recrossed the room her ears were tortured afresh by the monotonous signal.

"Vell!" she snapped. "Sammy, you go tell thad liddle deffil he stob thad vistle und go home. Here! don'd you take thad cap!" But he had gone.

He made no attempt to explain, as he dashed out of the vestibule, and Sethie asked no questions but raced with him; they heard a window flying up: "Sam-me, you gomb back—" But they turned the corner.

Under the gas lamp, Sethie opened his tight-clenched fist.

"Gee! fordy-fife, fivdy, sixdy cends! Gee!"

"Goin' to the butcher's," explained Sethie. Yet somehow there was a something in the wind that created a doubt of the butcher's ever seeing that sixty cents. They turned into First Avenue and plodded on in silence; the clock in Lowenstein's jewelry window indicated 7.20.

"Id begins ad eighd fifteen," irrelevantly.

"One soup bone, one rump steak, and a ring o' bologny," murmured Sethie. Silence.

"Ain'd you got no bill at the butcher's?"

"Nope."

"Won'd he trusd y'?"

"Naw!"

Half a block farther in a silence fraught with import, generations, centuries of ancestral spirits strove to add the touch of inspiration to the natural instinct of Samuel Gishkin. Suddenly he clutched Capital's arm excitedly.

"Sethie!" he cried, "I tell you wad we do. I buy thad mead ad Mr. Gorshski's shop an' pud id on mine mother's bill!" Fine! Somewhere in the mind of each was the dim intention to some way replace that money to the butcher before detection could lay its iron grasp on their collars; but there would be time for that later; just now there must be quick work, for 125th Street and Professor Margand lay far to the north.

They passed the shop of the Doyle butcher and turned in at the delicatessen of Mr. Gorshski.

"One soup bone, one rump steak, an' a ring o' bologny," prompted Sethie.

"I got t' ast him in Kosher," explained Sammy impatiently; and Sethie listened uneasily to the strange jargon of the order. Mr. Gorshski harpooned hunks of meat from vats and kettles on the marble counter, wrapped

up the catch, and looked inquiringly at the boys.

"Fivdy-five cends," he said.

"Mister, you pud thad on my mother's bill—Mrs. Gishkin," said Sammy. Both trembled. The butcher nodded and turned to wait upon another customer.

"Come on," Sammy whispered breathlessly.

Outside, the package changed hands. They trotted home swiftly.

"I'll waid down here."

Sam hung back.

"Aw, come on; my mother won'd do nothin' to you!"

"Naw, I'll waid"; and Sethie carried the marketing in alone.

Without a word he laid it on the table and sidled toward the door.

"An' where would y' be goin' to-night, Sethie?" asked his mother.

"Over to Sam's," evaded Sethie.

"Y'll be in early," cautioned Mrs. Doyle as the door closed. Sammy waited below, fearfully.

"Thought y'd never come; where y' goin' now?"

"I told 'er I was goin' to your house," explained Sethie.

"Aw, come on."

"I ain't goin' to tell my mother a lie!" So they hurried back a block and tiptoed into the Gishkin vestibule.

"Now I've been; come on!"

Seven-forty-five and nearly a mile to go. But what is a mile in any kind of weather, when unexpected wealth fills one's pocket to undreamed fullness?

"Led me carry haf, Sethie?" panted the partner.

"Sure!"

They jogged on joyously. There is melody in the jingle of thirty cents.

"What'll we ged with the rest o' the monney, Sethie?" This was a new thought. But like the gambler who, on his last coin, has

won a fortune, so whirled the heads of the two with the delirium of sudden wealth.

"Peanuts!"

"Ice cream!" (The March wind dashed a spray of cold rain in their faces.)

"Both!" cried Monte Cristo recklessly. And both they bought; then toiled up, up the stairs, and in the dusk scrambled down the uncertain steps of the aisle, then edged and wormed their way through the crowd of

gods to the very center of the front row of the gallery. Not a moment too soon; the orchestra was just wailing out the last bars of the overture; the lights in the body of the house popped out; the footlights broke into a glare; there was a moment of suspense, and the curtain slowly rose.

Oh! Paradise!

Sammy, his forehead pressed tight against the brass rail under which he peered, and which he gripped with a grimy hand on either side of his head, gasped with delight, then in his exuberance kicked his comrade's shin as the only adequate expression of his rapture; Sethie as joyously kicked back, and unbounded appreciation had been conveyed.

"Them's grander woods than the Bronx," whispered Sethie.

The extremely violet forest of the back drop billowed away to where the gleaming stream serpentine its way to the vanishing point of infinity, and over the horizon a crimson sun shot up into

a lemon-colored sky.

"Id's like bein' oud o' doors. I can almost smell id," Sammy sniffed. If he referred to the canine section of the cast it is probable he could. The orchestra swung into "Hot Time in the Old Town" at a gallop. Professor Margand, cracking his whip, ran lightly out from the wings; he was followed by a whole pack of yelping, bounding, capering dogs of every size and color and species; across the stage to the center, then down to



J. R. SHAFER

"Again came the whistle."



"A very stout lady shook a paper under the nose of Mr. Gorsbski."

the footlights, and in an instant every dog was in his place and the professor stood bowing and smiling to right and left with a soldierlike line of dogs, head to the audience, stretching across the stage front on either hand. The gallery stormed with approbation, high above the staccato clatter of feet rose two shrill cheers from down by the brass rail, and the copper stationed at the aisle top rapped angrily with his night stick. But such wonderful dogs had never before been seen—that cop was a mutt—then they forgot all else in the movement on the stage. There was something all but uncanny about that Professor Margand; it was as though he had suddenly grown from six inches to six feet, and had stepped right onto the stage out of the bill in O'Halligan's saloon window.

Perhaps the gold on the red coat had glittered a trifle more in the original, and perhaps the waxed mustachios were not quite so long and pointed as one had been led to believe, but they would have *known* him anywhere! For a moment they looked anxiously for the Crowned Heads of all Europe, but at that instant some minute ponies, each ridden by a chattering monkey, trotted onto the stage, and the Crowned Heads were contemptuously dismissed from all further thought. For what Crowned Heads could run up the ridge of a galloping pony's neck and balance right between his ears? Say now! could a Crowned Head beat that? Only the cracking of the whip punctu-

ated the performance and prevented one marvel from overlapping the next. Dogs, ponies, monkeys, in solo parts, in pairs, groups, and ensembles, by their contrasted intelligence put the silent attendants to shame. And Professor Margand! *how* could he think up such side-splitting jokes so quick! Gee! Sethie, if we had jes' *one o'* those dogs. Which? Oh, any one! Well, then, if he must choose, why, the clown dog. Sethie thought not; *he* would take Fifi. Say, gimme some o' your peanuts. Sure!

Oh, Paradise! Paradise!

It was some time after Sethie had put the meat on the kitchen table that Mrs. Doyle opened the package. She looked at the contents in perplexity; then she leaned over and smelled of it suspiciously. She straightened up with a jerk. Sour! Pickled, spiced, Kosher meat!

"The dirty perfumered sheeny meat!" she cried in exasperation. "Aw, y' little devil o' a boy, if I had y'! Y' and yer Sammy and



"Pickled, spiced, Kosher meat!"

yer Sammy's sour meat. They'll be tryin' next to sell hyssop t' the Irish." But her sense of humor got the better of her, and she laughed. "Bless the boy, he wasn't meaning it," she said, and taking her shawl and her galoshes and rewrapping the meat, she set out for Mrs. Gishkin's. Further consideration caused her to keep on for the delicatessen so as to "make sure o' the job this time."

As she neared the shop, shrill and angry tones filled the air; for a moment they would be stilled and there would sound a deeper voice in a tone of expostulation and excuse and pacification which would suddenly be overwhelmed by the shrill accusing voice growing louder, shriller, and more angry. As she reached the door she stopped on the threshold. Holding the center of the stage was a very stout lady who leaned across the counter and shook a paper under the nose of Mr. Gorshski, at whom she was pouring a torrent of protest and defiance.

"I tell you thad ve neffer got no mead dieces nacht. You haf send me mine weckly bill mit fivdy-five cends charged vor today und ve haf got nein mead since *Vensday*."

Mr. Gorshski was alternately rubbing his hands together, then drying them nervously on his much-stained apron. He now edged in a word:

"Your Sammy he god dot mead nod zwei hour ago," he protested excitedly. Mrs. Gishkin became yet more purple. Mr. Gorshski hastened on: "He comb into der shob mit anodder poy—" Mrs. Gishkin clutched at the new clew.

"He had white hair—thad oder poy?" she demanded.

"Yellow—well, maybe white," he assented.

"Ah-h-h!" cried Mrs. Gishkin with a world of understanding in the exclamation. "Id vas thad white-headed liddle deffil Sethie Doyle has made mine Sam steal der mead."

Mrs. Doyle stiffened to the top height of her five feet three, and swept grimly into the fray.

She flung the package down on the marble counter. "There's yer dirty Kosher meat," she announced. "An' y' kin be a little careful what y' say about me son, Mrs. Gishkin." Mrs. Gishkin turned and faced her. Mr. Gorshski fell back in relief and wiped the sweat from his forehead with the corner of the much-abused apron.

"Your son, Mrs. Doyle! Und so-o—! Your son he make mine Sammy buy fivdy-five cends' worth o' mead vor him und charge id on mine beel!"

The spectators drew closer to the wall. A policeman, hearing the altercation, put his head in at the door, took one look, and withdrew with all speed.

"Your son, Mrs. Gishkin, has made my Sethie buy your dirty Kosher meat, and—"

"Und then vhy am I charged mit id?" triumphed Mrs. Gishkin. "Her Sethie hass stole his mother's monney." She bestowed a broken-toothed smile upon the spectators. "Und so-o-o!"

"Well! *if* they have the money, Mrs. Gishkin, your Sammy has the most o' 't by now, like all his trickin' tribe!" and Mrs. Doyle swept haughtily out of the shop, and home. She dabbed her eyes now and again with the corner of her shawl, though she said nothing. But she took down a time-stiff-

ened razor strop from where it hung from the bathroom door knob; then she went into Sethie's room, sat down upon the edge of the bed, and waited.

Fifi and Flo had made their great leap and had safely passed each other in the hoop. The two in the balcony front, center, had held their breath. They wouldn't have had those two dogs "collision," not for worlds.

"And we was hopin' they would!" Sammy whispered.

"Shut up!" muttered Sethie; it seemed as wicked as wishing your mother would die, even to have thought of such a thing as a



J. H. SHAW

"Sethie dived bastily for his."



"Ob, Paradise!"

collision. "That was before we knewed them," Sethie apologized.

Then had come the great pyramid with Professor Margand flanked on either side by three ponies and on them the great Danes, and then the dogs like Bill Peters's—only smarter—and then Fifi and Flo, and then a curly haired dog, and on top of all a monkey who had undressed himself and as a last unveiling of his nudity had stripped off an American flag that he had waved solemnly, which suggested to the orchestra that they play "Oh-say-can-you-see-by-the-dawn's-early-light," and the curtain had fallen and everybody had got up and gone out. The two had sat and looked at each other and at the empty seats and the darkening theater beneath them, until the copper had angrily shouted at them and had wanted to know if they were asleep.

Then they had gone out into the night, and it was very late and dark and cold; it rained harder too. Unconsciously, Sammy plunged his hand into his pants pocket and drew out—a nickel. Sethie dived hastily for his; yes, it was there. They looked at each other but said nothing. They could have ridden home in the car, but cars were a luxury to which they were not used and the thought never entered their heads.

Sethie answered the unspoken query.

"Soder water!" he said desperately. To spend those nickels seemed like destroying the last evidence of guilt, or like putting one's hand hard over the mouth of an accuser.

They drank the soda water, and it is surprising how cold soda water can be at eleven o'clock of a March night. Then they began the tramp home. It was interminable. When they reached the house which contained the Doyle flat they paused irresolute.

"Would you like to walk home with me, Sethie?" The senior partner tried to make his voice sound natural.

"Sure!" Another pause at the door of the Gishkin mansion. The Gishkin suite was on the ground floor; the blinds were down but light shone around the edges.

"Let's go round the block," Sam quavered.

"Sure."

During the third round Sammy whimpered. The Gishkin portals again.

"I got t' go—go home, Sammy," Sethie broke the silence. But when Sam had said good night, and, with one last, miserable, despairing glance back, had shut the door, Sethie lingered, held by a dreadful fascination—dreading to hear that for which he was impelled to listen. It would seem that no questions whatever were asked. It was inconceivable that it should begin so soon. He believed he could hear the swish through the air before each thud, and his knees trembled so that he clutched the iron railing of the areaway. Sammy made no sound at the first three blows, but at each one after that—! Sethie's blood ran cold; he covered his ears with his hands, but even then he could hear, and he began unconsciously to count—he must have been counting all the time for he

commenced—twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four! Then there fell silence, and he turned and ran! If only it weren't in the night. He had been licked before—so had Sammy—but somehow this thing of its bein' night! He was walking now; he glanced up surprised that he should be crossing First Avenue, but he kept on toward the river. Across Pleasant Avenue, and then on to the foot of the street where the ferry house was all dark and deserted. He had never seen it closed before, and that added to his loneliness and to the feeling that everything was gone. He leaned against a railing where he could look between two buildings and see the river flowing dark and silent on its way to the sea. He wondered if it was so awful wicked to drown yourself, and then, deciding it was quite too wicked, he wished earnestly that it were not. Supposin' a policeman should come along: he would be arrested! He turned and slunk away close to the buildings, retracing his steps. The rain had ceased and a pale moon leered at him from behind swift-moving, sloppy clouds; the pavements were deep in ooze and slush. He began to be oh! so very tired and cold. He did not pause at the steps but went in; some way it didn't seem quite so bad once he was indoors; true, he shut his eyes as he climbed the stairs, but he squared his shoulders, and he never stopped once. He gently pushed open the door of the apartment and entered on tip-toe; it was dark in the front room, and he went noiselessly on to his own little room in which he could see there was a dim light burning. He stole in. His mother was lying asleep on his bed; she had slipped the string of the strop about her wrist, and now the strop dangled ominously over the bedside. There

were tears on his mother's cheeks as though she had been crying when she fell asleep. He darted to her and flung himself on her, kissing her over and over again; she sprang up startled and stared dully at him for an instant, then with a low cry of relief caught him to her. After a little he slipped out of her arms, and taking off his soggy little jacket he laid it over a chair, then, glancing at the strop, he asked, "Don't y' think y'd better begin?" but she shook her head.

"Come here, son, and tell me all about it—everything."

He went to her and sat upon her lap, and he wondered vaguely why he had thought for so long that he was too grown up to sit on his mother's lap and be cuddled; just about now it seemed like a mighty fine place to be all right, all right, and he snuggled closer. And he told her all about it—everything. Suddenly she noticed how wet his boots were and she pushed him off her lap, anxiously, and told him to undress and jump into bed before he got his death of cold. And when he was in bed she came over and covered him and tucked him in, then sat down upon the edge of the bed and looked at him. She laughed softly, in that way mothers have—some mothers—and she leaned over him and asked: "So it was a pretty fine show, son?"

"Oh, mother! Yes!" His sleepy eyes sparkled for a moment at the memory. She kissed him and told him to go to sleep—he was asleep already!—and she put out the light. As she was about to hang up the strop in the bathroom she looked at it reflectively. The bathroom window was open a few inches; she walked over and dropped the strop out of the window. "Just so's I won't be tempted in the mornin'," she said.

MIGNONETTE

By ALMA WIAR

CARELESS of heights where bolder blossoms stalk
 To flaunt a flaming or inviting hue,
 Nightly it kneels beside my lowly walk—
 And prays me evening memories of you.



ELEPHANTS, RHINOS, AND HIPPOS

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN BIG-GAME HUNTING TRIP

BY JOHN W. NORTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



IT is not a new thing to look for big game in Africa. There is nothing, therefore, of pretense at discovery in this article, but only something of the experiences of one man who went in search of sport in a country new to him. I had never got an African elephant or a hippopotamus or a rhinoceros, and I wanted to try. There is the whole story.

This brought me about the middle of last October by ship to Zanzibar and thence by another vessel some six hours to the northward on the east coast of Africa to a town called Mombasa, the southernmost seaport of British East Africa and the beginning of the Uganda Railway. It seemed necessary to gather together for the outfit about thirty men, native blacks of all grades, various colors, and marvelous types—porters who carried daily on their heads sixty pounds of my own luggage

and whatever each needed for himself besides, and dressed in the most remarkable costumes it has been my fortune to see. They will walk from fifteen to twenty miles a day, up hill and down, through jungle and over open flats, with as little trouble as I would walk down Fifth Avenue. And in recompense for all this labor these dusky gentlemen get eleven cents per day and one and a half pounds of rice for the comfort of their insides.

There were porters, a personal servant, a cook, gun bearers, and a headman. The latter held the whole motley crew in the hollow of his hand, and ran them and me, and cheated us both with a frankness and thoroughness that was too genial to be irritating. He stole and sold my aluminum cooking outfit that was the apple of my eye, and never so much as gave me a commission.

This Uganda Railway runs up from Mombasa through the Ukamba into the Masai province, and thither we thirty-odd proceeded so far as the station called Njoro, some three hundred miles into the interior.



NATIVE AFRICAN PORTERS

Carrying the Author's camp paraphernalia from Njoro to the game country.

Thence we made for the rhino country in the vicinity of Lake Solai.

It is a beautiful wild land, fascinating to anyone who likes the open. The country is some seven thousand feet above the sea level and consists of big flats or bottoms, sometimes covered with scrub thorn, sometimes open. All about are hills that might be complimented by being called mountains. Sometimes they are quite clear of timber; sometimes covered with a dense forest jungle so rank and thick that it is impossible for men to get through except on the well-worn game trails. In the flats—everywhere in fact—the long African grass grows to a height of six feet.

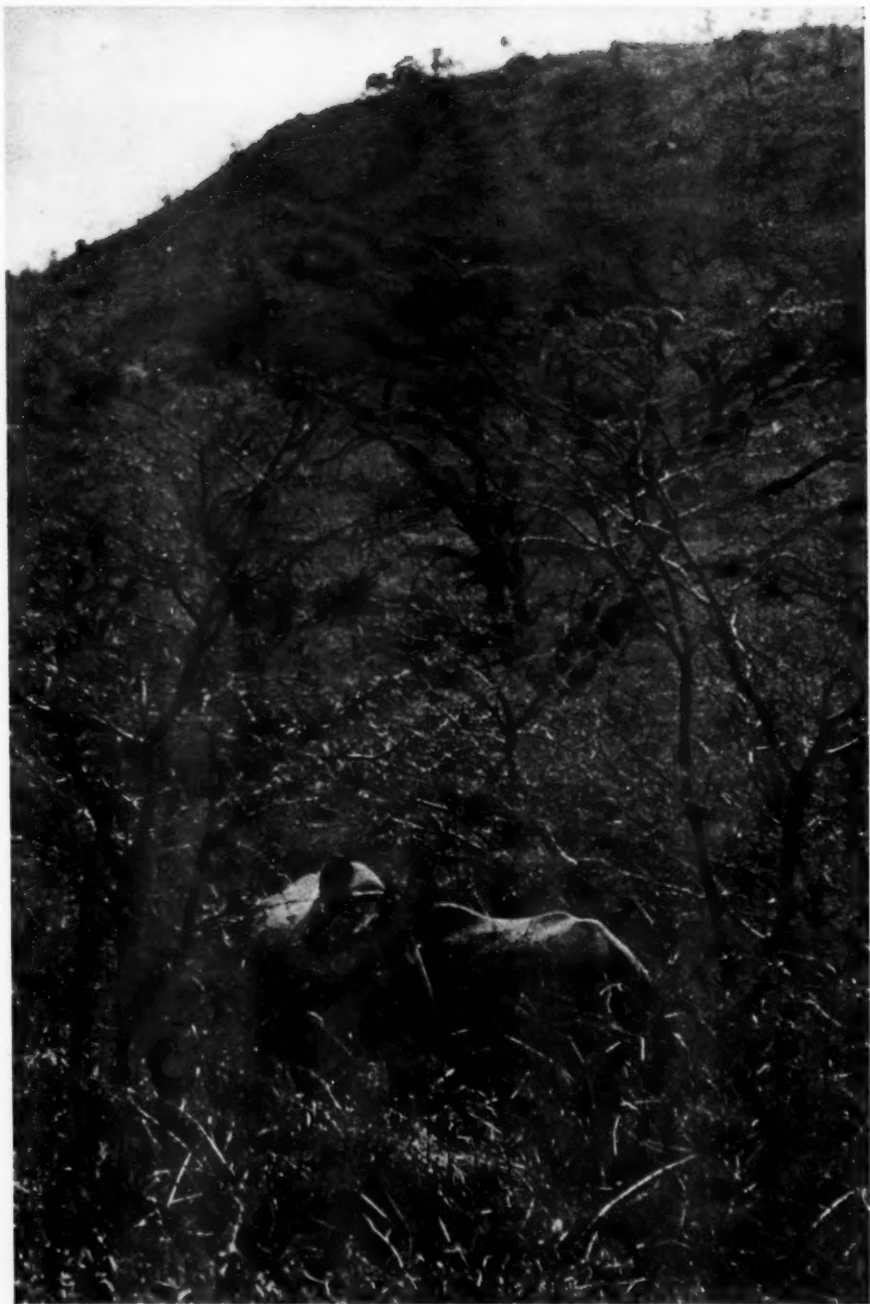
He is a stupid beast—this rhino—apparently not using his sight to any great extent, but relying on a wonderful sense of smell and a very disturbing ability to hear. Once he strikes a scent that is irritating to his temper, or hears a sound that dissatisfies him, he takes an instant to decide the direction and then putting down his huge ugly head so that his big horn is ready for business, he charges at the top of his speed in a perfectly straight line, making a terrible rumpus over it. You only have to jump a few feet to one side or the other and he will go tearing by and keep on

going until he is tired. I let one go by because conditions did not admit of my stopping him, and then climbed a little tree and followed him with a field glass as he tore along in a cloud of dust for over two miles.

Into this country and in search of these pachyderms our outfit entered on December 10th. We made a permanent camp of the usual sort for such climate, setting up tents in which groups of five natives lived under the charge of a sort of lieutenant, who in turn was directly subordinate to the headman.

Each morning I left with two gun bearers, one carrying a double-barreled 450 rifle by Watson, and the other a 35 Winchester repeater. The only other baggage was a camera which I carried myself much to the constant disgust and occasional amazement of the gun bearers. After we had covered that immediate vicinity, doing perhaps twenty miles in the day, I would leave camp one morning as usual and that evening bring up at an agreed-upon spot fifteen or twenty miles distant where the headman and his crew had meantime moved the entire outfit and set up a new camp.

We were moving in such country when we came upon my first rhino. The two gun bearers had led me to the top of a hill, that



A COUPLE OF STARTLED RHINOS

They were surprised by the camera while trying to get the scent.



A BULL ELEPHANT KILLED BY THE AUTHOR

The beast ran a long distance with the herd after receiving two mortal wounds.

we might have a look down into the man-high grass. This time one of the men gave a grunt, spoke the one word "kifaru," and pointed to a black spot half a mile away which under the glass turned out to be one of the strange cumbersome beasts we were looking for. He showed a very good front horn and the boys both agreed that he was a reasonably good "man."

It became necessary to move along the top of the ridge in a direction at an acute angle to the one the rhino was taking in order to intercept him and still be to leeward. Being settled on the direction, we descended into the flat and in a moment the long grass hid us and the game and everything else but the sky. We had located a small burnt patch that would naturally come into the line of the rhino's march and this was our destination.

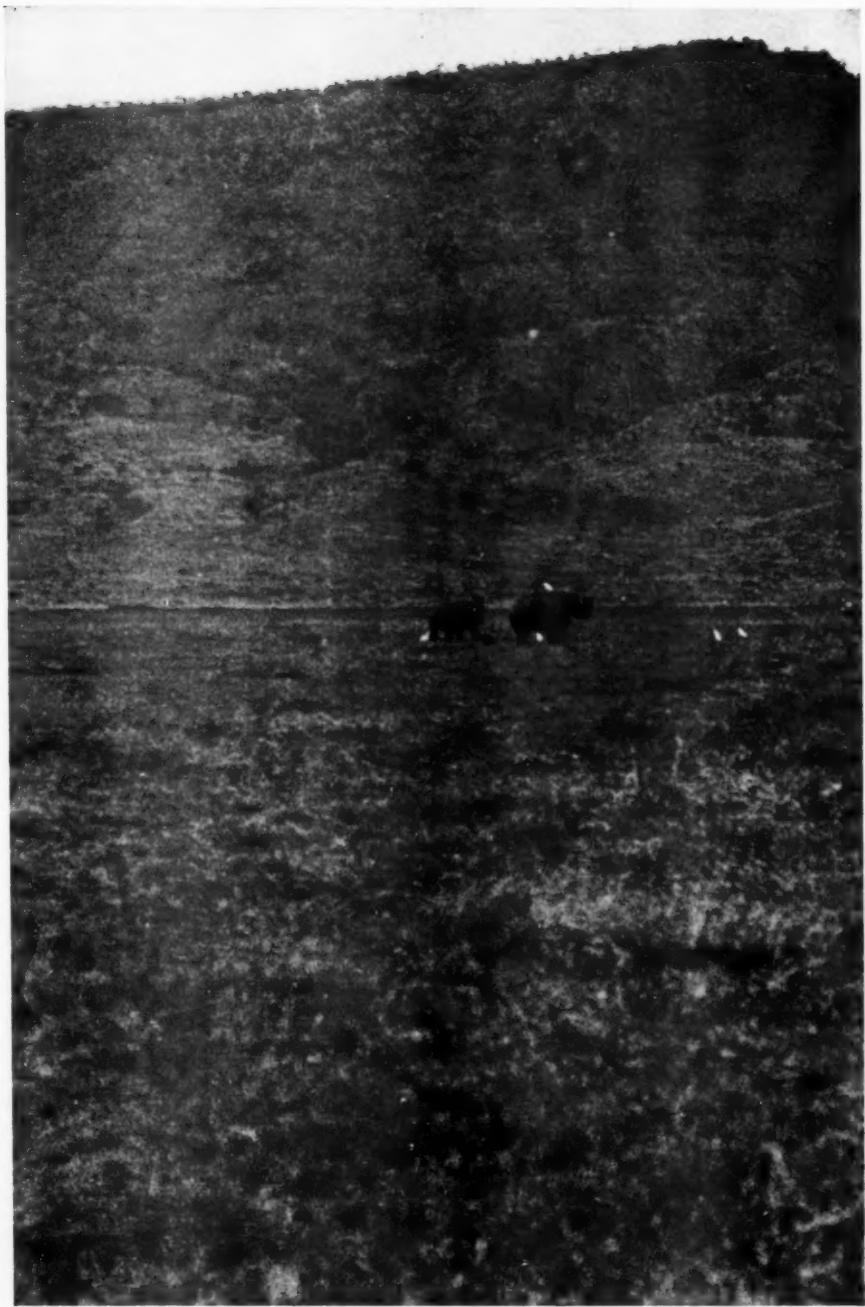
It was only a few moments when we could hear the rhino moving toward us dead to windward and sniffing about in his own peculiar and rather appalling fashion. Suddenly he came directly into the burnt patch perhaps a hundred yards away. The first thing that I noticed now was that there were six or seven brown birds perched in a row on his back. These signal birds—sometimes

white, sometimes brown—sit on their big companion's spine and relieve him of superfluous ticks. So long as they sit there he knows that there is no danger and eats on in peace and quiet. The instant they fly off, as they do on the slightest warning, up comes his big snout and he lets out a succession of sniffs or whistles, caused by his attempt to scent the direction of the danger; for danger there is, he knows.

On came the beast in a zigzag line until he was not over fifty yards away. Then the birds caught sight of me and flew off. Up came the big head and the fun began. All was ready except that he was too directly head on for me to get in a shot below the ear, which was what I wanted.

Then he turned into the long grass and we lost sight of him. I moved into the long grass also, taking care to keep always to leeward. In a moment we could see the top of his back about twenty yards off and I covered the place where his head ought to be with the rifle. Then I got what seemed to be the best sight I might have, especially as twenty yards was about as close as personal comfort and ease of mind allowed—and I fired.

He was the first very large animal I had



THE COW AND YOUNG BULL RHINO

The picture was secured just before the white signal birds rose apprising them of danger.



THE COW AND YOUNG BULL RHINO AT CLOSE RANGE

The animals paused uncertain within something over fifty feet. As the camera was set for exactly fifty feet they are slightly out of focus.

killed, and my first sensation was one of blank astonishment that one bullet could put him out of business so suddenly and so completely. As a matter of fact he simply sank down in the grass and was dead before he was fairly stretched on the ground.

The two natives ran at him at once, being careful to approach him from behind, and grabbing his tail climbed up on his back, dancing a cancan and yelling and screaming like madmen—and then we went back and

got ten porters to come and cut him up. The skull is so big and heavy that it is not feasible to carry away the whole head, and we therefore cut away the horns, taking care to get the skin intact.

As my license for shooting rhinos permitted me to take only two, I wanted if possible to make the second one of the rarer sort which have the big horn behind or nearer the eyes instead of, as usual, in front. And while, during the next week, we searched for him, I

used a camera instead of a gun as a weapon.

It was while going over a ridge, looking for the long back-horned beast, that we brought a big flat into view one morning, and discovered two rhinos perhaps a couple of miles away feeding in the bottoms.

After half an hour when we had made a big circuit, and come up to within 200 or 300 yards, they turned out to be a cow and a young bull; but as they promised good photographs we had at them. I succeeded in getting one picture of them just as several white signal birds rose and scared the little bull out of his senses. He began running around his mother, sniffing and snorting in a great fashion as we moved very quietly toward them. We were in plain sight some sixty yards to leeward, when I set the camera at fifty feet



A HIPPOPOTAMUS RISING TO BREATHE

The water's edge is lined with papyrus swamps.

and waited. By this time the old cow began to show irritation at the little fellow's antics and followed him as he approached us.

When they came within fifty to seventy feet of us I snapped the camera, the little "click" of the spring gave them the hint they wanted, and they charged together.

It appears to be a tradition that if you will stand quite still a rhino will not molest you; whether because he takes man for an inanimate object like a tree, or for some other reason, I do not know. At all events I made the try, with some misgivings to tell the truth, but with the idea that I could jump aside if necessary.

There was a quick change from camera to rifle. I was ready for a jump or a shot, when both the ugly beasts stopped short about four yards away, and I have never since ceased to regret that I did not keep the camera and get a twelve-foot picture of them.

They stood a moment in doubt, apparently looking directly at us, and making a lot of fuss with their snorting. I kept the old lady covered with the rifle and waited—wishing I was a little farther in the enchanting distance. The bull moved after a moment, and presently they both swayed a little and then trotted off, still snorting and evidently as mystified as they had ever been in their lives.

It was in the midst of this rhino country that we came upon the first elephant tracks. The elephant travels in large groups and by beaten paths through the long grass. Once we struck the trail it was quite easy to follow them, for they travel in single file, and it does not require a very large number to beat down



AN ELEPHANT TRAIL

Showing the swathe left by the beasts in the long grass.



TOWING IN THE AUTHOR'S FIRST HIPPO

The native boats of planks, held together by vines, are the only available craft in which to hunt the amphibians.

a path in the long grass that looks like a road through a field.

As they roll along the beasts tear off branches from the trees, perhaps to eat, perhaps to play with. At all events the men almost immediately led me to a tree and showed me where the broken branches had been torn off and the sap dried and stained. That meant that three or four days had elapsed since the elephants who had torn off the branches had passed that way.

Thereupon we returned to camp, proceeded to work, brought the whole outfit to the trail and fell into line behind the herd. Each night we made a temporary camp and moved on again the next morning. After four days of this, we came into a large basin that seemed to be the junction of several valleys; and there the trail went into a perfect maze of old elephant tracks so that we lost all trace of our game.

Next morning, I spread out half the company in a long skirmish line and we moved slowly and carefully forward. About noon I had climbed a tree on the slope of a ridge, when a boy ran up the hill and pointed across the valley to the other slope. Through the glass I made out two old elephants, one half grown and one very small one. Appar-

ently they had dropped out of the herd because they could not go the pace.

I suppose I had been irritated by the unseemly delay. At any rate, the invariable rule that a sportsman must never carry his own gun got on my nerves. I dashed in the face of custom and insisted on taking possession of the Watson gun; and we came up to within a hundred yards of them. One elephant—the biggest thing I had ever laid eyes on in the open—seemed to have fine long tusks, and I decided for him—or her, as it turned out. There was a big thorn bush about twenty yards nearer the beasts, and with the second gun bearer I crawled slowly and carefully up to this. Once arrived there I took plenty of time, got a good line on the big one, and put a bullet through her temple just back of the eye. She let out a terrific scream and fell into the thorn bush, thrashing around in appalling fashion. The others ran off a little, as if uncertain of what had happened, and then started back until I put another bullet into the elephant, when they made off after the big herd.

It was a successful shot and all seemed well, until on going round to the other side of the beast I found she only had one tusk. Still, there was a good thirty pounds or more,

and so I technically came within my license, which allows one to take only elephants whose ivory is sixty pounds or more.

These license laws are very carefully guarded now in the attempt to preserve the game. No one can go into this part of Africa without buying his permit at Mombasa. You pay fifty pounds for the privilege of taking two elephants and you can take one more for fifteen pounds extra. If you should kill an elephant with ivory weighing less than sixty pounds, in self-defense, the ivory is confiscated by the government, but you can generally buy it back at the market price.

Next morning the three of us started off again on the trail of the big herd. Suddenly the second gun bearer began to point and I made out what seemed to be an enormous ridge of rocks, but it eventually proved to be a herd of 300 elephants.

We moved toward a little bush, perhaps three feet high, that was literally the only thing like cover anywhere near. When we reached the bush we could see about half the herd coming in our direction, walking slowly toward the swamp, the females and their young leading. As they passed along about seventy-five yards from us, my boy began picking them out. This was a "man!" That a "wife!" At last a big fellow came in our direction and I could see that he was a bull with short and heavy tusks. He came within less than fifty yards of us and then turned to go in the same direction as the herd. It was a fine chance. I got up on my elbows, aimed at the usual place just back of the eye, and fired. Before he could start away, or drop, I shot him again in the shoulder. Then the gun jammed!

The shots turned the herd, the forward elephants running back into those in the rear, the whole herd trumpeting. Finally they all decided to go back, the mothers herding the young with their trunks. By this time I had gotten my gun open and reloaded and ran along beside the elephants, looking for another bull. Running at top speed I could just keep up with them. Soon a good animal edged his way out on my side and I shot at his shoulder, but it seemed to make no impression. I could hear the bullet strike him, and still he shambled along as if lead was just the thing he liked best during an afternoon. In a moment he had turned into the herd and was lost in the indescribable jumble of swaying, trumpeting animals.

Fifteen minutes of such a pace was enough for me. They steadily gained and forged ahead. Finally just as I began to realize that they were all getting away, one big elephant who was in the rear guard got into a fairly good position; but just as I put up the rifle he tumbled over absolutely dead. He was the big fellow I had hit.

I sent back to camp and soon the porters came rushing up, the headman of each tent with his force of five, all of them dancing and shouting like wild men. While they were chopping out the ivories the big herd stood off about six hundred yards from us, every elephant with his trunk straight up in the air, with the lip quivering, "feeling the wind," and now and again some big fellow trumpeted as if announcing the discovery of some new taint in the air, and making a sight—the 300 of them—that one would not soon forget.

It was some time after leaving Lake Soali that we started for the hippopotamus country, proceeding by railroad to Kisumu on Kivirondo Gulf, which is an arm of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Naturally the hippopotamus lives in quite a different country from either rhinoceros or elephant. He is in the water most of the day, coming out in the night for food. It is not very difficult to get the beasts; for, once you are in their country, they are most plentiful and they have no sense of danger until long after the sportsman has come within easy range. You get them either as they go to or come from the water, or when they come up to the surface to breathe. The queer, ugly-headed animal rises to the surface, showing only his two huge nostrils, and lies there breathing and spouting like a whale, until he decides to sink again. Then his snout quietly disappears, and no man knows when and where he may come up again. The only hint that I could discover of the danger of hippo hunting was that through some piece of bad judgment the old fellow may come up under a boat.

The boats looked to me so precarious that I tried an old launch, which was brought up to Kisumu some fifteen years ago, and we started with an Indian engineer, his assistant, my headman, and the two gun bearers. It required half a day of steaming before we reached a point in Lake Victoria where the game was reported.

When we did finally get a glimpse of an



HAULING THE HIPPO ASHORE

The natives gladly assist in anticipation of receiving the meat of the carcass.

animal or two, as we lay close inshore waiting for them to move out into the papyrus swamp, it developed that the launch with its steam and screw and general fussiness and noise scared the few animals from coming to the surface at all. We then procured one of the log canoes and set sail again. I was more nervous about the canoe than I was about the hippo. However, after shooting several times from the launch at the heads of as many hippos I confess to a feeling of chagrin at that method. Each time a good animal was wounded; each time he sank immediately; and I had the uncomfortable knowledge that a wounded creature was suffering somewhere beneath the surface where I could not put him out of misery. For these hippos always sink on being wounded, and rise again about an hour after they are dead. And to sit in a boat and wait that length of time to learn if your game is secured, while the water all about you is red, takes away the pleasure.

And so we took to the so-called canoe. This being much lower in the water and much quieter, it did the business. For the hippo on coming to the surface had to raise his eye a few inches above the water to see the

boat, and that brought enough of his head into view to give me a fair chance.

It was then that I got my animal. He showed each of his bulging eyes to make a target, and the Watson did the rest. Then he sank as had others and we sat in the canoe forty minutes before I was startled by one of the men grabbing me and pointing out a round gray mass like the bottom of a dory some distance away. Within a few minutes of our first sight of him the beast swelled to huge size, looking very much like one of our half-submerged submarine boats.

We had secured the hippo off the shore from a little native village, and now the whole outfit came down to the beach, as we towed the big animal in, to give us all the assistance we could ask. A line was passed around his head and the sturdy blacks took hold of the line. Then a grand tug of war continued until we had him on dry land. There they all set to and cut him up; and after the grand seigneur who had shot him had in most magnanimous and well-chosen English presented all but his ivories to the populace, my headman sold him to them for a canoe load of treasures—chickens, dried skins, a goat, and heaven knows what else.

THE CURING OF CARY

BY WOLCOTT LECLÉAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



WHEN the Powers which dwell in Manila temporarily transferred Cary, the Supervisor of Pangasinán, to the half-conquered province of Uniguét, they volunteered many reasons for their action. But the Provincial Physician knew that these assertions of the Powers were one thing, the real reason for Cary's transfer quite another.

He knew that one of the Powers of Manila had a friend, a still greater Power, who lived for the time in Washington. He knew that this friend had a son, who was better away from home for various and unsavory reasons. Everyone knew how Cary had organized the works of Pangasinán. In this province, even the friend's son, if cautioned to let things alone, and confine his exertions to the drawing of his salary, could do little harm until an-

other and more lucrative post could be manufactured for his benefit. So Cary was transferred. Q. E. D.

The doctor snorted with disgust whenever he thought of Uniguét, but he thought of it often, nevertheless. Cary was his friend, and the doctor loved him, though he would probably have died of shame had he thought any-

one suspected the fact. Cary's letters had been far from satisfactory. This troubled the doctor, and the upshot of it was that he, too, applied for a temporary transfer to Uniguét, obtained it with a suddenness that astonished him, and left at once for his post.

Steamers there were none, so the doctor spent many spray-soaked days on a dirty práo, his hand ever on his pistol, and most of his time spent in watching the outriggers as they bent, and wondering whether or not the next wave would break one of them, thus sending práo and crew to perdition. But the



"She evidently was a mestiza."

outriggers held, and at length a little, land-locked harbor opened, revealing Uniguét's capitol.

It was night when the *práo* entered the harbor, leaving the tumbling China Sea for a surface that heaved so gently as hardly to disturb the stars that twinkled in the depths of the water, thus making the vessel seem to glide between two skies. A crescent moon had just strength enough to touch with silver Cary's new Government House, a long affair of bamboo and thatch, the squalid little village that straggled at his feet, the strip of white beach, and then to send its glimmering path diagonally across the harbor. In this path, the spidery mangrove roots stood out in weird silhouettes of deepest black, and the unfinished Government wharf took on the romantic outlines of a ruin.

The doctor, who had a soul most susceptible to this kind of beauty, drew a long, quivering breath of admiration. But he was practical, this doctor, so the exhalation of the breath was utilized to emit a most fiendish yell, to announce his coming. Whereupon the whole population, as it seemed, trooped down on the beach to meet him.

The doctor's impressions of his new post were not complex, and by the afternoon of the next day, which was Sunday, he had them all formulated in his mind. First, that Uniguét was lonesome beyond even what his wildest fears had whispered. Second, that the natives, apparently composed of equal parts of mountaineer, pirate, and fisherman, were of a sort that was new and distinctly distasteful to him. Thirdly, that judging from their personal habits and the condition of the village, a doctor was like to have his time well taken up. And lastly, that it was as he feared. Something was wrong with Cary.

Sunday was nearly at an end. At a little table, near one end of the long, thatched veranda, Cary had been working at some calculations, but the light had gone, though he still sat there, staring at the paper, his pencil motionless. Near by lounged the doctor, idly watching a group of the provincial under-officers—foremen, clerks, and the like—at the other end of the veranda. It was a silent group. Long before, every man in it had learned the views and experiences of all the others. But at last one of them burned his finger with a cigarette, and softly swore.

The sound, slight as it was, roused Cary. He looked up quickly. "Sunset," he said.

Clancy, long, grizzled and powerful, rose from the box on which he had been sitting, and walked over to the flag-pole, planted on the little open space between the house and the edge of the low bluff upon which it was built. Casting loose the halliards, he began leisurely to lower the flag, while Olafsen, the timber man, stood by, ready to receive it, that none of its folds might touch the ground. Schmidt, of the pile-driver, lighted a lantern and hung it on a pillar of the veranda. The others watched them intently, as idle men will watch trivial things. Clancy resumed his seat, the folded flag on his knee.

"Strange 'ow we likes that flag," observed Spencer, a treasury-clerk, after a little. "There ain't one of us, outside the chiefs, wot really belongs to it."

"Aye t'ank it soots me," observed Olafsen, and Schmidt nodded assent.

"Well, d'ye see, 'tis a white man's flag," explained Clancy. "Annything what belongs to a white man sure is good to see here."

"It's bloomin' well the only good thing there is," growled Spencer.

"Dot's raight," agreed Schmidt.

"That's wrong!" shouted a man who stepped into the circle of light cast by the lantern. He was tall, dark, and thin. His clean-shaven face was that of a fanatic.

"I say that's wrong!" this man repeated. "Criminally wrong! Deadly wrong. 'White man's flag!' And because it is a 'white man's flag' we who were born under it allow it to stand for oppression and murder. Because we do this you who were born elsewhere respect our flag and are not ashamed. Where an alien race is concerned, you feel that a 'white man' can do no wrong. But what gives you the right, I ask, thus to set yourselves on pinnacles? Are not all men free and equal? Is not the glorious field of the brotherhood of man far too broad to be overshadowed by any flag, however great?"

The speaker made a dramatic pause. The men looked bored, but only Spencer spoke. "Ow I s'y, Wilson, dry up," said he.

The doctor watched the scene with much interest. "Hm. Insufficient education, imperfectly assimilated," he diagnosed swiftly. "But there's something beside that—something that has been added, I should say," he reflected, a second later.

Cary nodded. "Yes. It's the woman."

"The woman?" repeated the doctor, quick-



"'Come, catch bold,' he called."

ly, glancing at his friend. Then he saw that Cary's eyes did not meet his, and that Cary's face had reddened. But before any answer came, the tide of oratory had broken forth once more.

"How do you regard these men in whose country you live? As friends? As equals?" thundered Wilson. "Oh, no," he continued, with fine sarcasm. "Why should you? They are but the natural lords of the soil. They are not worth considering. If you are kind to them, it is with the kindness you show to other lower animals. What matter to you if they hate you? You despise them too much to care! And for this our flag

stands. For this you love our flag. Not so I. I tell you I renounce with scorn——"

"*Buenas noches, señores,*" said a feminine voice, and at the same time the form of the speaker came into the circle of light from the outer shadows. She brushed close to Wilson, and in passing cast a look at him that made him stop his speech abruptly and slink away. But the doctor did not see him go. He was looking with wonderment at the woman.

She evidently was a *mestiza*—of mixed blood. Of Spanish and Filipino blood in nearly equal parts, probably, and with a faint dash that had come, centuries before, from the

Chinese pirates, scattered by defeat through the islands. Her skin was creamy, her face that of a madonna. The single braid of her dark bronze hair hung far below her slender knees. The cotton *camisela* and

"Go on into our dining room and eat, Jack," he said, rather shamefacedly. "Don't let the things get cold. I'll be with you in a minute or two."

But the doctor did not go into the dining



"The doctor spent many days on a dirty prao."

limp calico skirt she wore hardly attempted to conceal the lithe curves of her body.

"May I speak for a little moment with the señor?" she asked, in Spanish, of Cary.

"Supper!" roared a voice from the cookshed. The men trooped eagerly away. Cary hesitated, then turned to the doctor.

room. He went only as far as the doorway and stood, watching the two in the faint light.

What was said he could not—would not—hear, at first. But it was evident that the woman knew, as all women do, of her beauty and its power. She was pleading for some-

thing with heartfelt earnestness, pleading with all her might and with every means at her command. The pantomime was plain enough. It was quite clear to him who watched that when the woman laid her hand

bloodedly, noting each movement as though it were the symptom of a disease.

Slowly, Cary had been retreating backward, step by step, toward the place where the doctor stood. Step by step she followed him,



"She's of the gente fina, all right."

on Cary's arm, and he shivered and pushed it away, that it was not disgust that made him behave in that manner. And equally clear was it that she knew this, and that her pretended hurt at his conduct, though never so well done, was but coquetry, intended to lead him on. The doctor looked on quite cold-

still pleading as though for her life. Suddenly he stopped.

"No, I tell you—no!" he said, in a tone the doctor could not help but hear. "Heavens! You—you—ask me that? When you know what it means? After all you've said? Then marry the man if you want to—and



Drawn by Gustavus C. Widney.

"Thank you for the wedding gift you left us."

he'll have you. It's my last word. I'm done."

But still he stood there. They both were closer to the doctor than when they had begun to talk, and now the woman moved closer still to Cary. Therefore he who stood by the door could see plainly that her great eyes were swimming with tears, which now and then ran over and fell, unheeded, down her cheeks. Then her body shook with sobs. She was crying, and yet managing what few women can—to look more beautiful than ever. She unclasped her hands and threw her arms wide in an agony of supplication, her lovely face upturned to Cary's. He trembled, his hands opened and shut.

The doctor heaved a sigh. "No man can stand that sort of thing for long," said he to himself: then he spoke aloud. "Cary," he remarked quietly, "do you know, I think dinner will be getting cold if you don't come."

The Supervisor started as though water had been dashed in his face. The tenseness of his figure relaxed, and turning on his heel with a backward gesture of dismissal, he strode toward the house. The woman, springing forward, caught his arm and whirled him around.

"You have done with me, you say?" she said hoarsely through her teeth. "Then you lie! You shall yet see more of me, and of *mi marido*, too. You hear? My husband!"

Even the doctor was startled at the change in her face. Beautiful still, it became the face of a devil—of a devil of the Orient, where diabolism has possibilities unknown to us.

Cary passed on into the dining room. His face was ash-colored, and it had aged ten years. "That means trouble, I suppose," he said dully, as he sank into his seat.

"It would mean trouble if a native spoke to me like that," agreed the doctor.

Cary winced.

"And then, of course," the doctor went on, "'Hell hath no fury—'"

"Don't!" begged Cary.

"All right," assented the other. "I won't. Now eat your dinner."

"Eat? Heavens! I don't want any dinner—it would make me sick. I'll have a whisky and tan-san, I think."

"I think you'll have nothing of the sort," replied his friend decidedly. "Look here, my son. You've taken far too many whiskies lately. No, I don't mean that you've been getting drunk," he added hastily, seeing that

a protest was coming. "I don't mean that at all. I mean simply that very few whiskies will do an awful lot of work in a place such as this is. I haven't any prejudice against it—you know that—and I use it myself, when I'm in anything remotely approaching civilization. But here, for example, one is too apt to drink by one's self, and then the good whisky helps one on toward—other things."

"What other things? What do you mean?" demanded Cary, with some attempt at indignation.

The doctor made no direct reply. He had filled a plate with soup, and this he placed before his friend. "Who was that person, by the way, to whom you were speaking just now?" he inquired.

Cary colored easily, and he knew it. Bending over his plate, he began eating the soup with indecent haste, to conceal his face.

"You saw her. She came from Pangasinán originally. That's all," he said.

The doctor made no further remark at the time. He ate his own dinner, and when Cary's soup was finished, he pushed other food before his friend, who ate rather than look up. He shifted uneasily in his seat, ate faster and faster, and at last, in desperation, threw down his knife and fork.

"I know why you're sitting there, like a Chinese idol, watching me," he cried. "It's because you see that I'm a coward, who tried to put off the questions you were going to ask, but which you wouldn't ask while the eating was going on, and in that way made me stuff till I'm like a sausage. I know as well as you that my nerve is gone!"

"Was gone," corrected the doctor.

Cary looked up. "Think so?" he asked, with a gleam of hope. But the gleam soon passed, and his face fell again. "Was gone and is gone, too, I think," he said, drearily, and sat gazing at his empty plate, his elbows on the table, his fingers clutching his hair. The doctor waited, but not for long. Cary sprang suddenly to his feet, and began to talk, jerking the sentences over his shoulder, as he paced rapidly up and down the room.

"Don't you suppose I despise myself—loathe myself? Well, I do. More than you do—more even than you will when I tell you the whole beastly show. And the worst of it is—the worst shame of it—is now that I know—realize fully—what she is, and what she wants, yet I can't help thinking—and wishing for—oh, it's sickening!

"I don't know how it came about—what got into me. It was the loneliness, I guess. The cursed loneliness, that makes a man ready to commit any crime that might dispel it. That makes you fear all the time that one more day of it will drive you clear off your head—and so it does, only you don't realize it until it's done. It's the sameness, the little noises in the palms at night; the swash of the surf, and all those things, that just go to underline the great emptiness. There isn't enough work to keep one warm. The men don't count in any such way—not even for each other. And it just cuts one adrift from all he ever thought or felt. Can't you understand, man? Can't you see?" Cary had stopped, and was shaking his friend by the shoulder. The doctor nodded.

"I understand," said he. Cary let go his grip, and marched up and down again.

"I got talking to her about Pangasinán—the old province seemed like home after this place. That's how it all started. And, you see, the girl has a mind. She has, really. A queer one, with odd Oriental twists to it, that make you want to see farther in. Why, all the stuff that silly ass spouted to-night he took from her. He hasn't an idea in his head. Nothing but a memory, and a mouth that he uses to pour words out of and shovel food into—with a knife. And that's the sort of thing that the Government sends down here to teach the schools!—for he's the school-master."

"You don't seem to think highly of—your rival," observed the doctor, coldly. "But then, you see, he started lower down than you, and he's been sliding longer."

"Oh, you're right, I suppose—yes, of course you're right. But he is a loathly beast. He hung around her whenever she'd let him. He's crazy over her. Crazy. He's offered to marry her—begged her to marry him—and says he'll go off somewhere where there aren't any white people and become a Filipino by adoption. He's done it already, for that matter, right here. Lives with the natives, and associates with 'em. No American will have anything to do with him. He's gone *janti*. He's all in."

"And there, but for the grace of God, goes—"

"Jack, even you shan't tag my name on to that quotation. It isn't true! God knows it's bad enough, but—oh, what right have I to kick at anything?" He threw himself once

more into a chair, and laid his face on his arms, which rested on the table.

"I can't tell what right you have until I hear," said the doctor, gravely, after a little. Cary jerked himself erect.

"There isn't much more. And there wasn't anything sentimental at first. That came suddenly, one night, when I saw, or thought I did, what she felt. It was moonlight—but what's the use of talking that stuff! At first I tried to—to comfort her, because I felt sorry for her—sorry that she felt as I couldn't. Then I found out, after a while, that it wasn't all pity—that pity hadn't anything to do with it. I didn't realize this at first, but she did. And as soon as she did, it came out what she wanted. She wanted to be a señora of the *gente fino*, as she called it. Heaven knows what her idea of 'the fine people' is. But that's what she wanted, and she proposed a plan. Look here."

Picking the candlestick, with its burden of partially burned insects, from the table, Cary led the way into another room—the office of Government House. It was scantily furnished, but in one corner stood a large chest, of dark wood, crossed and recrossed by iron bands, and secured with two huge, ineffective padlocks. He opened it, and held the candle so that its light fell inside. It was nearly filled with Mexican dollars, and bills of the same nation, of green or blue or red, that looked like small circus posters.

"Taxes," explained Cary. "Nearly six months of 'em."

"But what on earth have you to do with them?" asked the doctor.

"What have I to do with them? Everything. Do you suppose I'd touch the beastly revenues if I could help it? I'm Governor and Treasurer as well as Supervisor in this hole. Have you forgotten that?"

"I had for the moment. But still I don't understand. What had she—"

"What had she to do with this Government money?" interrupted Cary, slamming the lid of the chest and locking it. "What had she to do with it? Nothing. She wanted it. That was her whole play. That's why she was playing me. And the day before you came she sprang it on me. No, don't interrupt—let me tell the whole beastly thing my own way, and have done."

"She'd planned it all. Banálang and his whole gang, it seems, is somewhere around here in this 'pacified' province. You know

who he is. Calls himself 'General,' an insurrecto, who has never surrendered to the Americans. It's true enough. And it's just as true that he and his men are just *ladrones*—thieves—out for what they can get, so long as it isn't work. Just like Aguinaldo and the other 'patriots' of that sort. Her plan was to tell him—Banálang—of this Government money, and of course he'd attack. But we were to have buried the money and skipped. People would think we were killed, as the others would be. Then, when everything got quiet, we'd come back, get the plunder, then go off to some place where we weren't known and live a 'life of ease and happiness,' as she said. That was her plan. And it would have worked, so far as the first part of it went. Did you ever hear anything more cold-blooded and scoundrelly? But it would have worked."

Cary was standing, his hands clenched and his muscles strained, in his effort to control himself. But his nostrils were twitching, and once or twice his chin trembled, as though with cold. The doctor saw these things.

"But it didn't work," said the medical man, with assumed carelessness. "You threw them down—the plan and the woman."

"Of course I did. Instantly. But it tempted me, Jack. I wanted—I wanted her. I longed for the animal life she pictured, without cares, or conventions or ambitions or anything—and with her. My mind hadn't gone—I knew how unutterably low the whole thing was. But almost beyond my strength it tempted me—and damn it, it tempts me yet! That's all. Now think what you like." Cary sank into a heap on the treasure chest.

The doctor forced a little laugh. "I think you're a bally ass," he said. "A bally ass who has brooded until he's almost hysterical, who's going to take the medicine I shall give him and then go by-by—*pronto*—and sleep."

Cary, temporarily, was "all in." He could hold himself together no longer. "I can't go to bed!" he exclaimed, with the querulousness of a child, as the doctor rose and fetched a medicine case. "Can't you see that she's likely to bring Banálang and his gang down on us any time, now? I've got to see to the guards—a hundred things."

"You take this. I'll see to the guards. Turn in all standing, if you like, then you'll be ready for anything. You won't be fit for veal if you don't. And that's as sure as that the devil wears petticoats."

Cary resisted feebly, he had not will enough left for much resistance. So, with comparative ease, the doctor got him to his room.

"Oh, all right," he said peevishly. "Clancy has charge of the guard under you. But don't blame me if we all get our throats cut." He took the proffered draught, and throwing himself on his cot, fell almost instantly asleep.

The doctor shook his head, and with a sigh buckled on his pistol, and taking a rifle went outside. A glance told him that the guard had been placed. He went to the edge of the bank and looked over.

The bank went steeply down to the sea, save for one natural terrace, upon which rested the village. Here, through the thick growth, he could see patches of light, and the sound of voices came to him, but the words he could not catch. He began to descend the path carefully, for it was very dark. Then he heard footsteps behind him, and halted.

"Don't shoot, sorr. It's us—Clancy an' Olafsen," said a voice, as the two men felt their way down to him. "'Tis not safe for you alone." Clancy spoke in a rattling whisper, that carried like a scream.

"Hush!" whispered the doctor, in return, and led the way downward. Soon they reached the terrace, where the village was, and carefully parting the undergrowth, looked.

A fire burned in the middle of a clearing, lighting up the fronts of the bamboo huts that were scattered here and there around a little plaza. In the doorway of the largest hut lounged the woman, the red fire-glow lighting her wonderful face. She was looking at Wilson, who harangued in the native tongue a group of Filipinos standing near. These Filipinos, for the most part, were dressed in dingy white. That in itself was ominous—a departure from the usual custom.

"'Tis a dillygation he's addressin'," said Clancy, in one of his stage whispers. "They've been sint be some wan to listen to the words av wisdom that Wilson do be droolin'."

"Can you understand what he's saying?" asked the doctor.

"I cannot. It's a tongue fit fer no white man, sorr. It's few what know it, 'n' them few ain't no good, sorr, you can take that from me. But it'll be the sem stuff he was a-givin' us above."

The doctor sighed. His rifle was on his hip, and for a moment it looked as though he might use it. Then he shook his head.

"It's no use," he said. "There'd only be a fight if we tried, and that isn't good enough—yet." He sighed again, and took the way down the trail that led to the strip of beach.

The moon had not risen above the surrounding hills, yet there was a faint light. It frosted the ripples, and showed in sharp profile the tossing palms on the hilltops. The Uniguét River rushed into the bay close by, and a rising wind rustled through the trees. The sounds they made rendered caution in speech unnecessary. A whaleboat, tied to an overhanging tree, rocked at the end of its painter.

"Set in there, sorr, an' then they can't see us, but we can hear, an' if ther's a row, we can take 'em in the rear," advised Clancy.

The doctor nodded assent. First lengthening the painter, Olafsen signed for the others to get in, then followed himself, allowing the boat to drift outward, under the dense shadow of the tree.

"The tide's turned. It's strong ebb, now," said Clancy, then all fell silent.

Where they were, a little way from the steep bank, sound came to them far more distinctly than when the thick growth surrounded them. The harangue, apparently, had ended, yet each of the three thought he heard a faint sound, as of stealthy footsteps and lowered voices; but though they listened, and stared as if their eyes could help their ears, they were not certain. Gradually the sounds became more distinct. Some one threw fresh fuel on the fire, for a flight of sparks soared above the tree-tops. In the distance a monkey screamed.

From the shadows of the bank came an exultant feminine laugh. The boat at the same moment glided out into the moonlight; her painter had been cut. Clancy sprang to his feet, and his rifle spat three shots into the darkness.

"Don't fire!" called the doctor. "That was the woman—didn't you hear? You may have hit her."

"I fear not, sorr," replied Clancy, sadly.

There was but one thing resembling an oar in the boat; this was the paddle of a native *banca*. Olafsen snatched it up, and throwing it over the stern, attempted to scull; but the first stroke, taken with all the big timberman's enormous strength, snapped the puny thing in two, so that the blade floated away, and with a curse in his own tongue, Olafsen sent the frail bamboo shaft to join it.

Borne by wind and tide and river current, the whaleboat shot swiftly outward toward this narrow entrance to the harbor, where the waves from a sea that was rising in power met the current, boiling and roaring over the jagged rocks. The doctor grasped the thwart upon which he had been sitting and strained with all his might, but he could not stir it.

"Come get hold of this with me, and pull together," he called to the others. "It'll be better than nothing to paddle with!" But Olafsen shook his head, and Clancy gently restrained him.

"Don't, sorr—don't," called the Irishman. "Faith, ye'll have the ribs out of her. She's a Gover'mint boat, an' rotten—only stuck together be th' paint. We'll have to chance it as it is, sorr. It'll not be long, now."

It was not long, but it seemed so to the men who sat and waited for the end to come. Into the harbor's mouth they drifted, taking the sea broadside on, and nearly filling. The two workmen began doggedly to bail with their hats, and the doctor followed suit. Any action was welcome.

Their progress was slower now, but still outward. Almost they had cleared the land, then a mighty sea tossed the boat lightly upward, as a boy might toss a ball. There was a crash. The doctor knew that he fought—for hours, he felt—to get his breath, amid a smother of white and green that twisted and tugged at him. Once a little welcome air, quickly gasped, reached his lungs; then oblivion.

Remembrance came back slowly to the doctor. One side of his head ached and stung, as though salt water had got into a cut that was there, which was the fact. He heard Clancy say "Thank God," and then the crash of the surf brought everything back. A glance at the two men who bent over him told him that neither was seriously hurt. He struggled to rise.

"Oh, thank God!" repeated the Irishman, fervently. "Do ye think ye can walk, sorr? It's a long walk we have—that painter wasn't cut fer a joke, I'm thinkin'—our guns is in the bottom av the ocean, so we're no good to thim at the House till we get more, an' God knows how soon daylight'll be here."

The explanation was fragmentary, but sufficient. The doctor knew that he must have been unconscious long—how long neither he nor they had the means of telling, and as Clancy had said, the walk was a long one;

nearly two thirds of the way around the harbor. The paths were few and bad, but instantly the doctor turned toward the nearest.

"Come on!" he said, testily. "Do you want them all to be murdered?"

But the doctor's head swam, and his legs were unsteady. The others held him each by an arm, and thus they managed to make their way, stumbling and aching, dripping and weary, but spurred onward by the thought of what might be happening in the place they had left. The stars grew dim as they walked, and the indescribable smell of dawn came into the air.

"Hark!" cried Clancy, suddenly stopping, and making an ear-trumpet of his hand.

They all listened. Faintly—very faintly—from the distance came the sound of dropping shots, which soon strengthened into an irregular volley—then the report of a heavy explosion.

"Dynamite!" cried the doctor, and attempted to start off at a run, but the run became a walk again at once, for the path still was difficult and his legs not yet reliable. The path widened, and just as it did so, the full day burst suddenly forth, as it does in those countries.

"We're most there," panted Clancy. "Lave me get a fresh hold av ye, sorr. Lift, there, Oly! Is yer back made av paper? Don't ye see the doctor can't walk alone? Lift, I say!"

They were almost carrying the doctor, now, and in this shape they made better time. Soon the path gave suddenly on to the little plaza where stood Government House.

The sloping plain was littered with bodies. Leaning against the flag-staff sat Schmidt. He was quite dead. Above his head still waved the flag. His fouled pistol, cocked at its last cartridge, was gripped in his stiffening hand.

The three men shouted, making for the house. Its doors swung open, showing Cary, his rifle ready, standing in the portal, and Spencer lying at his feet.

"Have they gone?" asked the Supervisor weakly. "Yes? Then we must go, too—go now. The country's full of them. They rushed us at sunrise, just as the flag went up. And these bamboo walls wouldn't keep any bullets out. But we threw dynamite at them, and they kept farther off, then. But come—help me, you two. We must go, I say!" He ran back into the house. "Did you bring

the boat back?" he called out over his shoulder.

It was Clancy who replied. "No, sorr. She's in bits now. But there's a *banca* below—I seen her when we come along. Better go down an' see that she don't get away, Oly—I'll help Mr. Cary."

Olafsen departed in silence, as was his wont, but Cary did not seem to notice. Clancy found him tugging at the great treasure chest, which the strength of four men could hardly have stirred. "Come, catch hold," he called, as Clancy came in.

Clancy caught hold as directed, then straightened his back. "Faith, sorr, there's no takin' that with us," he said. "'Twould sink the *banca*. It's silver in there, ain't it?"

"It's Government money, and it must go—or I must stay," replied the Supervisor.

But the box could not go, that was plain. It also would have been plain, to anyone who could have seen Clancy's face at that moment, that Cary would not have been permitted to remain. At that moment the doctor entered.

"Bad, I fear. Very bad," he said, in a low voice, answering an inquiring glance in the direction in which the wounded man lay. "But what are you doing?" he added impatiently. "Why aren't you getting things ready—want to get all our throats cut?" They explained, and the doctor turned on Cary. "Are you crazy?" he asked impatiently. "Hand over those keys, will you? Of course it's Government money, but do you think the precious Government would be any better off by losing it all—certainly, instead of probably? Hand over those keys!"

Cary hesitated, then did so. He was becoming accustomed to obey the doctor.

The lid of the great chest was thrown open. Snatching a pillow case from a bed, the doctor began stuffing into it the red-and-blue "circus-dodger" bills. "There's a hole—a fresh one, out there on the edge of the bluff," said he, as he finished his task, and was tying up the mouth of the improvised sack. "I suppose it was made by some of that dynamite you threw. Throw that Mexican silver in there, Clancy, and cover it up. They can send back and get it. It ought to be safe."

Soon everything was ready, and the wounded man carried tenderly down to the beach and laid in the clumsy, dugout *banca* that floated there. Cary sighed as he took his place, and looked back; but it was he, nevertheless, who gave the order to push off.

Clancy and Olafsen dug their paddles into the still waters of the harbor, and Cary turned his face resolutely toward its entrance.

Then sounded again the little laugh of derision, which had been heard the night before. All of them looked around. On the beach stood the woman, leading Wilson by the hand, as one might lead a child. Wilson's eyes were bent upon his feet; they would not meet those of the other whites. But on his face was a smile of sheepish pride. The woman waved her free hand and laughed again.

"*Mi novio* is bashful and will not speak," she cried. "It is I, therefore, who have to thank you for the wedding gift you left us.

The gesture she made was unmistakably toward the place where they had buried the silver. "She watched us!" cried Clancy, with a curse, as dropping his paddle, he reached into the bottom of the canoe; but before he found what he sought, the woman kissed her hand to them and vanished into the jungle that fringed the beach. In silence the men resumed their paddles.

"I didn't think she'd really do it, when it came to a test," said Cary at last. "I didn't think—that is, I hoped—well I thought she wouldn't." And he sighed.

Only the doctor heard what he said. "You didn't think so, because you were an ass," he remarked gruffly, and bent over his patient, who was regaining consciousness, but Cary did not see that; again his eyes were fixed upon the shore.

"Oh, yes, I was an ass, all right," he admitted listlessly. "But sometimes I wonder if we'll ever see this place again," he said, after a little.

The wounded man stirred. "I waon't, any'ow," he answered weakly. "They did for me—I'm goin' naow, ain't I, doctor?" And the doctor bowed his head. He did not look up, as he heard Cary's gasp of horrified surprise, and he spoke softly.

"It's hard that two men must pay so high for the cure of—" He did not finish the sentence, and only Cary knew what he meant. The Supervisor covered his face with his hands, and was silent, but Clancy spoke.

"God grant it's but two," said he. "A death's an ill sign to commence a voyage on."

Then a silence fell upon them all, broken only by the dip of the paddles and the gasps of the man who was dying.

An ill voyage it was in the making. For days which at last were uncounted they

made their way along rivers so lonely that the eyes of man seemed never to have seen them before; then through forests and jungle, on foot always, ragged, hungry, and sore, abandoning or daring everything that the contents of the pillow case should be saved.

But at last there came a day when the path they traveled became a road—a road bearing wheel-marks of *carabao* carts, and this road led them into a squalid, dusty square, a market place for the wretched *barrio* of some far-distant town. Three sides of this square were lined with bamboo huts, where dirty children and women dressed in gaudy colors, together with some villainous-looking men, scowled at the strangers as they filed through. But the men did not care to attack these browned, tattered strangers. They were not more than ten to one, and such odds were not long enough, in their opinion, to warrant them fighting Americans in the open. Cary now had taken his proper place, at the head of the others, and his step was springy and his manner alert as of yore.

The fourth side of the plaza was lined with shops; one of them newer and more pretentious than the others. It had an awning, made of flour sacks sewed together, and propped, lopsidedly, on poles. Good store was displayed of cheap German cutlery, sticky bottles of *vino de nipa*, the deadly liquor of the country, and some articles of native food. It was a place like thousands of others. No one noticed it particularly until Cary half stopped and laughed aloud.

Sitting on the ground, leaning against the shaded front wall of the store, was a man, barefooted and dressed like his neighbors. He looked up, and they saw that it was Wilson, and that near him stood the woman.

Her beaver-tailed skirt, much soiled, was of cheap silk, gorgeously colored; her *camiseta* of coarse *abacá* was likewise of gayest hues. She had taken on flesh, and her face was a livid, light blue, caused by her having powdered it thickly while it was wet.

Cary snorted with disgust. "Why, she's fat—she's just like any other *mestiza*," he said to the doctor. Then he laughed again. "But she has her heart's desire now, Jack, eh? She's of the *gente fina* all right."

Still laughing, he swung out again on the march. The doctor's face took on the cheerfulness that it had not worn since his friend had left Pangasinán. For he knew that Cary was cured.

THE VALUE OF A VOICE

By JOSEPH L. STICKNEY



ALTHOUGH it is close upon 100 years since the United States has been threatened by a hostile fleet—for of course Admiral Cervera's bluff at an approach to our shores was never considered a danger by navy men—the summer of 1863 witnessed a bold raid upon the shipping along our northern coast that created great alarm among the owners and skippers of American vessels. The Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee*, having arrived off Cape Cod, captured the fast brig *Tacony*, manned and armed her; and together these craft continued the work of capturing and destroying merchantmen, there being almost no protecting naval force north of the blockaded Southern waters. News soon began coming into New York and Boston of the burning of several ships off Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod, followed by the arrival of a neutral craft bringing the crews of the destroyed vessels.

Among the few available cruisers of the Federal navy remaining in northern ports at the moment was the old-fashioned sailing sloop of war *Manitou*. To the reader of the present day it may be well to explain that a sloop of war was not a sloop at all, but a full-rigged ship, the name having come down from the time when the smallest fighting vessels had been sloop-rigged. This respect for custom and tradition accounts for an incident that happened off Nantucket when the *Manitou* was sent out to capture or destroy the Confederate cruisers.

The sloop of war was commanded by one of the most punctilious seamen of the "old navy." Able, conscientious, thoroughly trained in every detail of his duty, and ready to fight anything where he could bring a gun to bear, Captain Magnum sailed from New York in the month of July determined to

bring the *Tallahassee* and the *Tacony* into port as prizes.

So far as the *Tacony* was concerned he had no doubt, for the brig had no battery worthy of consideration; and, being a sailing vessel also, it was improbable that it could escape from a larger and more seaworthy craft, like the *Manitou*. The latter carried ten of the latest type of 32-pounder smooth-bore guns, five in each broadside, and a 60-pounder Parrott rifle on a pivot carriage on the forecastle. At any distance within a mile these guns, throwing time-fused shells, could deliver a very destructive fire.

Of course a steamer is able to choose its own position in a fight with a sailing ship, and the *Manitou* would have been practically helpless in a set action with the *Tallahassee*; but Captain Magnum purposed getting into close quarters with his enemy by a stratagem, believing that he could suddenly cripple the cruiser's motive power. Accordingly every effort was made to efface the *Manitou's* man-of-war characteristics casually visible at a little distance. The slender royal poles—those parts of the masts that extended above the standing rigging—were cut off; several discolored and clumsy patches were put into the sails; the broad white band around the ship at the gun port level was painted black like the rest of the hull; the ports themselves were filled up flush with the sides, the guns being run in so that no muzzle protruded; a clever imitation of a windmill was rigged in the middle of the quarter-deck, this kind of motive power for pumping water from the bilge having been recently introduced to save the crews of merchant ships the necessity for manning the pumps every day; pendants and whips were fitted as braces for the yards, because the light crews of merchantmen required these devices not necessary in the fully manned sloop of war, and occa-

sional tangles of rope-yarn were hung to the footropes of the yards to give an air of slovenliness not to be tolerated in the navy.

The 60-pounder rifle on the forecastle, however, was a too conspicuously bellicose object to be disguised. Any kind of covering that could have been put over it would have failed to deceive a navy-bred officer in the Confederate service, for he would have known that merchant captains do not pile cargo on the forecastle. Accordingly Captain Magnum had the fore staysail patched out to about twice its natural size, so that it would wholly hide the gun and carriage when it was clumsily hauled down. Tripping lines were so arranged that the whole sail could be instantaneously flung overboard.

It was Magnum's intention that, as soon as a vessel resembling the *Tallahassee* should be sighted, he would head the *Manitou* away from her, as if trying to escape. Then, if it proved to be the *Tallahassee*, she would not get a good view of the *Manitou's* forecastle, and the fore staysail would sufficiently hide the pivot gun until it was time to open fire.

With a fresh northwesterly wind the *Manitou*, under all plain sail and port stunsails, bore away to the eastward from Sandy Hook, holding a good speed until the neighborhood of Old South Shoal was reached. Here the wind fell to almost nothing, fog came up, and for a day the vessel drifted with hardly steerage way. The next day was still foggy, but there was a light southerly breeze. That the *Manitou* was close in the wake of the *Tallahassee* was evident from the discovery of two burning vessels. Then a British merchant ship carrying immigrants to New York was spoken, and the *Manitou*, running within hailing distance, learned that the Briton had as passengers five crews of American ships, put aboard by the *Tallahassee* after she had burned their vessels.

Next morning, just at daybreak, there was a lifting of the fog, and the officers of the *Manitou* saw a steamer stopped alongside of a sailing vessel about six miles away. Then the fog shut down, and for more than thirty hours it was impossible for the eye to penetrate it. Captain Magnum had no doubt the steamer sighted was the *Tallahassee* in the act of capturing a merchant ship; and, while he hoped the Confederate was hunting in the fog for the big vessel—the *Manitou*—sighted in the morning, he knew there was no certainty of a meeting.

Shortly before dawn the wind shifted to the westward, the fog began to lift, and, just as the gray light of morning began to reveal the horizon, a steamer was sighted about two miles to windward. The air was still murky and unfavorable to distant vision, but the officers of the *Manitou*, peering over the break of the poop deck—for Captain Magnum had cleared everybody except himself out of sight—saw a schooner-rigged steamer heading toward them.

The *Manitou* was put dead before the wind, the battery was loaded carefully, the fuses being cut to explode the shells in one half a second after firing, and the guns were still left run in to the full length of their breechings. Ever since leaving New York the crew had had daily drills for the coming emergency. At the order to fire, the port-stoppers were to be released and thrust overboard, the side tackles and handspikes were to be smartly used to give the exact train necessary to lay the guns on the midship section of the enemy, each gun captain was to have his gun already properly elevated for the distance between the two ships, and, as soon as the sights and the enemy's water line coincided, the lock strings were to be pulled.

Captain Magnum was counting upon the *Tallahassee's* captain coming up abeam close enough to hail him; and as the steamer ranged alongside within talking distance it would be almost impossible for any of the *Manitou's* six guns to miss sending its projectile into the enemy. He counted upon the surprise and the execution done by this broadside being sufficient to enable him to reload before the *Tallahassee* could return an effective fire, so that he had a reasonable expectation of planting ten 32-pounder and two 60-pounder shells in his enemy before the latter could use his steam power. If any of these shells destroyed a vital part of the *Tallahassee's* steaming or steering mechanism, the *Manitou* would have a fair chance.

The *Manitou* was now slipping along at a five-knot speed, but astern the steamer was coming up fast. Captain Magnum, dressed in an old suit of oilskins, stood at the edge of the poop deck, in full view of all the guns' crews, grasping a shroud of the mizzen rigging with his left hand while he held his trumpet behind him in his right, steadily facing the oncoming steamer. On the main-deck the men at the lock strings, the handspikes and the side tackles, with faculties

alert and muscles tense, waited for the fall of the captain's trumpet as the signal to fire. A couple of seamen lounged about the fore-castle in ragged togs and sou'westers. In the misty, uncertain morning light the *Manitou* was giving a very decent imitation of one of the old-time, full-rigged cargo carriers.

As the steamer drew closer Captain Magnum noted her characteristic features with intense satisfaction. The shape of her hull, the rake of her smokestack, the arrangement of her battery, the general outline of her upper works—all conclusively identified the stranger as the Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee*. When the bow of the steamer was overlapping the *Manitou's* stern, on a course parallel to the latter's and less than 100 yards distant on the starboard side, from the bridge of the steamer came the hail:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" snarled back Magnum in his queer, high-pitched tones.

"What ship is that?"

"The Canadian ship *Le Bon Dieu*," replied Magnum.

"Where are you from and where bound?"

"From New York, for Quebec," was Magnum's answer; and then, following the usual sea etiquette, "What ship is that?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Spitfire*," was the reply. "Heave to and I will send a boat aboard of you."

This was all that was needed to satisfy Magnum that the stranger was the *Tallahassee*. It was a very usual custom for Confederate vessels to pass themselves off as British men-of-war; but Magnum had often seen the genuine *Spitfire*, and he knew that the steamer now ranged up nearly abeam of him did not resemble the British war ship at all. In another instant the trumpet would have dropped, and the guns of the *Manitou* would have belched forth their deadly shells.

It suddenly occurred to Magnum, however, that he might get a still greater advantage, since evidently the steamer's captain had not seen through his disguise. If he could induce his adversary to back his engines, in order to give the *Manitou* room to haul by the wind—which would be necessary before he could heave his own ship to—he

would be able to rake his enemy as he luffed across his bows; and, as the steamer would be dead in the water, with only her forward pivot gun available for an immediate return, he would have a great tactical advantage.

"If you'll back your engines and drop astern," he hailed, "I will haul by the wind on the starboard tack to heave to."

Magnum's shrill voice had hardly ceased when from the poop deck of the other vessel came a quick shout, vibrant and penetrating:

"For God's sake, Magnum, don't fire! This is the *Tolona*, looking for the *Tallahassee*!"

The United States ship *Tolona*, commanded by Captain Burgwin, an intimate friend of Captain Magnum, had arrived at the Boston Navy Yard from the Gulf Blockading Squadron two days before and had been hurried out to catch the *Tallahassee* and the *Tacony*. On sighting what seemed to be a merchant ship early in the morning the *Tolona* had overhauled her for the purpose of inquiring whether she had seen the enemy's vessels. In usual routine fashion the man-of-war had run close to the *Manitou*, well knowing that the Confederates had no ship of that character and, therefore, not taking the vigilant precautions that would have marked her approach to a more questionable type of stranger. The officer of the deck had done the hailing, but Captain Burgwin was on deck, aft, listening.

Telling the story afterwards in Captain Magnum's presence, Burgwin said:

"I was first astonished at the nerve of a Blue Nose skipper asking what he supposed to be a British man-of-war to back her engines to give him sea room; and then it suddenly came to me that nobody but 'Pat' Magnum could possibly have that peculiar voice. In a glance I recognized the hull of the *Manitou*; and Magnum's mistake in our identity and, his intention to broadside us flashed into my mind instantaneously."

"Well," replied Magnum dryly, "I had no knowledge that any navy ship like the *Tolona* was near those waters, for I had left New York before your arrival in Boston; but I knew your craft wasn't the *Spitfire*, and if you hadn't spoken in that second you would have been blown out of water."

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER VIII (Continued)



THE house and garden at Silverside seemed to be logical parts of a landscape, which included uplands, headlands, sky, and water—a silvery harmonious ensemble, where the artificial portion was neither officiously intrusive nor, on the other hand, meager and insignificant.

The house, a long two-storied affair with white shutters and pillared veranda, was built of graystone; the garden was walled with it—a precaution against no rougher intruder than the wind, which would have whipped unsheltered flowers and fruit trees into ribbons.

Walks of hardened earth, to which green mold clung in patches, wound through the grounds and threaded the three little groves of oak, chestnut, and locust, in the centers of which, set in circular lawns, were the three axes of interest—the stone-edged fish pond, the spouting fountain, and the ancient ship's figurehead—a wind-worn, sea-battered mermaid cuddling a tiny, finny sea-child between breast and lips.

Whoever the unknown wood carver had been he had been an artist, too, and a good one; and when the big China trader, the *First Born*, went to pieces off Frigate Light, fifty years ago, this figurehead had been cast up from the sea.

Wandering into the garden, following the first path at random, Selwyn chanced upon it, and stood, pipe in his mouth, hands in his pockets, surprised and charmed.

Plunkitt, the head gardener, came along, trundling a mowing machine.

"Ain't it kindar nice," he said, lingering. "When I pass here moonlight nights, it seems like that baby was a-smilin' right up into his mamma's face, an' that there fish-tailed girl was laughin' back at him. Come here some night when there's a moon, Cap'in Selwyn."

In the rose garden, and along that section of the wall included in it, the rich, dry, porous soil glimmered like gold under the sun; and here Selwyn discovered Nina and Eileen busily solicitous over the tender shoots of favorite bushes. A few long-stemmed early rosebuds lay in their baskets; Selwyn drew one through his buttonhole and sat down on a wheelbarrow, amiably disposed to look on and let the others work.

Eileen came over to him, fingers doubled into her palm and small thumb extended.

"Thorns and prickles, please," she said; and he took her hand in his and proceeded to extract them while she looked down at her almost invisible wounds, tenderly amused at his fear of hurting her.

"Do you know," she said, "that people are beginning to open their houses yonder?" She nodded toward the west: "The Minsters are on the way to Brookminster, the Orchils have already arrived at Hitherwood House, and the coachmen and horses were housed at Southlawn last night. I rather dread the dinners and country formality that always interferes with the jolly times we have; but it will be rather good fun at the bathing beach. Do you swim well? But of course you do."

"Pretty well; do you?"

"I'm a fish. Gladys Orchil and I would never leave the surf if they didn't literally drag us home. You know Gladys Orchil? She's very nice; so is Sheila Minster; you'll like her better in the country than you do in town. Kathleen Lawn is nice, too. Alas! I see many a morning where Drina and I twirl our respective thumbs while you and Boots are off with a gayer set. Oh, don't interrupt! No mortal man is proof against Sheila and Gladys and Kathleen—and you're not a demigod—are you? Thank you for your surgery upon my thumb—" She naively placed the tip of it between her lips and looked at him, standing there like a schoolgirl in her fresh gown, burnished hair loosened and curling in riotous beauty across cheeks and ears.

Nina, basket on her arm, snipping away with her garden shears, glanced over her shoulder—and went on, snipping. They did not notice how far away her agricultural ardor led her—did not notice when she stood a moment at the gate looking back at them, or when she passed out, pretty head bent thoughtfully, the shears swinging loose at her girdle.

The prairie rosebuds in Eileen's basket exhaled their wild, sweet odor; and Selwyn, breathing it, removed his hat like one who faces a cooling breeze, and looked at the young girl standing before him as though she were the source of all things sweet and freshening in this opening of the youngest year of his life.

She said, smiling absently at his question: "Certainly one can grow younger; and you have done it in a day, here with me. You are very like a boy, sometimes, as young as Gerald, I often think—especially when your hat is off. You always look so perfectly groomed; I wonder—I wonder what you would look like if your hair were rumbled?"

"Try it," he suggested lazily.

"If I don't think I dare—" She raised her hand, hesitated, the gay daring in her eyes deepening to audacity. "Shall I?"

"Why not?"

"T-touch your hair?—rumple it?—as I would Gerald's! I'm tempted to—only—"

"What?"

"I don't know; I couldn't. I—it was only the temptation of a second—" She laughed uncertainly. The suggestion of the intimacy tinted her cheeks with its reaction;

she took a short step backward; instinct, blindly stirring, sobered her; and as the smile faded from eye and lip, his face changed, too. And far, very far away in the silent cells of his heart a distant pulse awoke.

She continued moving along among the bushes, pinching back here, snipping, trimming, clipping there; and after a while she had wandered quite beyond speaking distance; and, at leisurely intervals she straightened up and turned to look back across the roses at him—a quiet, unsmiling gaze in exchange for his unchanging eyes, which never left her.

She was at the farther edge of the rose garden now where a boy knelt, weeding. Selwyn saw her speak to him and give him her basket and shears and saw the boy start away toward the house, leaving her leaning idly above the sun-dial, elbows on the weather-beaten stone, studying the carved figures of the dial. And every line and contour and curve of her figure—even the lowered head, now resting between both hands—summoned him.

She heard his step, but did not move; and when he leaned above the dial, resting on his elbows, beside her, she laid her finger on the shadow of the dial.

"Time," she said, "is trying to frighten me. It pretends to be nearly five o'clock; do you believe it?"

"Time is running very fast with me," he said.

"With me, too; I don't wish it to; I don't care for third speed forward all the time."

He was bending closer above the stone dial, striving to decipher the inscription on it:

Under blue skies
My shadow lies,
Under gray skies
My shadow dies.

If over me
Two Lovers leaning
Would solve my Mystery
And read my Meaning,

—Or clear, or overcast the Skies—

The Answer always lies within their Eyes.
Look long! Look long! For there, and there alone
Time solves the Riddle graven on this Stone!

"I never understood it," she observed, lightly scornful. "What occult meaning has a sun-dial for the spooney? I'm sure I don't want to read riddles in strange gentlemen's optics."

"The verses," he explained, "are evidently

addressed to the spooney, so why should you resent them?"

"I don't. I can be spoons, too, for that matter."

"You still spoon? Impossible! At your age? Nonsense!"

"It isn't at all impossible. Wait until there's a moon, and a canoe, and a nice boy who is young enough to be frightened easily!"

"And I," he retorted, "am too old to be frightened; so there's no moon, no canoe, no pretty girl, no spooning for me. Is that it, Eileen?"

"Oh, Gladys and Sheila will attend to you, Captain Selwyn."

"Why Gladys Orchil? Why Sheila Minster? And why *not* Eileen Erroll?"

"Spoon? With *you*!"

"You are quite right," he said, smiling; "it would be poor sport."

There had been no change in his amused eyes, in his voice; yet, sensitive to the imperceptible, the girl looked up quickly.

"Have you misunderstood me?" she asked in a low voice.

"How, child?"

"I don't know. Shall we walk a little?"

Traversing the grove which encircled the newly clipped lawn, now fragrant with sun-crisped grass tips left in the wake of the mower, he glanced up at the pretty mermaid mother cuddling her tiny offspring against her throat.

"Plunkitt tells me that they really laugh at each other in the moonlight," he said.

She glanced up; then away with him:

"You seem to be enamored of the moonlight," she said.

"I like to prowling in it."

"Alone?"

"Sometimes."

"And—at other times?"

He laughed: "Oh, I'm past that, as you reminded me a moment ago."

"Then you *did* misunderstand me!"

"Why, no——"

"Yes, you did! But I supposed you knew."

"Knew what, Eileen?"

"What I meant."

"You meant that I am *hors concours*."

"I didn't!"

"But I am, child. I was, long ago."

She looked up: "Do you really think that, Captain Selwyn? If you do—I am glad."

He laughed outright. "You are glad that I'm safely past the spooning age?" he inquired, moving forward.

She halted: "Yes. Because I'm quite sure of you if you are; I mean that I can always keep you for myself. Can't I?"

"You wish to keep me—for yourself?" he repeated, laughing.

"Yes, Captain Selwyn."

"Until you marry. Is that it, Eileen?"

"Yes, until I marry."

"And then we'll let each other go; is that it?"

"Yes. But I think I told you that I would never marry. Didn't I?"

"Oh! Then ours is to be a lifelong and anti-sentimental contract!"

"Yes, unless *you* marry."

"I promise not to," he said, "unless you do."

"I promise not to," she said gayly, "unless you do."

"There remains," he observed, "but one way for you and I ever to marry anybody. And as I'm *hors concours*, even that hope is ended."

She flushed; her lips parted, but she checked what she had meant to say, and they walked forward together in silence for a while until she had made up her mind what to say and how to express it:

"Captain Selwyn, there are two things that you do which seem to me unfair. You still have, at times, that far-away, absent expression which excludes me; and when I venture to break the silence, you have a way of answering, 'Yes, child,' and 'No, child'—as though you were inattentive, and I had not yet become an adult. *That* is my first complaint! *What* are you laughing at? It is true; and it confuses and hurts me; because I *know* I am intelligent enough and old enough to—to be treated as a woman!—a woman attractive enough to be reckoned with! But I never seem to be wholly so to you."

The laugh died out as she ended; for a moment they stood there, confronting each other.

"Do you imagine," he said in a low voice, "that I do not know all that?"

"I don't know whether you do. For all your friendship—for all your liking and your kindness to me—somehow—I—I don't seem to stand with you as other women do; I don't seem to stand their chances."

"What chances?"

"The—the consideration; you don't call any other woman 'child,' do you? You don't constantly remind other women of the difference in your ages, do you? You don't *feel* with other women that you are—as you please to call it—*hors concours*—out of the running. And I don't regard you so. And I—and it troubles me to be excluded—to be found wanting, inadequate in anything that a woman should be. I know that you and I have no desire to marry each other—but—but please don't make the reason for it either your age or my physical immaturity or intellectual inexperience."

Another of those weather-stained seats of Georgia marble stood imbedded under the trees near where she had halted; and she seated herself, outwardly composed, and inwardly a little frightened at what she had said.

As for Selwyn, he remained where he had been standing on the lawn's velvet edge; and, raising her eyes again, her heart misgave her that she had wantonly strained a friendship which had been all but perfect, and now he was moving across the path toward her—a curious look in his face which she could not interpret. She looked up as he approached and stretched out her hand:

"Forgive me, Captain Selwyn," she said. "I am a child—a spoiled one; and I have proved it to you. Will you sit here beside me and tell me very gently what a fool I am to risk straining the friendship dearest to me in the whole world? And will you fix my penance?"

"You have fixed it yourself by the challenge of your womanhood."

"I did not challenge—"

"No; you defended. You are right. The girl I cared for—the girl who was there with me on Brier Water—so many, many centuries ago—the girl who, years ago, leaned there beside me on the sun-dial—has become a memory."

"What do you mean?" she asked faintly.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea what I am going to say, Eileen?"

She looked up quickly, frightened at the tremor in his voice:

"Don't—don't say it, Captain Selwyn!"

He said quietly: "I was afraid you could not listen. You see, Eileen, that, after all, a man does know when he is done for—"

"Captain Selwyn!" She turned and caught his hands in both of hers, her eyes bright with tears: "Is that the penalty for what I said? Did you think I invited this—"

"Invited! No, child," he said gently. "I was fool enough to believe in myself; that is all. I have always been on the edge of loving you. Only in dreams did I ever dare set foot across that frontier. Now I have dared. I love you. That is all; and it must not distress you."

"But it does not," she said; "I have always loved you—dearly, dearly. Not in that way. I don't know how. Must it be in *that* way, Captain Selwyn? Can we not go on in the other way—that dear way which I—I have—almost spoiled? Must we be like other people—must sentiment turn it all to commonplace? Listen to me; I do love you; it is perfectly easy and simple to say it. But it is not emotional, it is not sentimental. Can't you see that in little things—in my ways with you? I—if I were sentimental about you I would call you Ph—by your first name, I suppose. But I can't; I've tried to—and it's very, very hard—and makes me self-conscious. It is an effort, you see—and so would it be for me to think of you sentimentally. Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!—you, so much of a man, so strong and generous and experienced and clever—so perfectly the embodiment of everything I care for in a man! I love you dearly; but—you saw! I could—could not bring myself to touch even your hair—even in pure mischief. And—sentiment chills me; I—there are times when it would be unendurable—I could not use an endearing term—nor suffer a—a caress. So you see—don't you? And won't you take me for what I am?—and as I am?—a girl—still young, devoted to you with all her soul—happy with you, believing implicitly in you, deeply, deeply sensible of your goodness and sweetness and loyalty to her. I am not a woman; I was a fool to say so. But you—you are so overwhelmingly a man that if it were in me to love in that way—it would be you! Do you understand me? Or have I lost a friend? Will you forgive my foolish boast? Can you still keep me first in your heart—as you are in mine? And pardon in me all that I am not? Can you do these things because I ask you?"

"Yes," he said.

CHAPTER IX

A NOVICE

GERALD came to Silverside two or three times during the early summer, arriving usually on Friday and remaining until the following Monday morning.

All his youthful admiration and friendship for Selwyn had returned; that was plainly evident—and with it something less of callow self-efficiency. He did not appear to be as cocksure of himself and the world as he had been; there was less bumptiousness about him, less aggressive complacency. Somewhere and somehow somebody or something had come into collision with him; but who or what this had been he did not offer to confide in Selwyn; and the older man, dreading to disturb the existing accord between them, forbore to question him or invite, even indirectly, any confidence not offered.

So their relations remained during the early summer; and everybody supposed that Gerald's two weeks' vacation would be spent there at Silverside. Apparently the boy himself thought so, too, for he made some plans ahead, and Austin sent down a very handsome new motor boat for him.

Then, at the last minute, a telegram arrived, saying that he had sailed for Newport on Neergard's big yacht! And for two weeks no word was received from him at Silverside.

Late in August, however, he wrote a rather colorless letter to Selwyn, saying that he was tired and would be down for the week-end.

He came, thinner than usual, with the city pallor showing through traces of the sea tan. And it appeared that he was really tired; for he seemed inclined to lounge on the veranda, satisfied as long as Selwyn remained in sight. But, when Selwyn moved, he got up and followed. There was trouble somewhere, stress of doubt, pressure of apprehension, the gravity of immaturity half realizing its own experience.

Selwyn had come to the conclusion that his Chaosite was likely to prove a commercial success. And now, in September, his experiments had advanced so far that he ventured to invite Austin, Gerald, Lansing, and Edgerton Lawn, of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company, to witness a few tests at his cottage laboratory on Storm Head.

About noon his guests arrived before the cottage in a solemn file, halted, and did not appear overanxious to enter the laboratory

on Storm Head. Also they carefully cast away their cigars when they did enter, and seated themselves in a nervous circle in the largest room of the cottage. Here their eyes instantly became glued to a great bowl which was piled high with small rose-tinted cubes of some substance which resembled symmetrical and translucent crystals of pink quartz. That was Chaosite enough to blow the entire cliff into smithereens; and they were aware of it, and they eyed it with respect.

First of all Selwyn laid a cubic crystal on an anvil, and struck it sharply and repeatedly with a hammer. Austin's thin hair rose, and Edgerton Lawn swallowed nothing several times; but nobody went to heaven, and the little cube merely crumbled into a flaky pink powder.

Then Selwyn took three cubes, dropped them into boiling milk, fished them out again, twisted them into a waxy taper, placed it in a candlestick, and set fire to it. The taper burned with a flaring brilliancy but without odor.

Then Selwyn placed several cubes in a mortar, pounded them to powder with an iron pestle, and, measuring out the tiniest pinch—scarcely enough to cover the point of a penknife—placed a few grains in several paper cartridges. Two wads followed the powder, then an ounce and a half of shot, then a wad, and then the crimping.

The guests stepped gratefully outside; Selwyn, using a light fowling piece, made pattern after pattern for them; and then they all trooped solemnly indoors again; and Selwyn froze Chaosite and boiled it and baked it and melted it and took all sorts of hair-raising liberties with it; and after that he ground it to powder, placed a few generous pinches in a small hand grenade, and affixed a primer, the secret composition of which he alone knew. That was the key to the secret—the composition of the primer charge.

"I used to play baseball in college," he observed smiling—"and I used to be a pretty good shot with a snowball."

They followed him to the cliff's edge, always with great respect for the awful stuff he handled with such apparent carelessness. There was a black sea-soaked rock jutting out above the waves; Selwyn pointed at it, poised himself, and, with the clean-cut, overhand, long, straight throw of a trained ball player sent the grenade like a bullet at the rock.

There came a blinding flash, a stunning, clean-cut report—but what the others took to be a vast column of black smoke was really a pillar of dust—all that was left of the rock. And this slowly floated, settling like mist over the waves, leaving nothing where the rock had been.

"I think," said Edgerton Lawn, wiping the starting perspiration from his forehead, "that you have made good, Captain Selwyn. Dense or bulk, your Chaosite and impact primer seem to do the business; and I think I may say that the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company is ready to do business, too. Can you come to town to-morrow? It's merely a matter of figures and signatures now, if you say so. It is entirely up to you."

But Selwyn only laughed. He looked at Austin.

"I suppose," said Edgerton Lawn good-naturedly, "that you intend to make us sit up and beg; or do you mean to absorb us?"

But Selwyn said: "I want more time on this thing. I want to know what it does to the interior of loaded shells and in fixed ammunition when it is stored for a year. I want to know whether it is necessary to use a solvent after firing it in big guns. As a bursting charge I'm practically satisfied with it; but time is required to know how it acts on steel in storage or on the bores of guns when exploded as a propelling charge. Meanwhile," turning to Lawn, "I'm tremendously obliged to you for coming—and for your offer. You see how it is, don't you? I couldn't risk taking money for a thing which might, at the end, prove dear at any price."

"I see that you possess a highly developed conscience," said Edgerton Lawn, laughing; "and when I tell you that we are more than willing to take every chance of failure——"

But Selwyn shook his head. "Not yet," he said; "don't worry; I need the money, and I'll waste no time when a square deal is possible. But I ought to tell you this: that first of all I must offer it to the Government. That is only decent, you see——"

"Who ever heard of the Government's gratitude?" broke in Austin. "Nonsense, Phil; you are wasting time!"

"I've got to do it," said Selwyn; "you must see that, of course."

"But I don't see it," began Lawn—"because you are not in the Government service now——"

"Besides," added Austin, "you were not a

West Pointer; you never were under obligations to the Government!"

"Are we not all under obligation?" asked Selwyn so simply that Austin flushed.

"Oh, of course—patriotism and all that—naturally. Confound it, I don't suppose you'd go and offer it to Germany or Japan before our own Government had the usual chance to turn it down and break your heart. But why can't the Government make arrangements with Lawn's company—if it desires to?"

"A man can't exploit his own Government; you all know that as well as I do," returned Selwyn, smiling, but there remained the obstinate squareness of jaw and his eyes were clear and steady. Young Lawn looked into them and the hope in him flickered; Austin looked, and shrugged; but as they all turned away to retrace their steps across the moors in the direction of Silverside, Lansing lightly hooked his arm into Selwyn's; and Gerald, walking thoughtfully on the other side, turned over and over in his mind the proposition offered him—the spectacle of a modern and needy man to whom money appeared to be the last consideration in a plain matter of business. Also he turned over other matters in his mind; and moved closer to Selwyn, walking beside him with grave eyes bent on the ground.

The matter of business arrangements apparently ended then and there; Lawn's company sent several men to Selwyn and wrote him a great many letters—unlike the Government, which had not replied to his briefly tentative suggestion that Chaosite be conditionally examined, tested, and considered.

The younger set, now predominant from Yoset to Wonder Head, made up parties to visit Selwyn's cottage, which had become known as *The Chrysalis*; and Selwyn good-naturedly exploded a pinch or two of the stuff for their amusement, and never betrayed the slightest annoyance or boredom; in fact, he behaved so amiably during gratuitous interruptions that he won the hearts of the younger set, who presently came to the unanimous conclusion that there was Romance in the air. And they sniffed it with delicate noses uptilted and liked the aroma.

Kathleen Lawn, a big, leisurely, blond-skinned girl, who showed her teeth when she laughed and shook hands like a man,

declared him "adorable" but "unsatisfactory," which started one of the Dresden-china twins, Dorothy Minster, and she, in turn, ventured the innocent opinion that Selwyn was misunderstood by most people—an inference that she herself understood him. And she smiled to herself when she made this observation, up to her neck in the surf; and Eileen, hearing the remark, smiled to herself, too. But she felt the slightest bit uncomfortable when that animated brunette Gladys Orchil, climbing up dripping on to the anchored float beyond the breakers, frankly confessed that the tinge of mystery enveloping Selwyn's career made him not only adorable, but agreeably "unfathomable."

Sheila Minster, seated on the raft's edge, swinging her stockinged legs in the green swells that swept steadily shoreward, modestly admitted that Selwyn was "sweet," particularly in a canoe on a moonlight night—in spite of her weighty mother heavily afloat in the vicinity.

"I like him," said Gladys Orchil, "because he has a sense of humor and stands straight. I like a sense of humor and—good shoulders. He's an enigma; and I like that, too. I'm going to investigate him every chance I get."

Dorothy Minster liked him, too. "He's such a regular boy at times," she explained; "I do love to see him without his hat sauntering along beside me—and not talking every minute when you don't wish to talk. Friends," she added—"true friends are most eloquent in their mutual silence."

"He is exactly the right age," insisted Gladys—as though somebody had said he was not—"the age when a man is most interesting."

The Minster twins twiddled their legs and looked sentimentally at the ocean. They were a pair of pink and white little things with china-blue eyes and the fairest of hair, and they were very impressionable; and when they thought of Selwyn they looked unutterable things at the Atlantic Ocean.

In leisure moments he often came down to the bathing beach at the hour made fashionable; he conducted himself amiably with dowager and chaperon, with portly father and nimble brother, with the late *débutantes* of the younger set and the younger matrons, individually, collectively, impartially.

He and Gerald usually challenged the rollers in a sponson canoe when Gerald was

there for the week-end; or, when Lansing came down, the two took long swims seaward or cruised about in Gerald's dory, clad in their swimming suits; and Selwyn's youth became renewed in a manner almost ridiculous. And this deepened the fascination of the younger set for the idol they had set up upon the sands of Silverside.

Gladys was still eloquent on the subject, lying flat on the raft where all were now gathered in a wet row, indulging in sunshine and the two minutes of gossip which always preceded their return swim to the beach.

"It is partly his hair," she said gravely, "that makes him so distinguished in his appearance—just that touch of silver; and you keep looking and looking until you scarcely know whether it's really beginning to turn a little gray or whether it's only a lighter color at the temples. How insipid is a mere boy after such a man as Captain Selwyn! I have dreamed of such a man—several times."

Eileen Erroll bit her under lip and stood up suddenly. "Come on," she said; joined her hands skyward, poised, and plunged. One after another the others followed and, rising to the surface, struck out shoreward.

On the sunlit sands dozens of young people were hurling tennis balls at one another. Above the beach, under the long pavilions, sat mothers and chaperons.

As Eileen Erroll emerged from the surf and came wading shoreward through the seething shallows, she caught sight of Selwyn sauntering across the sands toward the water, and halted, knee-deep, smilingly expectant, certain that he had seen her.

Gladys Orchil, passing her, saw Selwyn at the same moment, and her clear ringing salute, and slender arm aloft, arrested his attention; and the next moment they were off together, swimming toward the sponson canoe which Gerald had just launched with the assistance of Sandon Craig and Scott Innis.

For a moment Eileen stood there, motionless. Knee-high the flat ebb boiled and hissed, dragging at her stockinged feet as though to draw her seaward with the others. Yesterday she would have gone, without a thought, to join the others; but yesterday is yesterday. It seemed to her, as she stood there, that something disquieting had suddenly come into the world; nor could she comprehend the slight quickening of her

heart beats as she waded to the beach. She turned and walked to the foot of a dune and seated herself crosslegged on the hot sand.

How far away they were. Gerald was with them. Curious that Selwyn had not seen her waiting for him, knee-deep in the surf—curious that he had seen Gladys instead. True, Gladys had called to him and signaled him, white arm upflung. Gladys was pretty—with her heavy, dark hair and melting, Spanish eyes, and her softly rounded, olive-skinned figure. Gladys had called to him and *she* had not. Why should a girl call him?—unless she—unless—unless—

The canoe, drifting toward the surf, was close in, now. Gerald rose and dived; Gladys, steadying herself by a slim hand on Selwyn's shoulder, stood up on the bow, ready to plunge clear when the canoe capsized.

How wonderfully pretty she was, balanced there, her hand on his shoulder, ready for a leap, lest the heavy canoe, rolling over in the froth, strike her under the smother of foam and water. How marvelously pretty she was. Her hand on his shoulder.

Miss Erroll sat very still; but the pulse within her was not still.

When the canoe suddenly capsized, Gladys jumped, but Selwyn went with it, boat and man tumbling into the tumult over and over; and the usual laughter from the onlookers rang out, and a dozen young people rushed into the surf to right the canoe and push it out into the surf again and clamber into it.

Gerald was among the number; Gladys swam toward it, beckoning imperiously to Selwyn; but he had his back to the sea and was moving slowly out through the flat swirling ebb. And as Eileen looked, she saw a dark streak leap across his face—saw him stoop and wash it off and stand, looking blindly about, while again the sudden dark line crisscrossed his face from temple to chin, and spread wider like a stain.

"Philip!" she called, springing to her feet and scarcely knowing that she had spoken.

He heard her, and came toward her in a halting, dazed way, stopping twice to cleanse his face of the bright blood that streaked it.

"It's nothing," he said—"the infernal thing hit me. Oh, don't use *that*!" as she drenched her kerchief in cold sea water and held it toward him with both hands.

"Take it!—I—I beg of you," she stammered. "Is it s-serious?"

"Why, no," he said, his senses clearing; "it was only a rap on the head—and this blood is merely a nuisance. Thank you, I will use your kerchief if you insist. It'll stop in a moment, anyway."

"Please sit here," she said—"here where I've been sitting."

He glanced up, smiling; then, as the wet kerchief against his forehead reddened, he started to rise, but she took it from his fingers, hastened to the water's edge, rinsed it, and brought it back cold and wet.

"Please sit perfectly still," she said; "a girl likes to do this sort of thing for a man."

"If I'd known that," he laughed, "I'd have had it happen frequently."

She only shook her head, watching him unsmiling. But the pulse in her had become very quiet again.

"It's no end of fun in that canoe," he observed. "Gladys Orchil and I work it beautifully."

"I saw you did," she nodded.

"Oh! Where were you? Why didn't you come?"

"I don't know. Gladys called you. I was waiting for you—expecting you. Then Gladys called you."

"I didn't see you," he said.

"I didn't call you," she observed serenely. And, after a moment: "Do you see only those who hail you, Captain Selwyn?"

He laughed: "In this life's cruise a good sailor always answers a friendly hail."

"So do I," she said. "Please hail me after this—because I don't care to take the initiative. If you neglect to do it, don't count on my hailing you—any more."

The stain spread on the kerchief; once more she went to the water's edge, rinsed it, and returned with it.

"I think it has almost stopped bleeding," she remarked as he laid the cloth against his forehead. "You frightened me, Captain Selwyn. Did you know I was frightened?"

"Of course I did."

"Oh," she said, vexed, "how could you know it? I didn't do anything silly, did I?"

"No; you very sensibly called me Philip. That's how I knew you were frightened."

A slow bright color stained face and neck.

"So I was silly, after all," she said, biting at her under lip and trying to meet his humorous gray eyes with unconcern. But her face was burning now, and, aware of it, she turned her gaze resolutely on the sea. Also, to her

further annoyance, her heart awoke, beating unwarrantably, absurdly, until the dreadful idea seized her that he could hear it. Disconcerted, she stood up—a straight youthful figure against the sea. The wind blowing her disheveled hair across her cheeks and shoulders, fluttered her clinging skirts as she rested both hands on her hips and slowly walked toward the water's edge.

"Shall we swim?" he inquired, looking up at her. "You've got to wash your hair again, anyhow."

She said, feeling suddenly stupid and childish, and knowing she was speaking stupidly: "Would you not rather join Gladys again? I thought that—that—"

"Thought *what*?"

"Nothing," she said, furious at herself; "I am going to the showers. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, troubled—"unless we walk to the pavilion together—"

"But you are going in again; are you not?"

"Not unless you do."

"W-what have I to do with it, Captain Selwyn?"

"It's a big ocean—and rather lonely without you," he said so seriously that she looked around again and laughed.

"Really, that won't do," she said; "much moonlight and Gladys and the Minster twins convict you. Do you remember what I told you one day in early summer?—that Sheila and Dorothy and Gladys would mark you for their own! Oh, my inconstant courtier, they are yonder! And I absolve you. Adieu!"

"Do you remember what I told *you*—one day in early summer?" he returned coolly.

"You protested so many things, Captain Selwyn—"

"Yes; and one thing in particular. You've forgotten it, I see." And he looked her in the eye.

"No," she said, "you are wrong. I have not forgotten."

He halted, looking out over the shining breakers. "I'm glad you have not forgotten what I said; because, you see, I'm forbidden to repeat it. So I shall be quite helpless to aid you in case your memory fails."

"I don't think it will fail," she said, looking at the flashing sea. A curious tingling sensation of fright had seized her—something entirely unknown to her heretofore. She spoke again because frightened; the heavy, hard pulse in breast and throat played tricks with her voice and she swallowed and at-

tempted to steady it: "I—if—if I ever forget, you will know it as soon as I do—"

She covered her eyes with her clenched hands, stood a moment, motionless; then her arms dropped, and she turned sharply with a gesture which left him standing there, and walked rapidly across the beach to the pavilion.

Luncheon being the children's hour, Miss Erroll's silence remained unnoticed in the jolly uproar; besides, Gerald and Boots were discussing the huge house party, lantern fête, and dance which the Orchils were giving that night for the younger set; and Selwyn, too, seemed to take unusual interest in the discussion, though Eileen's part in the conference was limited to an occasional nod or monosyllable.

At last Mrs. Gerard gave the rising signal, and Selwyn was swept away in the rushing herd of children, out onto the veranda, where for a while he smoked and drew pictures for the younger Gerards. Later, some of the children were packed off for a nap; Billy with his assorted puppies went off with Drina and Boots, ever hopeful of a fox or rabbit; Nina Gerard curled herself up in a hammock, and Selwyn seated himself beside her, an uncut magazine on his knees. Eileen had disappeared.

For a while Nina swung there in silence, her pretty eyes fixed on her brother. He had nearly finished cutting the leaves of the magazine before she spoke, mentioning the fact of Rosamund Fane's arrival at the Minsters' house, Brookminster.

"Mr. Neergard is a guest, too," she observed.

"What?" exclaimed Selwyn, in disgust.

"Yes; he came down with the Fanes."

"I'm sorry that crowd is to be in evidence."

"They always are and always will be," smiled his sister.

He looked up at her: "Do you mean that Alixe is a guest at Brookminster?"

"Yes, Phil."

He looked down at the book on his knees and began to furrow the pages absently.

"Phil," she said, "have you heard anything this summer—lately—about the Ruthvens?"

"Not a word."

"You have heard no rumors—no gossip concerning them? Nothing about a yacht?"

"Where was I to hear it? What gossip? What yacht?"

His sister said very seriously: "Alixé has been very careless. It is understood that she and Jack Ruthven have separated."

He looked up quickly: "Who told you that?"

"A woman wrote me from Newport. And Alixé is here and Jack Ruthven is in New York. Several people have—I have heard about it from several sources. I'm afraid it's true, Phil."

They looked into each other's troubled eyes; and he said: "If she has done this it is the worse of two evils she has chosen. To live with him was bad enough, but this is the limit."

"I know it. She cannot afford to do such a thing again. Phil, what is the matter with her? She simply cannot be sane and do such a thing—can she?"

"I don't know," he said.

"If—if there's any talk about it—if there's newspaper talk—if there's a divorce—who will tolerate it, or her? Men—and men only—the odious sort that fawn on her now and follow her about half-sneeringly. They'll tolerate it; but their wives won't; and the kind of women who will receive and tolerate her are not included in my personal experience."

A trifle paler than usual, he said: "There is no real harm in her. I know there is not."

"You are very generous, Phil——"

"No, I am trying to be truthful. And I say there is no harm in her. I have made up my mind on that score." He leaned nearer his sister and laid one hand on hers where it lay across the hammock's edge:

"Nina; no woman could have done what she has done, and continue to do what she does, and be mentally sound. This, at last, is my conclusion."

A little later Nina sat up in the hammock, daintily effacing the traces of tears. Selwyn was saying: "If this is so, that Ruthven man has got to stand by her. To whom can she turn if not to him? By every law of manhood he is bound to stand by her now. If she does these—these indiscreet things—and if he knows she is not altogether mentally responsible—he cannot fail to stand by her! How can he, in God's name!"

"Phil," she said, "you speak like a man, but she has no man to stand loyally by her in the direst need a human soul may know. He is only a thing—no man at all—only a loathsome accident of animated decadence."

He looked up quickly, amazed at her sudden bitterness; and she looked back at him almost fiercely.

"I may as well tell you what I've heard," she said; "I was not going to, at first; but it will be all around town sooner or later. She learned—as she manages to learn everything a little before anybody else hears of it—that Jack Ruthven found out that Alixé was behaving very carelessly with some man—some silly, callow, and probably harmless youth. But there was a disgraceful scene on Mr. Neergard's yacht, the *Niobrara*. I don't know who the people were, but Ruthven acted abominably. The *Niobrara* anchored in Widgeon Bay yesterday; and Alixé is aboard, and her husband is in New York, and Rosamund says he means to divorce her in one way or another! Ugh! the horrible little man with his rings and bangles!"

She shuddered: "Why, the mere bringing of such a suit means her social ruin no matter what verdict is brought in! Her only salvation has been in remaining inconspicuous; and a sane girl would have realized it. But"—and she made a gesture of despair—"you see what she has done. And Phil—you know what she has done to you—what a mad risk she took in going to your rooms that night——"

"Who said she had ever been in my rooms?" he demanded, flushing darkly in his surprise.

"Did you suppose I didn't know it?" she asked quietly. "Oh, but I did; and it kept me awake nights, worrying. Yet I knew it must have been all right—knowing you as I do. But do you suppose other people would hold you as innocent as I do? Even Eileen—the sweetest, whitest, most loyal little soul in the world—was troubled when Rosamund hinted at some scandal touching you and Alixé. She told me—but she did not tell me what Rosamund had said—the mischief-maker!"

"Rosamund—spoke of scandal to—Eileen?" he repeated. "Is that possible?"

"How long do you suppose a girl can live and not hear scandal of some sort?" said Nina. "It's bound to rain some time or other, but I prepared my little duck's back to shed some things."

"But the pity of it; that tight, hard-shelled woman of the world—to do such a thing—to a young girl."

"Rosamund is Rosamund," said Nina

with a shrug; "the antidote to her species is obvious."

"Right, thank God!" said Selwyn between his teeth; "*Mens sana in corpore sano!* bless her little heart! I'm glad you told me this, Nina."

He rose and laughed a little—a curious sort of laugh; and Nina watched him, perplexed.

"Where are you going, Phil?" she asked.

"I don't know. I—where is Eileen?"

"She's lying down—a headache; probably too much sun and salt water. Shall I send for her?"

"No; I'll go up and inquire how she is. Susanne is there, isn't she?"

And he entered the house and ascended the stairs.

The little Alsatian maid was seated in a corner of the upper hall, sewing; and she informed Selwyn that mademoiselle "had bad in ze head."

But at the sound of conversation in the corridor Eileen's gay voice came to them from her room, asking who it was; and she evidently knew, for there was a hint of laughter in her tone.

"It is I. Are you better?" said Selwyn.

"Yes. D-did you wish to see me?"

"I always do."

"Thank you. I mean, do you wish to see me now? Because I'm very much occupied in trying to go to sleep."

"Yes, I wish to see you at once."

He heard her laugh to herself; then her clear, amused voice: "What are you going to say to me if I come out?"

"Something dreadful! Hurry!"

"Oh, if that's the case I'll hurry," she returned, and a moment later the door opened and she emerged in a breezy flutter of silvery ribbons and loosened ruddy hair.

"Come out on the west veranda," she said;

"I know what you wish to say to me. Besides, I have something to confide to you, too. And I'm very impatient to do it."

He followed her to the veranda; she seated herself in the broad swing, and moved so that her invitation to him was unmistakable. Then when he had taken the place beside her she turned toward him very frankly, and he looked up to encounter her beautiful direct gaze.

"What is disturbing our friendship?" she asked. "Do you know? I don't. I went to my room after luncheon and lay down on

my bed and quietly deliberated. And do you know what conclusion I have reached?"

"What?" he asked.

"That there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship. And that what I said to you on the beach was foolish. I don't know why I said it; I'm not the sort of girl who says such stupid things—though I was apparently, for that one moment. And what I said about Gladys was childish; I am not jealous of her, Captain Selwyn. Don't think me silly or perverse or sentimental, will you?"

"No, I won't."

"Now, what have you to say to me?"

"I wish to ask you something."

"With pleasure," she said; "go ahead." And she settled back, fearlessly expectant.

"Very well, then," he said, striving to speak coolly. "It is this: Will you marry me, Eileen?"

She turned perfectly white and stared at him, stunned. And he repeated his question, speaking slowly, but unsteadily.

"N-no," she said; "I cannot. Why—why, you know that, don't you?"

"Will you tell me why, Eileen?"

"I—I don't know why. I think—I suppose that it is because I do not love you—that way."

"Yes," he said, "that, of course, is the reason. I wonder—do you suppose—that in time—perhaps—you might care for me—that way?"

"I don't know." She glanced up at him fearfully, fascinated, yet repelled. "I don't know," she repeated pitifully. "Is it—can't you help thinking of me in that way? Can't you be as you were?"

"No, I can no longer help it. I don't want to help it, Eileen."

"But—I wish you to," she said in a low voice. "It is that which is coming between us. Oh, don't you see it is? Don't you feel it—feel what it is doing to us? Don't you understand how it is driving me back into myself? Who am I to go to if not to you? What am I to do if your affection turns into this—this different attitude toward me? You were so perfectly sweet and reasonable—so good, so patient; and now—and now I am losing confidence in you—in myself—in our friendship. I'm no longer frank with you; I'm afraid at times—afraid and self-conscious—conscious of you, too—afraid of what seemed once the most natural of intimacies. I—I loved you so dearly—so fearlessly—"

"Dear," he said gently, "nothing is altered between us. I love you in that way, too."

"D-do you—really?" she stammered, shrinking away from him.

"Truly. Nothing is altered; nothing of the bond between us is weakened. On the contrary, it is strengthened. You cannot understand that now. But what you are to believe and always understand is that our friendship must endure. Will you believe it?"

"Y-yes—" She buried her face in her handkerchief and sat very still for a long time. He had risen and walked to the farther end of the veranda and for a minute he stood there, his narrowed eyes following the sky flight of the white gulls off Wonder Head.

When at length he returned to her she was sitting low in the swing, both arms extended along the back of the seat.

"I want to ask you something," she said—"merely to prove that you are a little bit illogical. May I?"

He nodded, smiling.

"Could you and I care or each other more than we now do, if we were married?"

"I think so," he said.

"Why?" she demanded, astonished. Evidently she had expected another answer.

He made no reply; and she lay back among the cushions considering what he had said, the flush of surprise still lingering in her cheeks.

"How can I marry you," she asked, "when I would—would not care to endure a—a caress from any man—even from you? It—such things—would spoil it all. I *don't* love you—that way. Oh! *Don't* look at me that way! Have I hurt you—dear Captain Selwyn? I did not mean to. Oh, what has become of our happiness! What has become of it!" And she turned, full length in the swing, and hid her face in the silken pillows.

There was a chair near; he drew it toward her, and sat down, steadying the swing with one hand on the chain.

"Dearest," he said under his breath, "I am very selfish to have done this; but I—I thought—perhaps—you might have cared enough to—to venture—"

"I do care; you are very cruel to me." The voice was childishly broken and muffled. He looked down at her, slowly realizing that it was a child he still was dealing with—a child with a child's innocence, repelled by the

graver phase of love, unresponsive to the deeper emotions, bewildered by the glimpse of the mature rôle his attitude had compelled her to accept.

"There is one thing," he said, "that we mustn't do—cry about it—must we, Eileen?"

"I—the reason of it—my crying—is b-b-because I don't wish you to be unhappy."

"Why should I be? You do love me; don't you?"

"You know I do."

"But not in *that* way."

"N-no; not in *that* way. I w-wish I did."

"Then let us go back to the old footing, Eileen."

"Can we?"

"Yes, we can; and we will—back to the old footing—when nothing of deeper sentiment disturbed us. It was my fault, little girl. Some day you will understand that it was not a wholly selfish fault—because I believed—perhaps only dreamed—that I could make you happier by loving you in—both ways. A man who is locked up in Paradise is never satisfied until he can climb the wall and look over! Now I have climbed and looked; and now I climb back into the garden of your dear friendship, very glad to be there again with you—very, very thankful, dear. Will you welcome me back?"

She lay quite still a minute, then sat up straight, stretching out both hands to him, her beautiful, fearless eyes brilliant as rain-washed stars.

"Don't go away," she said—"don't ever go away from our garden again."

"No, Eileen."

"Is it a promise—Philip?"

Her voice fell exquisitely low.

"Yes, a promise. Do you take me back, Eileen?"

"Yes; I take you. Take me back, too, Philip." Her hands tightened in his; she looked up at him, faltered, waited; then in a fainter voice: "And—and be of g-good courage. I—I am not very old yet."

An hour later, when Nina discovered them there together, Eileen, curled up among the cushions in the swinging seat, was reading aloud "Evidences of Asiatic Influence on the Symbolism of Ancient Yucatan"; and Selwyn, astride a chair, chin on his folded arms, was listening with evident rapture.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Nina, "the blue-stocking and the fog!—and yours *are* pale

blue, Eileen!—you're about as self-conscious as Drina—slumping there with your hair tumbling *à la Merode!* Oh, it's very picturesque, of course, but a straight spine and good grooming is better. Get up, little blue-stocking and we'll have our hair done—if you expect to appear at Hitherwood House with me!”

Eileen laughed, calmly smoothing out her skirt over her slim ankles; then she closed the book, sat up, and looked happily at Selwyn.

“Child, what on earth have you been doing? There are two smears on your cheeks!”

“I've been crying,” said the girl, with an amused sidelong flutter of her lids toward Selwyn.

“Crying!” repeated Nina incredulously. Then, disarmed by the serene frankness of the girl, she added: “A bluestocking is bad enough, but a grimy one is impossible. *Allons! Vite!*” she insisted, driving Eileen before her; “the country is demoralizing you. Philip, we're dining early, so please make your arrangements to conform. Come, Eileen, have you never before seen Philip Selwyn?”

Nina had the girl by the hand, but she dragged back like a mischievously reluctant child hustled bedward:

“Good-by,” she said, stretching out her hand to Selwyn—“good-by, my unfortunate fellow fogy! I go, slumpy, besmudged, but happy; I return, superficially immaculate—but my stockings will still be blue! Nina, dear, if you don't stop dragging me I'll pick you up in my arms!—indeed I will—”

There was a laugh, a smothered cry of protest; and Selwyn was the amused spectator of his sister suddenly seized and lifted into a pair of vigorous young arms, and carried into the house by this tall, laughing girl who, an hour before, had lain there among the cushions, frightened, unconvinced, clinging instinctively to the last gay rags and tatters of the childhood which she feared were to be stripped from her forever.

It was clear starlight when they were ready to depart. Austin had arrived unexpectedly, and he, Nina, Eileen, and Selwyn were to drive to Hitherwood House, Lansing and Gerald going in the motor boat.

The drive to Hitherwood House was a dream of loveliness; under the stars the Bay of Shoals sparkled in the blue darkness set with the gemmed ruby and sapphire and emerald of ships' lanterns glowing from

unseen yachts at anchor. Then the majestic velvety shadow of the Hither Woods fell over them; and they passed in among the trees, the lamps of the depot wagon shining golden in the forest gloom.

But a few minutes later they were in the great hall of Hitherwood House, opened from end to end to the soft sea wind, and crowded with the gayest, noisiest throng that had gathered there in a twelvemonth. Mrs. Sanxon Orchil, a hard, highly colored, tight-lipped little woman with electric-blue eyes, was receiving with her slim brunette daughter, Gladys.

The Lawns were there, the Minsters, the Craigs from Yosset, the Grays of Shadow Lake, the Draymores, Fanes, Mottlys, Cardwells—in fact, it seemed as though all Long Island had been drained to pour a stream of garrulous and animated youth and beauty into the halls and over the verandas and terraces and lawns of Hitherwood House.

It was to be a lantern frolic and a lantern dance and supper, all most formally and impressively *sans façon*. And it began with a candle race for a big silver gilt cup—won by Sandon Craig and his partner, Evelyn Cardwell, who triumphantly bore their lighted taper safely among the throngs of hostile contestants, through the wilderness of flitting lights, and across the lawn to the goal where they planted it, unextinguished, in the big red paper lantern.

Then rockets began to rush aloft, starring the black void with iridescent fire; and everybody went to the lawn's edge where, below on the bay, a dozen motor boats, dressed fore and aft with necklaces of electric lights, crossed the line at the crack of a cannon in a race for another trophy.

Then, suddenly Neergard's yacht sprang into view, outlined in electricity from stem to stern, every spar and funnel and contour of hull and superstructure twinkling in jeweled brilliancy.

On a great improvised open pavilion set up in the Hither Woods, garlanded and hung thick with multicolored paper lanterns, dancing had already begun; but Selwyn and Eileen lingered on the lawn for a while, fascinated by the beauty of the fireworks pouring skyward from the *Niobrara*.

“They seem to be very gay aboard her,” murmured the girl. “Once you said that you did not like Mr. Neergard. Do you remember saying it?”

He replied simply, "I don't like him; and I remember saying so."

"It is strange," she said, "that Gerald does."

Selwyn looked at the illuminated yacht. "I wonder whether any of Neergard's crowd is expected ashore here. Do you happen to know?"

She did not know. A moment later, to his annoyance, Edgerton Lawn came up and asked her to dance; and she went with a smile and a whispered: "Wait for me—if you don't mind. I'll come back to you."

It was all very well to wait for her—and even to dance with her after that; but there appeared to be no peace for him in prospect. At intervals he caught glimpses of Eileen through the gay crush around him; he danced with Nina, and suggested to her it was time to leave, but that young matron had tasted just enough to want more; and Eileen, too, was evidently having a most delightful time; so he settled into the harness of pleasure and was good to the pink-and-white ones; and they told each other what a "dear" he was, and adored him more inconveniently than ever.

Truly enough, as he had often said, these younger ones were the charmingly wholesome and refreshing antidote to the occasional misbehavior of the mature; they were, as he also asserted, the hope and promise of the social fabric of a nation—this younger set—always a little better, a little higher-minded than their predecessors as the wheel of the years slowly turned them out in gay, eager, fearless throngs to teach a cynical generation the rudiments of that wisdom which blossoms most perfectly in the hearts of the unawakened.

Supper, and then the Woodland cotillion was the programme; and almost all the tables were filled before Selwyn had an opportunity to collect Nina and Austin and capture Eileen from a very rosy-cheeked and indignant boy who had quite lost his head and heart and appeared to be on the verge of a headlong declaration.

Under a vigorous young oak tree thickly festooned with lanterns Austin found an unoccupied table. There was a great deal of racket and laughter from the groups surrounding them, but this seemed to be the only available spot; besides, Austin was hungry, and he said so.

Nina, with Selwyn on her left, looked

around for Gerald and Lansing. When the latter came sauntering up, Austin questioned him, but he replied carelessly that Gerald had gone to join some people whom he, Lansing, did not know very well.

"Why, there he is now!" exclaimed Eileen, catching sight of her brother seated among a very noisy group on the outer edge of the illuminated zone. "Who are those people, Nina? Oh! Rosamund Fane is there, too; and—and——"

She ceased speaking so abruptly that Selwyn turned around; and Nina bit her lip in vexation and glanced at her husband. For, among the overanimated and almost boisterous group which was attracting the attention of everybody in the vicinity sat Mrs. Jack Ruthven. And Selwyn saw her.

For a moment he looked at her—looked at Gerald beside her, and Neergard on the other side, and Rosamund opposite; and at the others, whom he had never before seen. Then, quietly but with heightened color, he turned his attention to the glass which the servant had just filled for him, and, resting his hand on the stem, stared at the bubbles crowding upward through it to the foamy brim.

Nina and Boots had begun, ostentatiously, an exceedingly animated conversation; and they became almost aggressive, appealing to Austin, who sat back with a frown on his heavy face—and to Eileen, who was sipping her mineral water and staring thoughtfully at a big, round, orange-tinted lantern which hung like the harvest moon behind Gerald, throwing his curly head into silhouette.

When Nina spoke to Eileen, the girl answered briefly but with perfect composure; Selwyn, too, added a quiet word at intervals, speaking in a voice that sounded a little tired and strained.

It was that note of fatigue in his voice which aroused Eileen to effort—the instinctive move to protect—to sustain him. Conscious of Austin's suppressed but increasing anger at her brother, amazed and distressed at what Gerald had done—for the boy's very presence there was an affront to them all—she was still more sensitive to Selwyn's voice; and in her heart she responded passionately.

It was all very well for a while—a brave, sweet effort; but ears could not remain deaf to the increasing noise and laughter—to familiar voices, half-caught phrases, indiscreet even in the fragments understood. Besides, Gerald

had seen them, and the boy's face had become almost ghastly.

Alixé, unusually flushed, was conducting herself without restraint; Neergard's snickering laugh grew more significant and persistent; even Rosamund spoke too loudly at moments; and once she looked around at Nina and Selwyn while her pretty, accentless laughter, rippling with its undertone of malice, became more frequent in the increasing tumult.

There was no use in making a pretense of further gayety. Austin had begun to scowl again; Nina, with one shocked glance at Alixé, leaned over toward her brother.

"It is incredible!" she murmured; "she must be perfectly mad to make such an exhibition of herself. Can't anybody stop her? Can't anybody send her home?"

Austin said sullenly but distinctly: "The thing for us to do is to get out. Nina—if you are ready——"

"But—but what about Gerald?" faltered Eileen, turning piteously to Selwyn. "We can't leave him—there!"

The man straightened up and turned his drawn face toward her:

"Do you wish me to get him?"

"I—I don't ask it—" she began.

"You do not have to ask it," he said with a smile almost genuine. "Austin, I'm going to get Gerald—and Nina will explain to you that he's to be left to me if any sermon is required. I'll go back with him in the motor boat. Boots, you'll drive home in my place."

As he turned, still smiling and self-possessed, Eileen whispered rapidly: "Don't go. I care for you too much to ask it."

He said under his breath: "Dearest, you cannot understand."

"Yes—I do! Don't go. Philip—don't go near—her——"

"I must."

"If you go—if you go—h-how can you care for me as you say you do?—when I ask you not to—when I cannot endure—to——"

She turned swiftly and stared across at Alixé; and Alixé, unsteady in the flushed brilliancy of her youthful beauty, half rose in her seat, and stared back.

Instinctively the young girl's hand tightened on Selwyn's arm. "She—she is beautiful!" she faltered; but he turned and led her from the table, following Austin, his sister, and Lansing; and she clung to him almost con-

vulsively when he halted on the edge of the lawn.

"I must go back," he whispered—"dearest—dearest—I must."

"T-to Gerald? Or—her?"

But he only muttered: "They don't know what they're doing. Let me go, Eileen"—gently detaching her fingers, which left her hands lying in both of his.

She said, looking up at him: "If you go—if you go—whatever time you return—no matter what hour—knock at my door. Do you promise? I shall be awake. Do you promise?"

"Yes," he said with a trace of impatience—the only hint of his anger at the prospect of the duty before him.

When Selwyn approached, Neergard saw him first, stared at him, and snickered; but he greeted everybody with smiling composure, nodding to those he knew—a trifle more formally to Mrs. Rutven—and, coolly pulling up a chair, seated himself beside Gerald.

"Boots has driven home with the others," he said in a low voice; "I'm going back in the motor boat with you. Don't worry about Austin. Are you ready?"

The boy had evidently let the wine alone, or else fright had sobered him, for he looked terribly white and tired. "Yes," he said, "I'll go when you wish. I suppose they'll never forgive me for this. Come on."

"One moment then," nodded Selwyn; "I want to speak to Mrs. Ruthven." And, quietly turning to Alixé, and dropping his voice to a tone too low for Neergard to hear—for he was plainly attempting to listen:

"You are making a mistake; do you understand? Whoever is your hostess—wherever you are staying—find her and go there before it is too late."

She inclined her pretty head thoughtfully, eyes bent on the wineglass which she was turning round and round between her slender fingers. "What do you mean by 'too late'?" she asked. "Don't you know that everything is too late for me now?"

"What do you mean, Alixé?" he returned, watching her intently.

"What I say. I have not seen Jack Ruthven for two months. Do you know what that means? I have not heard from him for two months. Do you know what *that* means? No? Well, I'll tell you, Philip; it means that when I do hear from him it will be through his attorneys."

He turned slightly paler: "Why?"

"Divorce," she said with a reckless little laugh—"and the end of things for me."

"On what grounds?" he demanded doggedly. "Does he threaten you?"

"Grounds? Oh, he thinks I've misbehaved with—never mind who. It is not true—but he cares nothing about that, either. You see"—and she bent nearer, confidentially, with a mysterious little nod of her pretty head—"you see, Jack Ruthven is a little insane. . . . You are surprised? Pooh! I've suspected it for months."

He stared at her; then: "Where are you stopping?"

"Aboard the *Niobrara*."

"Is Mrs. Fane a guest there, too?"

He spoke loud enough for Rosamund to hear; and she answered for herself with a smile at him, brimful of malice:

"Delighted to have you come aboard, Captain Selwyn. Is that what you are asking permission to do?"

"Thanks," he returned dryly; and to Alix: "If you are ready, Gerald and I will take you over to the *Niobrara* in the motor boat—"

"Oh, no, you won't!" broke in Neergard with a sneer—"you'll mind your own business, my intrusive friend, and I'll take care of my guests without your assistance."

Selwyn appeared not to hear him: "Come on, Gerald," he said pleasantly; "Mrs. Ruthven is going over to the *Niobrara*—"

"For God's sake!" whispered Gerald, white as a sheet, "don't force me into trouble with Neergard."

Selwyn turned on him an astonished gaze: "Are you afraid of that whelp?"

"Yes," muttered the boy—"I—I'll explain later. But don't force things now, I beg you."

Mrs. Ruthven coolly leaned over and spoke to Gerald in a low voice; then, to Selwyn, she said with a smile: "Rosamund and I are going to Brookminster, anyway, so you and Gerald need not wait. And thank you for coming over. It was rather nice of you"—she glanced insolently at Neergard—"considering the crowd we're with. Good night, Captain Selwyn! Good night, Gerald. So very jolly to have seen you again!" And, under her breath to Selwyn: "You need not worry; I am going in a moment. Good-by and—thank you, Phil. It is good to see somebody of one's own caste again."

The boy seemed deathly tired as they crossed the dim lawn at Silverside. Once, on the veranda steps he stumbled, and Selwyn's arm sustained him; but the older man forbore to question him, and Gerald, tight-lipped and haggard, offered no confidence until, at the door of his bedroom, he turned and laid an unsteady hand on Selwyn's shoulder: "I want to talk with you—tomorrow. May I?"

"You know you may, Gerald. I am always ready to stand your friend."

The boy shivered—looked at the floor, then, without raising his eyes, said good night, and, entering his bedroom, closed the door.

As Selwyn passed back along the corridor, the door of his sister's room opened, and Austin and Nina confronted him.

"Has that damfool boy come in?" demanded his brother-in-law, anxiety making his voice tremulous under its tone of contempt.

"Yes. Leave him to me, please. Good night"—submitting to a tender embrace from his sister. "I suppose Eileen has retired, hasn't she? It's an ungodly hour—almost sunrise."

"I don't know whether Eileen is asleep," said Nina; "she expected a word with you, I understand. But don't sit up—don't let her sit up late. We'll be a company of dreadful wrecks at breakfast, anyway."

And his sister gently closed the door while he continued on to the end of the corridor and halted before Eileen's room. A light came through the transom; he waited a moment, then knocked very softly.

"Is it you?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes. I didn't wake you, did I?"

"No. Is Gerald here?"

"Yes, in his own room. Did you wish to speak to me about anything?"

"Yes."

He heard her coming to the door; it opened a very little. "Good night," she whispered, stretching toward him her hand—"that was all I wanted—to—to touch you before I closed my eyes to-night."

He bent and looked at the hand lying between his own—the little hand with its fresh fragrant palm upturned and the white fingers relaxed, drooping inward above it—at the delicate bluish vein in the smooth wrist.

Then he released the hand, untouched by his lips; and she withdrew it and closed the door; and he heard her laugh softly, and lean against it, whispering:

"Now that I am safely locked in—I merely wish to say that—in the old days—a lady's hand was sometimes—kissed. Oh, but you are too late, my poor friend! I can't come out; and I wouldn't if I could—not after what I dared to say to you. In fact, I shall probably remain locked up here for days and days. Besides, what I said is out of fashion—has no significance nowadays—or, perhaps, too much. No, I won't dress and come out—even for you. *Je me déshabille—je fais ma toilette de nuit, monsieur—et je vais maintenant m'agenouiller et faire ma prière. Donc—bon soir—et bonne nuit—*"

And, too low for him to hear even the faintest breathing whisper of her voice—"Good night. I love you with all my heart—with all my heart—in my own fashion."

He had been asleep an hour, perhaps more, when something awakened him, and he found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, dawn already whitening his windows.

Somebody was knocking. He swung out of bed, stepped into his bath slippers, and, passing swiftly to the door, opened it. Gerald stood there, fully dressed.

"I'm going to town on the early train," began the boy—"I thought I'd tell you—"

"Nonsense! Gerald, go back to bed!"

"I can't sleep, Philip—"

"Can't sleep? Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Well, then, sit here and talk to me." He gave a mighty yawn—"I'm not sleepy, either; I can go days without it. Here!—here's a comfortable chair to sprawl in. It's daylight already; doesn't the morning air smell sweet? I've a jug of milk and some grapes and peaches in my ice cupboard if you feel inclined. No? All right; stretch out, sight for a thousand yards, and fire at will."

Gerald strove to smile; for a while he lay loosely in the armchair, his listless eyes intent on the strange, dim light which fell across the waste of sea fog. But the dawn was no paler than the boy's face—no more desolate. Trouble was his, the same old trouble that has dogged the trail of folly since time began; and Selwyn knew it and waited.

At last the boy broke out: "This is a cowardly trick—this slinking in to you with all my troubles after what you've done for me—after the rotten way I've treated you—"

"Look here, my boy!" said Selwyn coolly, "I asked you to come to me, didn't I? Well,

then, don't criticise my judgment in doing it. It isn't likely I'd ask you to do a cowardly thing."

"You don't understand what a wretched scrape I'm in—"

"I don't yet; but you're going to tell me—"

"Philip, I can't—I simply cannot. It's so contemptible—and you warned me—and I owe you already so much—"

"You owe me a little money," observed Selwyn with a careless smile, "and you've a lifetime to pay it in. What is the trouble now; do you need more? I haven't an awful lot, old fellow—worse luck!—but what I have is at your call—as you know perfectly well. Is that all that is worrying you?"

"No—not all. I—Neergard has lent me money—done things—placed me under obligations. I liked him, you know; I trusted him. People he desired to know I made him known to. He was a—a trifle peremptory at times—as though my obligations to him left me no choice but to take him to such people as he desired to meet. We—we had trouble—recently."

"What sort?"

"Personal. I felt—began to feel—the pressure on me. And then he said something to me—"

"Go on; what?"

"He'd been hinting of it before; and even when I found him jolliest and most amusing and companionable I never thought of him as a—a social possibility—I mean among those who really count—like my own people—"

"Yes, my boy, I see. Go on! When did he ask to be presented to—your sister?"

"W—who told you that?" asked the boy with an angry flush.

"You did—almost. You were going to, anyway. So that was it, was it? That was when you realized a few things—understood one or two things; was it not? And how far did you reply? Arrogantly, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Exactly. And Neergard—was put out—slightly?"

"Yes," said the boy, losing some of his color. "He was very ugly about it."

"Threats of calling loans?" asked Selwyn, smiling.

"Hints; not exactly threats. I was in a bad way, too—" The boy winced and swallowed hard; then, with sudden white

desperation stamped on his drawn face: "O Philip!—it—it is disgraceful enough—but how can I speak of this matter to you——"

"What matter?"

"A—about—about Mrs. Ruthven——"

"What matter?" repeated Selwyn. His voice rang a little, but the color had fled from his face.

"She was—Jack Ruthven charged her with—and me—charged me with——"

"You!"

"Yes."

"Well—it was a lie, wasn't it?" Selwyn's ashy lips scarcely moved, but his eyes were narrowing to a glimmer. "It was a lie, wasn't it?" he repeated.

"Yes—a lie. I'd say it, anyway, you understand—but it really was a lie."

Selwyn quietly leaned back in his chair; a little color returned to his cheeks.

"All right—old fellow"—his voice scarcely quivered—"all right; go on. I knew, of course, that Ruthven lied, but it was part of the story to hear you say so. Go on. What did Ruthven do?"

"There has been a separation," said the boy in a low voice. "He behaved like a dirty cad—she had no resources—no means of support—" He hesitated, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "Mrs. Ruthven has been very, very kind to me. I was—I am fond of her; oh, I know well enough I never had any business to meet her; I behaved abominably toward you—and the family. But it was done; I knew her, and liked her tremendously. She was the only one who was decent to me—who tried to keep me from acting like a fool about cards——"

"Did she try?"

"Yes—indeed, yes! and, Phil—she—I don't know how to say it—but she—when she spoke of—of you—begged me to try to be like you. And it is a lie what people say about her!—what gossip says. And that is all, Philip. I was horribly in debt to Neergard; then Ruthven turned on me—and on her; and I borrowed more from Neergard and went to her bank and deposited it to the credit of her account—but she doesn't know it was from me—she supposes Jack Ruthven did it out of ordinary decency, for she said so to me. And that is how matters stand; Neergard is ugly, and grows more threatening about those loans—and I haven't any money, and Mrs. Ruthven will require more very soon——"

"Is that all?" demanded Selwyn sharply.

"Yes—all. I know I have behaved shamefully——"

"I've seen," observed Selwyn in a dry, hard voice, "worse behavior than yours. Have you a pencil, Gerald? Get a sheet of paper from that desk. Now, write out a list of the loans made you by Neergard. Every cent, if you please. And the exact amount you placed to Mrs. Ruthven's credit. Have you written that? Let me see it."

The boy handed him the paper, and he sat there staring at space over the top of the penciled sheet of paper, striving to find some help in the matter. But he knew Austin; he knew what would happen to Gerald if, after the late reconciliation with his ex-guardian, he came once more to him with such a confession of debt and disgrace.

No; Austin must be left out; there were three things to do: One of them was to pay Neergard; another to sever Gerald's connection with him forever; and the third thing to be done was something which did not concern Gerald or Austin—perhaps not even Ruthven. It was to be done, no matter what the cost.

After a moment he turned to Gerald, a smile on his colorless face:

"It will be all right, my boy. You are not to worry—do you understand me? Go to bed, now; you need the sleep. Go to bed, I tell you—I'll stand by you. You must begin all over again, Gerald—and so must I; and so must I."

CHAPTER X

LEX NON SCRIPTA

SELWYN had gone to New York with Gerald, "for a few days," as he expressed it; but it was now the first week in October, and he had not yet returned to Silverside.

A brief note to Nina thanking her for having had him at Silverside, and speaking vaguely of some business matters which might detain him indefinitely—a briefer note to Eileen regretting his inability to return for the present—were all the communication they had of him except news brought by Austin, who came down from town every Friday.

A long letter to him from Nina still remained unanswered; Austin had seen him only once in town; Lansing, now back in New York, wrote a postscript in a letter to Drina, asking for Selwyn's new address—the first

intimation anybody had that he had given up his lodgings on Lexington Avenue.

Eileen had not written him; his sudden leave-taking nearly a month ago had so astounded her that she could not believe he meant to be gone more than a day or two. Then came his note, written at the Patroons' Club—very brief, curiously stilted and formal, with a strange tone of finality through it, as though he were taking perfunctory leave of people who had come temporarily into his life, and as though the chances were agreeably even of his ever seeing them again.

The girl was not hurt, as yet; she remained merely confused, incredulous, unreconciled. That there was to be some further explanation of his silence she never dreamed of doubting; and there seemed to be nothing to do in the interval but await it. As for writing him, some instinct forbade it, even when Nina suggested that she write, adding laughingly that nothing else seemed likely to stir her brother.

On one of Austin's week-end visits—the hour for conjugal confab having arrived and husband and wife locked in the seclusion of their bedroom—being old-fashioned enough to occupy the same—he said, with a trace of irritation in his voice:

"I don't know where Phil is, or what he's about. I'm wondering—he's got the Selwyn conscience, you know—what he's up to—and if it's any kind of damfoolishness. Haven't you heard a word from him, Nina?"

Nina, in her pretty night attire, had emerged from her dressing room, locked out Kit-Ki and her maid, and had curled up in a big, soft armchair, cradling her bare ankles in her hand.

"I haven't heard from him," she said. "Rosamund saw him in Washington—passed him on the street. He was looking horridly thin and worn, she wrote. He did not see her."

"Now what in the name of common sense is he doing in Washington!" exclaimed Austin wrathfully. "Probably breaking his heart because nobody cares to examine his Chaosite. I told him, as long as he insisted on bothering the Government with it instead of making a deal with the Lawn people, that I'd furnish him with a key to the lobby. There's only one way to push such things, and he's as ignorant of it as a boatswain in the marine cavalry."

Nina said thoughtfully: "You always were

impatient of people, dear. Perhaps Phil may get them to try his Chaosite without any wire-pulling. I do wish he'd write. Hasn't Boots heard from him? Hasn't Gerald?"

"Not a word. And by the way, Nina, Gerald has done rather an unexpected thing. I saw him last night; he came to the house and told me he had just severed his connection with Julius Neergard's company."

"I'm glad of it!" exclaimed Nina; "I'm glad he showed the good sense to do it!"

"Well—yes. As a matter of fact, Neergard is going to be a very rich man some day; and Gerald might have— But I am not displeased. What appeals to me is the spectacle of the boy acting with conviction on his own initiative."

"What are you going to do for him, dear? Of course he must go into some sort of business again—"

"Certainly. And to my astonishment, he actually came and solicited my advice. I'll see him Monday, and we'll have another talk. By gad! Nina, it's—it's almost like having a grown-up son coming bothering me with his affairs; ah—rather agreeable than otherwise. There's certainly something in that boy. I—perhaps I have been, at moments, a trifle impatient. But I did not mean to be. You know that, dear, don't you?"

His wife looked up at her big husband in quiet amusement. "Oh, yes! I know a little about you," she said, "and a little about Gerald, too. He is only a masculine edition of Eileen—the irresponsible freedom of life brought out all his faults at once, like a horrid rash; it's due to the masculine notion of masculine education. That's the difference: a boy looks forward to the moment when he can flourish his heels and wag his ears and bray; a girl has no such prospect. Gerald has brayed; Eileen never will flourish her heels unless she becomes fashionable after marriage—which isn't very likely—"

Nina hesitated, another idea intruding.

"By the way, Austin; the Orchil boy—the one in Harvard—proposed to Eileen—the little idiot! She told me—thank goodness! she still does tell me things. Also the younger and chubbier Draymore youth has offered himself—after a killing proper interview with me. I thought it might amuse you to hear of it."

"It might amuse me more if Eileen would get busy and bring Philip into camp," ob-

served her husband. "And why the devil they don't make up their minds to it is beyond me. I'm fond of him—you know it—but he certainly can be the limit sometimes."

"I don't know. I was sure—I am sure now—that the girl cares more for him than for anybody. And yet—and yet I don't believe she is actually in love with him. But they are a curious pair, Austin—so quaint about it; so slow and old-fashioned. And the child is the most innocent being—in some ways. Which is all right unless she becomes one of those poky, earnest, knowledge-absorbing young things with the very germ of vitality dried up and withered in her before she awakens. For a girl *must* have something of the human about her to attract a man, and be attracted. There must be some response in her, some—some—"

"Devilry?" suggested Austin.

His pretty wife laughed and dropped one knee over the other, leaning back to watch him finish his good-night cigarette. After a moment her face grew grave:

"Speaking of Rosamund a moment ago reminds me of something else she wrote—it's about Alixe. Have you heard anything?"

"Not a word," said Austin, with a frank scowl, "and don't want to."

"It's only this—that Alixe is ill. Nobody seems to know what the matter is; nobody has seen her. But she's at Clifton, with a couple of nurses, and Rosamund heard rumors that she is very ill indeed. People go to Clifton for shattered nerves, you know."

"Yes, for bridge fidgets, neurosis, pip, and the various jumps that originate in the simpler social circles. What's the particular matter with her? Too many cocktails? Or a dearth of grand slams?"

"You are brutal, Austin. Besides, I don't know. She's had a perfectly dreary life with her husband. I—I can't forget how fond I was of her, in spite of what she did to Phil. Besides, I'm beginning to be certain that it was not entirely her fault."

"What? Do you think Phil—"

"No, no, no! Don't be an utter idiot. All I mean to say is that Alixe was always nervous and high-strung; odd at times; eccentric—*more* than merely eccentric—"

"You mean dippy?"

"Oh, Austin, you're horrid. I mean that there is mental trouble in that family. You have heard of it as well as I; you know her father died of it—"

"The usual defense in criminal cases," observed Austin, flicking his cigarette-end into the grate. "I'm sorry, dear, that Alixe has the jumps; hope she'll get over 'em. But as for pretending I've any use for her, I can't and don't and won't. She spoiled life for the best man I know; she kicked his reputation into a cocked hat, and he, with his chivalrous Selwyn conscience, let her do it. I did like her once; I don't like her now, and that's natural and it winds up the matter. Dear friend, shall we, perhaps, to bed presently our way wend—yes?"

The husband of Mrs. Ruthven was at that very moment seated in a private card room at the Patrons' Club with Sanxon Orchil, George Fane, and Bradley Harmon; and the game had been bridge, as usual, and had gone very heavily against him.

Several things had gone against Mr. Ruthven recently; for one thing, he was beginning to realize that he had made a vast mistake in mixing himself up in any transactions with Neergard.

When he, at Neergard's cynical suggestion, had consented to exploit his own club—the Siowitha—and had resigned from it to do so, he had every reason to believe that Neergard meant either to mulct them heavily or buy them out. In either case, having been useful to Neergard, his profits from the transaction would have been considerable. But, even while he was absorbed in figuring them up—and he needed the money, as usual—Neergard coolly informed him of his election to the club.

Rage made him ill for a week; but there was nothing to do about it. He had been treacherous to his club and to his own caste, and Neergard knew it—and knew perfectly well that Ruthven dared not protest—dared not even whimper.

Then Neergard began to use Ruthven when he needed him; and he began to permit himself to win at cards in Ruthven's house—a thing he had not dared to do before. He also permitted himself more ease and freedom in that house—a sort of intimacy *sans façon*—even a certain jocularly. He also gave himself the privilege of inviting the Ruthvens on board the *Niobrara*; and Ruthven went, furious at being forced to stamp with his open approval an episode which made Neergard a social probability.

How it happened that Rosamund divined something of the situation is not quite clear;

but she always had a delicate nose for anything not intended for her, and the thing amused her immensely, particularly because what viciousness had been so long suppressed in Neergard was now tentatively making itself apparent in his leering ease among women he so recently feared. This, also, was gall and wormwood to Ruthven, so long the official lapdog of the very small set he kennelled with; and the women of that set were perverse enough to find Neergard amusing.

Meanwhile, Neergard had almost finished with Gerald; and as his social success became more pronounced with the people he had crowded in among, he became bolder and more insolent, no longer at pains to mole-tunnel toward the object desired. One day he asked the boy very plainly why he had never invited him to meet his sister. And he got an answer that he never forgot.

All the while Ruthven squirmed under the light but steadily inflexible pressure of the curb which Neergard had slipped on him so deftly. He had viewed with indifference Gerald's boyish devotion to his wife, which was even too open and naïve to be of interest to those who witnessed it. But he had not counted on Neergard's sudden hatred of Gerald; and the first token of that hatred fell upon the boy like a thunderbolt when Neergard whispered to Ruthven, one night at the Stuyvesant Club, and Ruthven, exasperated, had gone straight home, to find his wife in tears, and the boy clumsily attempting to comfort her, both hands in his.

"Perhaps," said Ruthven coldly, "you have some plausible explanation for this sort of thing. If you haven't, you'd better trump up one together, and I'll send you my attorney to hear it. In that event," he added, "you'd better leave your joint address when you find a more convenient house than mine."

As a matter of fact, he had really meant nothing more than the threat and the insult, the situation permitting him a heavier hold upon his wife and a new grip on Gerald in case he ever needed him; but threat and insult were very real to the boy, and he knocked Mr. Ruthven flat on his back—the one thing required to change that gentleman's pretense to deadly earnest.

Ruthven scrambled to his feet; Gerald did it again; and, after that, Mr. Ruthven prudently remained prone during the delivery of a terse but concise opinion of him expressed by Gerald.

After Gerald had gone, Ruthven opened first one eye, then the other, then his mouth, and finally sat up; and his wife, who had been interestedly observing him, smiled.

"It is curious," she said serenely, "that I never thought of that method. I wonder why I never thought of it," lazily stretching her firm young arms and glancing casually at their symmetry and smooth-skinned strength. "Go to your own quarters," she added, as he rose, shaking with fury; "I've endured the last brutality I shall ever suffer from you."

She dropped her folded hands into her lap, gazing coolly at him; but there was a glitter in her eyes which arrested his first step toward her.

"I think," she said, "that you mean my ruin. Well, we began it long ago, and I doubt if I have anything of infamy to learn, thanks to my thorough schooling as your wife. But knowledge is not necessarily practice, and it happens that I have not cared to commit the particular indiscretion so fashionable among the friends you have surrounded me with. I merely mention this for your information, not because I am particularly proud of it. It is not anything to be proud of, in my case—it merely happened so; a matter, perhaps, of personal taste, perhaps because of lack of opportunity; and there is a remote possibility that belated loyalty to a friend I once betrayed may have kept me personally chaste in this rotting circus circle you have driven me around in, harnessed to your vicious caprice, dragging the weight of your corruption—"

She laughed. "I had no idea that I could be so eloquent, Jack. But my mind has become curiously clear during the last year—strangely and unusually limpid and precise. Why, my poor friend, every plot of yours and of your friends—every underhand attempt to discredit and injure me has been perfectly apparent to me. You supposed that my headaches, my outbursts of anger, my wretched nights, passed in tears—and the long, long days spent kneeling in the ashes of dead memories—all these you supposed had weakened—perhaps unsettled—my mind. You lie if you deny it, for you have had doctors watching me for months. You didn't know I was aware of it, did you? But I was, and I am. And you told them that my father died of—of brain trouble, you coward!"

Still he stood there, jaw loose, gazing at her

as though fascinated; and she smiled and settled deeper in her chair.

"We might as well understand one another now," she said languidly. "If you mean to get rid of me, there is no use in attempting to couple my name with that of any man; first, because it is untrue, and you not only know it, but you know you can't prove it. There remains the cowardly method you have been nerving yourself to attempt, never dreaming that I was aware of your purpose."

A soft, triumphant little laugh escaped her. There was something almost childish in her delight at outwitting him, and, very slowly, into his worn and faded eyes a new expression began to dawn—the flickering stare of suspicion. And in it the purely personal impression of rage and necessity of vengeance subsided; he eyed her intently, curiously, and with a cool persistence which finally began to irritate her.

"What a credulous fool you are," she said, "to build your hopes of a separation on any possible mental disability of mine."

He stood a moment without answering, then quietly seated himself.

"Go on," he said; "what else?"

"What do you mean?"

"You have been saying several things—about doctors whom I have set to watch you—for a year or more."

"Do you deny it?" she retorted angrily.

"No—no, I do not deny anything. But—

who are these doctors — whom you have noticed?"

"I don't know who they are," she replied impatiently. "I've seen them often enough—following me on the street, or in public places—watching me. They are everywhere—you have them well paid, evidently; I suppose you can afford it. But you are wasting your time."

"You think so?"

"Yes!" she cried in a sudden violence that startled him, "you are wasting your time! And so am I—talking to you—enduring your personal affronts and brutal sneers. Sufficient for you that I know my enemies, and that I am saner, thank God, than any of them!" She flashed a look of sudden fury at him, and rose from her chair. He rose with a promptness that bordered on precipitation.

"For the remainder of the spring and summer," she said, "I shall make my plans regardless of you. I shall not go to Newport; you are at liberty to use the house there as you choose. And as for this incident with Gerald, you had better not pursue it any farther. Do you understand?"

He nodded, dropping his hands into his coat pockets.

"Now you may go," she said coolly.

He went—not, however, to his room, but straight to the house of the fashionable physician who ministered to his circle of wealth.

(To be continued.)

SANS JOY

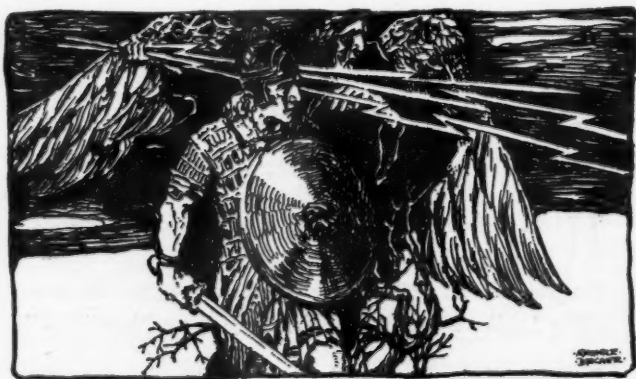
By HELEN HAY WHITNEY

HIDE your eyes, angels, beneath your gold phylacteries,
 Israfeel will charm you with the magic of his song,
 Yet you will not smile for him by reason of gone memories,
 For Lucifer is absent, and the cry goes up "how long?"—

For his expiation you would give your dreams and destinies;
 Paradise is clouded by the measure of your pain;
 Hide your eyes, angels, beneath your gold phylacteries,
 Till the jasper gates swing wide to bring him home again.



DAVID
THE SHEPHERD KING
A SERIES OF EIGHT PAINTINGS
By ARTHUR BECHER





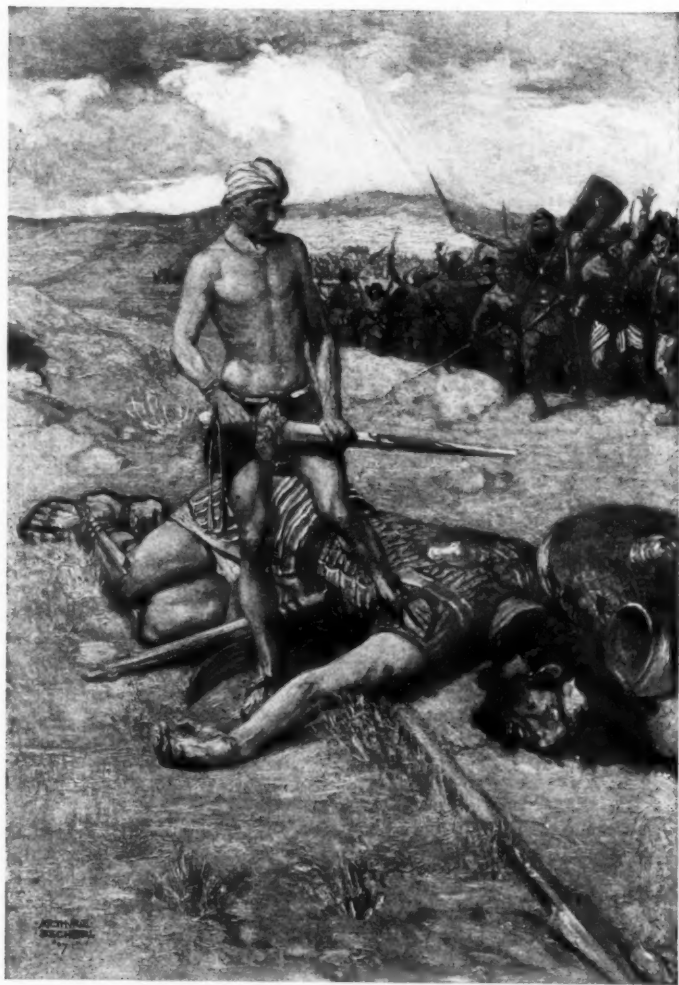
DAVID THE SHEPHERD BOY

And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep.—I Samuel xvi : 11.



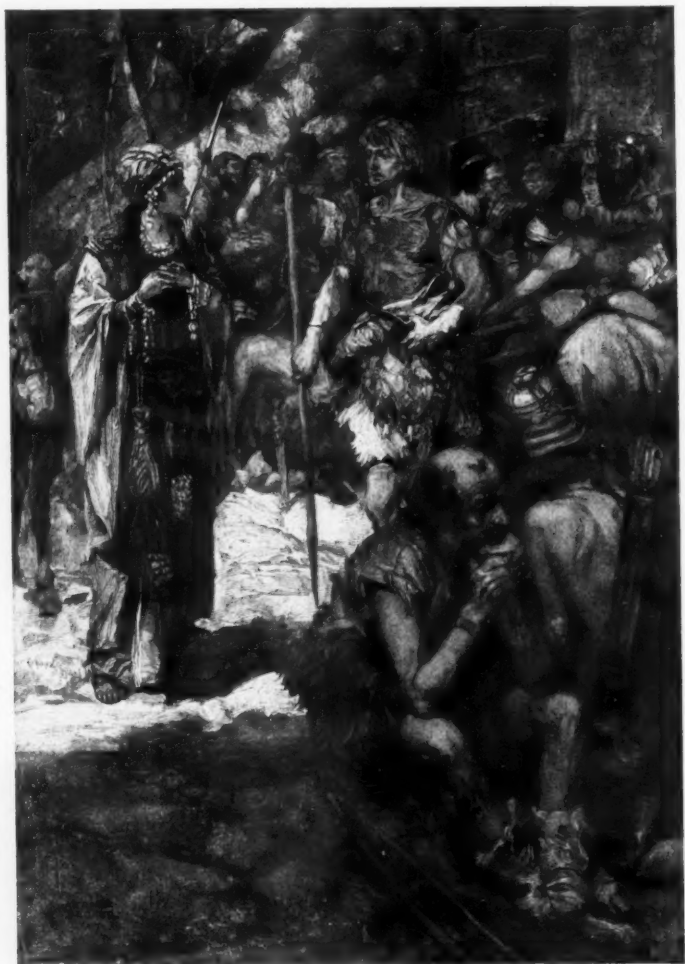
DAVID HARPETH BEFORE SAUL

When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took a harp and played with his hand :
so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.—I Samuel xvi : 23.



DAVID AND GOLIATH

David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith.—I Samuel xvii : 51.



THE PLEA OF ABIGAIL

So David received of her hand that which she had brought him, and said unto her, Go up in peace to thine house ; see, I have hearkened to thy voice.—I Samuel xxv : 35.



DAVID SPARETH SAUL

And David said to Abishai, Destroy him not : for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless ?—1 Samuel xxvi : 9.



THE OVERTHROW OF THE AMALEKITES

And David smote them from the twilight even unto the evening of the next day : and there escaped not a man of them, save four hundred young men.—I Samuel xxx : 17.



DAVID AWAITETH NEWS OF ABSALOM

And David sat between the two gates : and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked.—II Samuel xviii : 24.



DAVID CHARGETH SOLOMON

And he charged Solomon his son, saying, I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man.—I Kings ii: 1, 2.



HOW CHILDREN PLAY IN NEW YORK

BY GEORGE CALVERT



IN that cleverest of stories dealing with child life in New York, "Ardelia in Arcady," the small heroine, returned from the country to her native element—the noisy, dirty, smelly, East Side street—cakewalks impudently behind a fat policeman and gives ecstatic utterance to the cry, "Gee! New York's the place!"

Ardelia is but the type and abstract of 400,000 children who swarm in the parks, streets, alleys, and courts of the vast city under conditions which the average person would think utterly discouraging and offensive, and who yet find New York one of the finest playgrounds in the world. From the Battery to the Bronx, from the East River to the Hudson, the streets and parks teem with

children at play. They play in the halls of tenements, on the sidewalks jostled by the contending currents of traffic, and under the heads of horses, dodging trolley cars and automobiles, and risking their lives a score of times a day. They play in the parks, overlooked by amiable policemen and white-capped nurses. They play in the roof gardens of the public schools or on the flat tops of tenements. Negro and white, Jew and Gentile, Italians of Mulberry Bend, Syrians of the Syrian quarter of Washington Street, Irish from Eleventh Avenue, and Germans from Avenue A; poor youngsters in their "skooters" trundling along the sidewalks, and children of the rich in their automobiles touring through the parks, to all of them the city gives its freedom without distinction.

While the rich have private playgrounds on the roofs, and well-kept nurseries, there is no playground except the streets for the vast majority of children, and to the streets they throng in numbers like the sands of the sea. Mile after mile the visitor may walk and still the



"In the welcome shadow of a tenement-house hallway."

child is omnipresent and his play continuous.

Here is a cluster of youngsters in tatters and more or less dirt, leapfrogging it over the hydrant at the corner, and there their sisters, scanty of gown and bare of leg, are playing hopscotch on a court marked out upon the flagging—a most interesting game if one could but understand its intricacies. In the welcome shadow of a tenement-house hallway a collection of "little mothers" ply the needle diligently through grimy bits of cloth, while the babies sprawl along the passage, or make excursions to the gutter, there to paddle their feet until missed and brought back with many maternal jerks and scoldings. On the pavement imaginary fire engines and trucks dash to imaginary fires with clang of gong and shrill whistles of warning accurately copied from the real affairs; in the gutters mud pies are made by busy housekeepers wrapped up in the gentle craft; while in the middle of the street the whole art and mystery of the national game, including the "rooting," is being displayed under the very hoofs of the horses. Farther along a bunch of three-year-olds are circling

gravely about a kneeling couple, playing the old, old game of "Kiss in the ring" or "London Bridge."

Every play that was ever played and many invented for the occasion may be found in the streets of New York: dancing plays, marching plays, bits of the kindergarten, vestiges of mystery plays dating back to the foundations of the pyramids, or imitations of the daily grown-up life that goes on all about.

And not in the streets alone. Each court and alley within the twenty square miles of solid-built tenements has its players. The tenement yards and hallways reëcho to their cries and the very roofs are lively with them, flying kites, playing jackstones, or "keeping house" in the shade of the washing fluttering in the East River breeze. Hammocks swing between the chimneys and on fire escapes, and dolls' tea parties are there held oblivious of the busy streets a hundred feet below.

This is in the day, but in the evening when the street lamps twinkle out of the dusk in unending lines, and the flaring lights of the shop windows cast yellow patches on the flagging, the play still continues though it takes a different form. A million or so people of the many-storied tenements "loaf and invite their souls" at the windows and on the stoops of the houses, gossiping and trying to get a breath of cool air before taking to the



"Busy housekeepers wrapped up in the gentle craft."



"Vacant yards turned into recreation grounds for the small children."

hot rooms and the sweltering bed. Girls wander up and down the block arm around waist. The bell of the hoky-poky ice-cream vender rings cheerfully as he trundles his cart down the street. The raucous tones of the phonograph blare out from many windows, and there is a cheerful clatter of talk and laughter.

The sidewalks are just as filled as in the day, but the current of life is more leisurely and the duskiness of the street adds to its capabilities for some plays. The dark doorways, the areas, the collected ash barrels, the casual stalled truck, form excellent hiding places for "I spy the woolly, woolly wolf," and the comparative emptiness of the middle of the streets admits of Prisoner's Base being played with all the rigor of the game. It is at night, too, that the hydrants are opened to cool the hot asphalt and to flush the litter of the day into the sewers, and to that entertainment the children come whooping with joy for blocks around, until the whole street is filled with them. The stream roars out from the hydrant like a geyser, a hundred legs are bared, a hundred hands clutch at skirts and trouser legs, a hundred feet paddle about in the river that rushes down the gutter, surging up around the bare brown legs, leaping over the hastily formed dams, and in every way trying its best to be the playfellow the children want.

You who have personal acquaintance with porcelain baths need not turn up your noses.

A bath is all very well, but its spigot does not throw a four-inch stream halfway across a city street, nor can you wade into the mouth of the torrent until you are shaken and giddy with the roar of waters, and wet from foot to shoulder.

There have been many efforts made by well-meaning but overcultivated persons to abolish the street piano, but its banishment would mean the loss of a vast deal of healthy play to the children of the East Side and West, and of amusement to their elders. All through the day the street pianos are distributed over the city grinding out the worn and ragged Italian opera airs or the latest syncopation, but in the evening after the cool dusk has fallen and the dwellers in the tenements come out to get a breath of air, the streets are turned into ballrooms—ballrooms, however, where the dancers put vigor and life into the dancing, and the awful phantom of "good form" does not stalk abroad. Every block has its street piano, and every block these groups of bobbing, swaying, gyrating children, all ages, all sizes, all degrees of accomplishment. Big girls and small, fat chubs and thin slips, yellow-haired Lenas, black-haired Rachels, Italians, negroes, Hungarians, and Irish, all are possessed with a common impulse to swing their small legs to the rhythm of the music. The pavement is crowded, the space wherein they dance absurdly contracted, but the dance goes on and joy is unconfined. And they dance well,

these children of New York, whether it is the waltz, the two-step, or some of the many fancy figures which seem to be the common possession. Where they learn these steps, Melpomene alone knows. "Spieling" is an art to which the children take instinctively, and the older girls teach the younger fry, it is to be supposed. Yet you may walk for hours and never find two dance figures quite alike. They vary with the child, with the neighborhood, and the predominant nationality, but they have these elements in common—unconscious grace, abandon, and delight. Some day a second Donatello will model a frieze of dancing children and the streets of New York will furnish him his motives.

Dancing, I regret to say, is confined to the New York girls. The boys do perform rude and uncouth gambols, but it is mere mockery. As his sister learns to dance so he learns to swim or evade the police. Swimming he learns early, soon after he is breeched, becomes free from bondage to his older sister, and has liberty to troop down with the other boys of his quarter to the piers and wharves which fringe the city on both sides. There are sixteen miles or so of piers, and in the swimming season the traveler on the Hudson or the East River might easily fancy that the entire boy population had betaken themselves to the water. The stringpieces of the wharves swarm with the lean, sinewy, white figures, and the water is alive with heads—every barge and canal-boat has its quota. There all day long, in the ship basins and slips, they splash and dive, float luxuriantly on the swells of passing steamers, or paddle lazily about in the cool shadow of the wharf,

waving greetings to the passing river craft, and doing stunts for the edification of their mothers and sisters on the near-by recreation pier.

Luckily, for the small boy, the great city is not unthoughtful of the pleasure of its children. Swimming off the docks and barges is permitted to boys, provided with a modicum of bathing suit, and even to those who have not, the majesty of the law is not unbending.

For the girls, the city provides the public swimming baths, moored at intervals along the water front, and thither you see them trooping any day in the season, carrying their light and airy costume under arm.

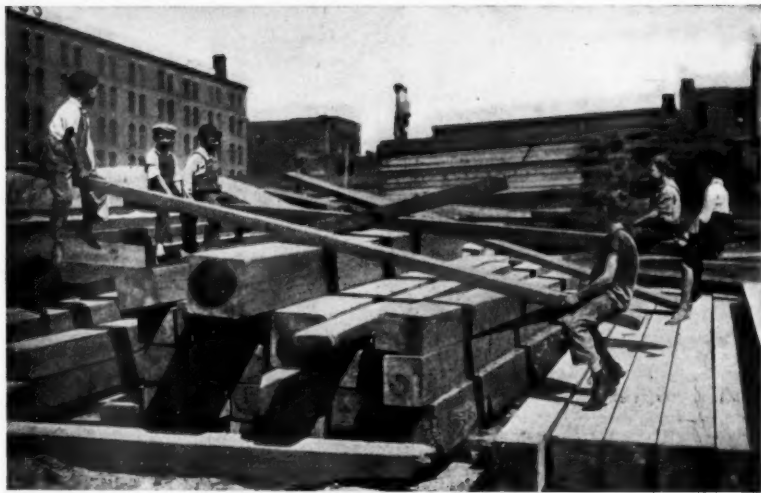
Connected with swimming and peculiar to New York is the illicit feat of bathing in the public fountains. It is, of course, against the law, but that is a small matter and only adds to the delight of the game. Taking an opportunity when no policeman is in sight, the youngsters charge upon the basin. A shake, and trousers and shirt have parted company with the wear-

er. A jump, and the boys are in the water where they splash like so many sparrows until notified of the approach of the enemy by a cry of "Cheese it, the cop!" Then the second part of the game is on. Each bather grabs his small portion of clothes and foots it through the streets, threading his way through the crowds like a slim white deer, until, with a slight margin of time to his credit, he can dive into a hallway, jump into his superfluities, and stroll casually out, innocent of offense.

Another great resource of the New York child is the building that is constantly going



"The child is omnipresent."



"There will be boards and trestles for seesaw."

on over all the city's vast extent. And wherever there is building, there are sand piles, and children to delve after the workmen have gone home. Where the carpenters are gathered there will be boards and trestles for seesaw, and from the leavings of the finishers come bits of colored marble or variegated glass. There are few things the youngsters cannot turn to account, and as for buried treasures, the ash cans ranged in rows of a morning awaiting the ash carts are veritable mines to the inquisitive and treasure-seeking child. From these he gets long streamers of colored paper, scraps of silk or satin, bits of glass which turn the world red, green, or yellow, and make of it an unfamiliar place, fragments of crockery still capable of use at dolls' dinner parties, artificial flowers, and even dilapidated hats and bonnets in which to re-create one's character.

This play of masking is deeply rooted in the New York child. All toy shops carry a complete line of hideous and terrifying false faces, or "dough faces" as they are termed on the East Side. Whether this delight in masquerading is due to the number of masked balls in New York, or the pleasure the grown-ups take in this form of entertainment springs from their play as children, is difficult to say,

but at any rate it is a great play. The season for it is in the early fall. Then the windows of the penny shops burgeon out in long lines of cheap masks, and many a penny is laid out against the coming of Thanksgiving Day. Why Thanksgiving Day should be a day of mummery is not known, but, weeks before, preparations are made for its proper observance, and on that day the streets are filled with urchins in motley and with blackened faces, or grotesque masks. The favorite disguise among the boys is to tog themselves out in the worn-out finery of their sisters. All day long they swarm about the streets in groups and parties, parading to the music of tin cans, importuning the passer-by for pennies, or gamboling in awkward mimicry of their sisters to the casual street piano. Perhaps these revels are the remnants of Guy Fawkes Day and the Gunpowder Plot.

There is another great play, a vestige of old English times, and, like the Thanksgiving Day masking, coming in its due season of the year. When the sun warms up the earth and the trees come out in their near-summer finery, and the grass becomes a luscious green and springy to the feet, then from every direction processions of children move upon the parks and squares. These are May parties, not necessarily, however, for the 1st



"There is no playground except the streets for the vast majority of children."

of May, or, indeed, for the month itself, as they extend well into June.

No matter how small or how large the party may be, it is headed by a May Queen of pleasing aspect and elaborate tiring, walk-

ing hand in hand with the King consort. Advisedly, the King consort; he is distinctly an inferior personage despite his paper crown, and a mere figurehead. It is the Queen to whom all honor is paid. The King is pressed into service and goes with reluctant and unwilling feet through the ceremonies of the day.

In other elements the May parties differ. Some are elaborate affairs with hundreds of children. They may include only the children of one block, of a single Sunday school, of the whole political district, or a scant half dozen shepherded by their mothers. They may contain children of only one nationality or speaking as many different tongues as the builders of the Tower of Babel. Some have extensive lunches laid out under the charge of caterers, and in others each child brings his own sandwiches, ten cents for ice cream, and a spoon to eat it with. From all parts of the city they come; from a distance in carryalls and gaily decorated wagons; from near by in long winding columns of marchers carrying flags and arches of artificial flowers, the King and Queen under canopies of tissue papers and followed by courtiers, Maids of Honor, Liberty Girls, Uncle Sams, and all the characters which childish fancy can hit upon.

Central Park and Prospect Park, while primarily landscape gardens, contain also



"'Little mothers' ply the needle diligently."

children's playgrounds on a large scale. To say nothing of the swan boats which move majestically upon the lakes carrying a delighted freight of youngsters, there are swings, carousels, and goat carriages. These, however, may be met with anywhere—not so the small and shallow lakes used for sailing boats. These on a fine day are alive with model yachts and others by no means model but yielding quite as much pleasure to their possessor.

Another enlivening sight in the parks is that of the commons on a Saturday afternoon in the spring or fall, when the grassy slopes swarm with baseball and football enthusiasts. There are all sorts and conditions of boys, in all sorts and conditions of clothes, and what they do not know of the game they make up in enthusiasm and energy.

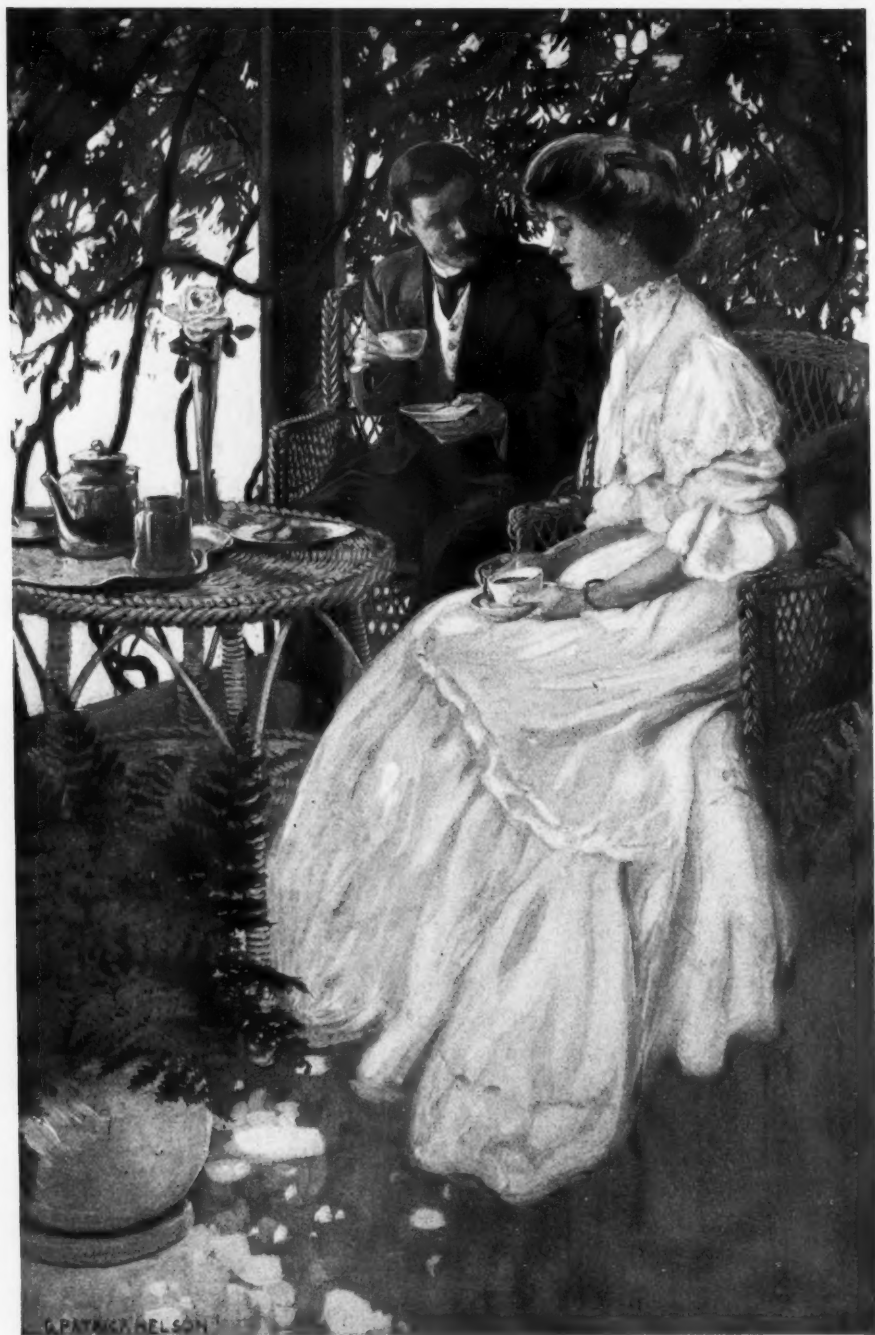
The Central and Prospect Park playgrounds are too remote from the downtown districts to be of much value to the children of the congested quarters, and for these the

city has provided the outdoor gymnasiums, each located in the midst of a poor and squalid neighborhood. Seward Park in the midst of the Jewish quarter, covering three city blocks surrounded by the tenements of Hester, Norfolk, Division, and Essex streets, is the oldest of these and the most complete so far. Here all day long some 13,000 children climb and jump and swing, play games and run races, while the babies delve and tumble in the clean sand to their heart's content.

Hamilton Fish Park, the Hudson Bank playground in the "Hell's Kitchen District," Tompkins Square, the East River Park, all these are doing the same good work as is being done in Seward Park, and vary from it only in differences of equipment, and besides these large playgrounds there are a host of tiny ones—vacant lots and yards redeemed from uselessness and turned at slight expense into recreation grounds and outdoor kindergartens, where the small, weak children may go to play in peace and quietness.



"Hopscotch on a court marked out upon the flagging."



Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson.

"And summer, roses, the sun and the universe heard the 'dear' in his voice."

SHADOW

BY ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON



O," Linnie said steadfastly, "won't."

He called it "yunt," and this made the monosyllable rather taking, though it was the height of the rudeness of Linnie, who was four.

"Please, dear," Etheldreda coaxed. She was on her knees beside the Picotée rose tree, and if Linnie had had a maturer joy in color he would have known that her white gown against those opening roses made a picture to which nothing might be denied. In a way he did know, for something filled him with a vague reproach, whereas he never felt reproached when he stormed the will of Miss Cecil, in black, in a high-backed chair.

"No," he said, nonetheless, "No-no." For this special quick combination of sound with this particular accent always marked his baby ultimatum.

Near by stood Sophie Vron, Linnie's nursemaid, her little blue Dutch cap bewitchingly awry about her little pink Dutch face. And the face, as Etheldreda had noticed at least three times that day, showed signs of recent tears.

"Aw, Master Linfield," Sophie said gently, "go on, let the man paint you pretty."

But as she did not look at him when she spoke, Linnie did not answer. Sophie Vron was, as a matter of fact, looking, one might say, with a sigh in her eyes at Etheldreda's frock—a thing of cream white and cunning lines of lace and tiny tucks for shadows. The tucks for shadows made the high lights the more beautiful, though of this Sophie was of course not expertly conscious. All that Sophie knew about it was that in her simple heart she suddenly loathed her black and white checked gingham and her little

winged Dutch cap. However, one would not have said that this had been the reason for her tears.

Etheldreda sighed. She wanted such a little thing of Linnie. It was only that Motherly, the artist in the lodge, had told her how Joseph Winchell, the London artist who lived there with him, wished above most things to paint the child. He had seen Linnie marching in the wood with his "go-stick," a tall white staff which old Miss Cecil had been wont to carry. And Winchell said that that staff meant Age and Afternoon and shadowy encroachings; and that it was wonderful, the child using it as a toy. Moreover, he observed that Linnie had the beauty of the angels.

And Linnie positively refused to pose. It was, manifestly, nothing to him that Etheldreda on her knees beside the rose tree was making lists of alluring things that he should have if he would consent. This, she told herself, was pardonable when the issue was not one of duty, but solely of inclination. As for Linnie's inclination, it had a most innocent air of being almost carried, but this was merely to soften his ultimate drawing-back.

"If I did," he inquired now, "could I have a live fish?"

"Yes," Etheldreda promised eagerly, "oh, yes."

"In a tank? A gul-lass tank?"

"By all means," she assured him.

"A tank," Linnie elaborated, "fuller water?"

"Oh, it shall even have water," she smiled.

Linnie considered.

"Well, an' tould I have," said he, "a li'l —li'l yellie chicken? Wiv torn-meal for always?"

"Oh," Etheldreda promised, "the most beautiful little yellow chicken, Linnie. All your own."

The child looked dreamily over the rose tree, watched the idle flight of a butterfly drifting down the imperceptible wind, and spoke his thoughts:

"Now—is eggs bruvvers an' sisters?"

"Are eggs—" Etheldreda repeated, bewildered.

"Now—yes," said Linnie. "'Tause chicken is."

The butterfly lit airily on the rose tree, and Linnie thought of something else.

"Oh," he said, "tould I have 'at wosebush for mine? An' pick 'em all off? *Now*, all off? *Nen* I would!"

"Might you have the Picotée rose tree? No, indeed," said Etheldreda decidedly. "You know you may not, Linnie. Oh, but see," she pleaded, "with the fish and the tank and the chicken and all the other things, you *will* let him paint your picture, dear?"

"No," said Linnie serenely, "yunt."

Sophie Vron had noted the least fold in Etheldreda's girdle, and she sighed a little.

"Aw, Master Linfield," she observed, "ain't you the deceiver! You're a regular man that way."

"Sophie," said Etheldreda, "can you think what makes him object?" Also she wondered if Sophie's cynicism might not explain Sophie's tears.

"La, ma'am, no, ma'am," said Sophie. For she was the little maid whom Moberly and Winchell had both sketched in their Holland notes, and whom Etheldreda had coaxed Miss Cecil to engage for Linnie, and Sophie herself knew how to pose as she knew how to breathe. "La, ma'am," she added, "if it was me I'd rather set for my picture then have honey!"

Past the rose tree Etheldreda saw tea brought out to the big porch. And tea usually meant Moberly. He was in fact at that moment coming up the slope of the lawn from the lodge, which seemed to kneel at the feet of the larger house much as he knelt at the feet of Etheldreda. She saw him coming, and her face lit softly, not with a blush, but with a kind of quickening flame. And as for Moberly, it smote him with a certain giddiness that, in a perfectly possible world, it was doubtless possible that she might have been looking for his coming. In fine, since they two had met in a certain light of spring two

months before, Moberly knew well enough how matters had come to be with him. And he knew, too, that the time was drawing momentarily nearer when he must tell her, since to tell her had now become the sole reason for summer, roses, the sun, and the universe. But instead of approaching her with a lyric of all this on his lips, as would have been quite natural to him, he merely took her hand, looked briefly in her eyes, and sat down in a porch chair with a cup of excellent English breakfast tea and a crisp crumpet. For this is the way of the world.

"How are you to-day?" Moberly said. And summer, roses, the sun, and the universe heard the "dear" in his voice, if Etheldreda did not hear.

"I am very well, thanks," said Etheldreda. "And you?"

"I am all the better for the tea in the plan of things," he said gravely. "And the crumpets."

"Those crumpets," Etheldreda assured him, "are no better than they should be. They are not brown enough."

"That," said Moberly, "is like wishing a rose to be redder."

"But not at all," Etheldreda contended. "A rose is a rose."

He said: "And a crumpet a crumpet——"

It was amazing how infinitely little they talked about, those two people of cleverness and gifts. But manifestly they both knew very well what it all meant. One would have said that Sophie Vron and *her* sweetheart would have known too. Is it not as if love pitches everybody in the same key and says: "Now sing. No matter what words. Sing!"

"Many things have happened to-day," Etheldreda announced presently. "Miss Cecil has consented to dine out this evening. The Picotée rose has bloomed. And Sophie has been grieving over something. Also," she might have added and did not, "this gown has come home, quite new!"

"Poor Sophie," said Moberly, wondering much who would take Etheldreda down to dinner and ignoring the Picotée rose—but already he knew and adored every line of the dress—"I hope that great splendid Norwegian sweetheart of hers has not been behaving badly."

"Is there a Norwegian sweetheart?" said Etheldreda. "You haven't told me."

"All I know," said Moberly, "is that I've met them in the village. A fine straight

young fellow of a quite surprising blondness. He looked like a Viking, and Sophie looked like a rose. What else has happened?"

"I'm afraid," Etheldreda said ruefully, "that Linnie refuses to pose for Mr. Winchell."

"Does he really?" Moberly exclaimed. "Little beggar! Winchell has set his heart on painting him."

On which, suddenly and as if at the name of Winchell, Moberly's face clouded.

"I'm afraid I've bribed him shockingly," Etheldreda went on. "The last thing he said was that he would do it if we would give him the Picotée rose tree. Miss Cecil refuses to tell him he must pose. She says he *must* do right always, but that in a matter like this he is a free agent. Now, nobody whom Mr. Winchell wishes to paint ought to be a free agent!"

Moberly looked at her quickly and the cloud darkened.

"Do you think so?" he said. "Well, Winchell wishes enormously, for example, to paint you."

Down in the garden Linnie had just lifted a chocolate-colored caterpillar from the earth and he held it toward heaven and ran to them.

"It's p'ayin' it's a buttief'y!" he claimed shrilly when at the very foot of the porch steps Sophie tried to take it away from him.

Etheldreda hardly saw them.

"Mr. Winchell wishes to paint me!" she was saying in some astonishment.

"He means to ask you at once," Moberly said. "He's got an idea for a thing called 'Shadow'—a dusk effect. Splendid conception it is. He wants you for the central figure—for Shadow herself. Would you?" Moberly asked wistfully. But the wistfulness, one would have said, was not precisely a wistfulness that she consent.

Etheldreda laughed lightly and looked down on Linnie, still intent on his caterpillar. All at once she rather understood the child.

"No," she said, decidedly. "Mr. Winchell is very good. But I'm afraid, like Linnie, I 'yunt.'"

And this Linnie, on the gravel, did not hear at all, and Sophie Vron, near by, heard with parted lips of wonder; and Moberly heard with a lighting of his face which not summer, roses, the sun, and so on, could possibly have mistaken.

"I couldn't possibly," Etheldreda said

gravely. "Really, I'd far rather he didn't ask me. I will not pose on any account."

She held out her hand for his cup. By reason of the strength that was in him Moberly prevented himself from folding that hand and her other hand, and drawing her to him while he said what he longed to say. Instead, since obviously he could not take an opportunity which she had unconsciously made, he simply put down his cup and sat in the porch chair looking at her. As the world demands.

But Sophie Vron went round the house marveling. Not pose! Miss Etheldreda would not pose, when she might be painted wearing that frock of cream-white, all cunning lines of lace and tiny tucks for shadows. Oh, thought Sophie, who knew how to pose as she knew how to breathe, if *she* had a dress like that! Whereat Sophie's China-blue eyes filled with tears. If she did have a dress like that, woe to a certain Norwegian sweetheart (who looked like a Viking), and woe to his high-handed ways. She would say to him—

But instead of what she would have said to him she heard herself really saying (for such is the way of the world):

"Aw, Master Linfield. Put down the caterpillar an' leave 'm go his own road, pretty."

Linnie, having obeyed, hunched his shoulders very high and held his arms close to his sides.

"I'm a bottle," he explained. "Fumery. Not med'cine."

Sophie was occupied in trying to fathom how even Linnie could refuse to be painted.

"Master Linfield, darlin'," she said, "do please go on set for Mr. Winchell."

Linnie shook his head and marched to the measure of his irrevocable determination.

"No-no," he said, "I yunt. An' I yunt. An' I yunt—yunt—yu—nt!"

At seven that evening Miss Cecil and Etheldreda drove to their dinner party. At eight Sophie put Linnie to bed. Just before nine she went briskly in to "red up" Miss Etheldreda's rooms. And lying on a willow couch in her dressing room she came full upon that frock of Etheldreda's—a thing of cream white and cunning lines of lace and tucks for shadows.

Sophie looked at it almost reverently. It had, in its empty, straying arms, a kind of pathetic assurance of its prettiness if only

some one was wearing it. It lay there idle, disregarded, a thing of momentary waste in Nature, like flowers in the dark. All this Sophie no more thought out than she thought out the processes of the blooming of the Picotée rose, but the consciousness flowed through her like the perfume of the rose, and it intoxicated her.

She lifted the gown. Must not one lift a thing in order to lay it in its tissues? She held it up before her, half recalling that she was just Miss Etheldreda's height and almost as slender. The touch of the *mousseline*, the sibilant slipping of the silk, the caress of the lace in the sleeves gave her an indefinite happiness. And she turned and in the pier glass she saw her hated black and white checked gingham and her little Dutch winged cap. These were the last points in the argument where she had realized no argument to have taken place. In an instant the black and white check and the winged cap lay on the rug and Sophie, with trembling fingers, was fastening about her slim little figure Miss Etheldreda's cream-white gown.

She never forgot that first frightened, ecstatic look at herself in the pier glass when she was arrayed. If the Viking could see her now! Her hair, that always lay heavy and bright under the Dutch cap, now caught the light in uncovered waving coils. And the pinkness and whiteness and youth of her were, by the gown, set off to a really amazing perfection. She had a beauty of her own. Moberly had praised her when he painted her in those Holland fishing scenes of his, and Winchell had praised her before that when he had sketched her, with a basket on her arm, coming from the village. But now—now! Sophie was amazed at herself. For behold, she *felt* like a different being. She knew, in short, for the first time, the feminine sixth sense of being well dressed.

She stepped across the rug to the mirror, and the slipping of the silk made her heart beat. She lifted a fan which lay on Etheldreda's table and swayed it languidly. Then she paused, arrested by the enormity of her thought:

Miss Cecil and Miss Etheldreda were dining out. They would not be at home for another hour. The servants were all below, the house was perfectly quiet and, save for a dim lamp swinging in the lower hall, quite unlighted. Why should she not go downstairs and *pretend*?

Sophie stepped out in the corridor, and the stillness reassured her. On the stairs the clamor of that silkiness of hers seemed suddenly to fill the house, the wide air—to sweep about and to return in swishing waves along which she floated. But not for her life could she, even in her misgiving, have silenced it. Oh, Sophie cried in the spirit, all her life she had footed about in noiseless gingham and cotton-lined serges. Here, here at last was the music of the spheres.

If that Norwegian sweetheart could see her now!

And the thought of that great Viking gave Sophie inspiration. She would play at welcoming him. She had seen Miss Etheldreda welcome guests and had observed her extreme quiet which, until she understood, had almost impressed her simple soul as hostility. Now Sophie remembered this, and it fitted admirably upon the haughty welcome which she yearned to give the Viking. She swept through the dim hall, advanced to the doors set wide ajar to the summer night, stepped out to the great shadowy porch with the wine of her daring in her veins, and suddenly unfurled Miss Etheldreda's fan and lifted it to her face, marring that copied quiet of hers by a distinct gasp of pure horror.

Mr. Winchell, of the lodge, was coming up the steps.

Winchell had, as usual, dined with Moberly at the lodge; after which his friend, following a custom that, to Winchell's bewilderment, had been growing upon him of late, went off "for a tramp" alone. At dinner Moberly had vouchsafed nothing about that proposed picture called "Shadow," but he had explained to Winchell with amusement that Master Linnie's price for posing would be one whole Picotée rose tree, for his own. Thus it had occurred to Winchell, left alone, that he might as well seize that evening to beg Etheldreda to pose for him and to argue a bit with Linnie. And, he thought now for a breath, he had had the good fortune to find Etheldreda at home alone.

"Miss Etheldreda?" he said. "Is it—Miss Etheldreda?" he added.

On which Sophie fell into sudden little breaths of sobbing. And the dim hall lamp touched her hair to brightness.

"I beg your pardon," Winchell said in deep distress, "I will go away. I am so sorry——"

"Oh," said Sophie, "Mr. Winchell, sir, it's me. It's me."

He knew her voice. He saw her face now vaguely, for she lowered the fan. But for his life he could not make out what was the matter with the girl. It struck him that in some indefinable way she seemed different—grown taller, become of a strangely impressive presence. Perhaps, he thought indefinitely, she had *married*. He had known a certain satisfied authority to come then to women of Sophie's class. Yet this was more.

"What is it, Sophie?" he asked perplexedly. "Could—could I help you at all?" Sophie shook her head. Winchell thought for a moment.

"Is Miss Etheldreda at home?" he asked.

Again Sophie shook her head.

"No, she ain't," she said, with a certain haste, "she's out. I know that."

For he actually seemed not to notice the dress, thought Sophie, and if only he would go before he *did* notice— Another thought struck her.

"Miss Etheldreda, she won't pose for you anyhow," she said, "I heard her say it to-day. She won't pose for you, sir."

Sophie had leaned a little forward. Winchell, looking up from the lower step, saw her with that dim light behind her, her white gown and hair gathering to themselves all the brightness in a world of shadow. There was a magnificent line from waist to hem of the long white gown, but the rest was in shadow. Shadow on her brow, on the slimness of her, shadow all about her—why, Sophie Vron, the little maid who knew how to pose as she knew how to breathe, suddenly seemed to Winchell the very incarnation of Shadow, of the picture he had dreamed.

"Sophie!" he said, "stand just as you are. Please—just as you are."

With her gradually relieved understanding that Winchell was by no means as specifically conscious of the significance of that frock of cunning lines as she was, and that indeed he was wholly ignorant of those criminal waves of supreme silkiness which she could liberate when she moved, the wine of her daring began once more to flow in Sophie's youthful veins. Also, the wine of a delight. For here, where only to-day she had seen Miss Etheldreda sitting serene in her wonderful gown and throwing to the winds a chance for which she herself so longed, that chance had now fallen upon her. Come what would, she said

to herself, now was *now*. She, Sophie Vron, was posing for a picture in no other than that wonderful gown—and oh, if the Viking could but see her!

Winchell, standing on the porch in the half light that fell from the hall, was sketching rapidly, on something he had had in a pocket, and he was triumphant in the certainty that he had got what he wanted. Sophie Vron! It seemed incredible that this was she, of those Holland fishing studies. There was now actually a kind of majesty about her. What had brought it? Even her tears were a part of it. Ah, Shadow, as he had dreamed her and had hardly hoped for her, she was here, newborn for his picture, the living Shadow.

"Glorious, glorious!" he said. "Why, you wonderful little creature!"

And that, as he came up the avenue from his tramp whereon had been born the resolution to tell Etheldreda the divine truth that very night, was what Moberly saw and what he heard.

He stopped short on the gravel, down by the Picotée rose. There could be, he thought, no doubt of what he saw. And only that afternoon Etheldreda had said: "I couldn't possibly. I'd far rather he didn't ask me. I will not pose on any account." Yet there was the slim whiteness of that slender figure, the hair bright in the dusk, the incarnation of Shadow among vassal shadows; and before her was Winchell, daring to say that, to her. Ah, "*nobody ought to be a free agent when Mr. Winchell wishes to paint one.*"

Moberly's way was to grind his heel into the gravel, to brush past the rose tree, and under his breath to say something which summer, roses, sun, and universe might very well understand. And there in the darkness he came face to face with a man who was, remarkably, saying his own version of the same thing.

The man—even in the gloom Moberly could see that he was of a quite surprising blondness and that he was straight and splendid, like a Viking. And this Viking, who seemed not particularly to care who Moberly was, grasped him roughly by the arm.

"For God's sake, sir," he said huskily, "*you* are a man. Tell me, who is dot man on dot stoop?"

For a breath Moberly hesitated, held by a real fear of some threatened danger to Win-

chell. He himself could have challenged Winchell then and there, with a will; but of course no one else should harm him.

"And what is that to you?" Moberly settled it by demanding crisply.

But all at once the man broke down.

"She was goin' to be my woman," he said simply, "I haf been a brute. An' now I haf lost her."

It is as if Love pitches us all in one key and says: "Grieve. Never mind how. Grieve!" For afterwards Moberly knew that it had been in him to answer, man to man as they stood:

"You have made a mistake. She was to have been mine!"

Instead (for now and then it is the world's way to be sane) he said quietly:

"Whom do you mean? Sophie Vron? But that woman up there is not Sophie Vron."

The man, in his misery, hardly troubled to contradict him.

"I haf heard her speak," he said, "she had tears in her speaking. If you vill not tell me who this man——"

Away back in Moberly's mind a sudden hope leaped up. Even then he smiled at the possibility that he could have mistaken, but he gasped that great Viking by the arm.

"Come with me," he said.

Therefore upon Winchell, joyously sketching this unexpected Shadow, and upon Sophie in her fearful joy to which tears were so near, these two strange companions stepped out from behind the Picotée rose tree and stood at the foot of the steps.

"Etheldreda," said Moberly.

"Sophie!" cried that great Viking.

On which Winchell was left to sketch the empty dark. With a cry that was pure with tenderness Sophie ran down the steps—ran to a sound of silk that filled the wide air, sweeping and returning in waves on which she fairly floated—and threw herself into the great Viking's arms. And on a sudden Moberly, without the least intention in the world, leaped to the top of the steps and grasped Winchell's hand and wrung it frantically.

It was upon this tableau that Miss Cecil and Etheldreda looked out from their returning carriage.

Winchell, divining the very unusual, did the perfect thing and handed Miss Cecil out and accompanied her within doors. And Etheldreda, stepping down beside Moberly,

looked upon Sophie who was magnificently unashamed by her lover's arm. And, Miss Cecil having turned up the gas as she went through the hall, the light streamed out full on Sophie Vron and on her gown—that gown of cream-white, with cunning lines of lace and tucks for shadows.

"Oh, ma'am!" said Sophie, guiltily wretched in her great joy.

Moberly knew the dress too. He had adored every line of it that very afternoon. And he knew therefore something of the loveliness of his lady; for in an instant, woman to woman as they stood, Etheldreda saw everything.

"Sophie!" she said, "I don't know his name, but I am very glad."

"Ma'am," said that great Viking resolutely, "if you are willin' we are goin' to get marrit to-morrow."

"Ah," Etheldreda said, "I might have guessed that Sophie is going to wear that pretty gown to be married in!"

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" Sophie gasped.

"Are you not?" said Etheldreda. "Surely you are!" And smiled away the girl's broken words, and waved away the two lovers down the dusk of the garden. And all the wide air was filled with the sound of Sophie's silk, as much as with the fragrance of the Picotée rose. But shadow there was none.

"Etheldreda," said Moberly.

She could not divine all his mood, but in common with the summer, the universe and all the rest she knew very well what he meant. He held out his arms, and she went to him as simply as if it had been so from the beginning.

Came then a little voice, lifted from the hall doorway where Linnie stood:

"I dweamed my cattypilly was gwoin' on 'at wosebush. I like 'at wosebush. I want 'at wosebush. An' pick 'em all off. 'Tause nen——"

They saw Winchell appear from somewhere and catch him up.

"Linnie," said Winchell, "I'll send to Europe for a Picotée rose tree for you, if you will let me paint you. Will you?"

"A Europe wosebush?" said Linnie sleepily. "For mine?"

"Yes," Winchell promised, "for yours. Will you?"

"I will," said Linnie sweetly. "Yes, I will. Shall I now?"

PRIMEVAL INSTINCTS

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS



HE instinct of the hunter was strong in the youth. For some odd tens of thousands of years his ancestors had lived by the chase, before ever they learned the arts of civilization; and such an inheritance is not easily to be put down. The youth, to be sure, did not know anything of this inheritance. If he had, perchance, heard of remote barbaric ancestors of his race, he did not associate their predatory habits with his own sporting instincts. Indeed, he never attempted to analyze these instincts in any way. He only knew that the desire to kill was strong in him; that it had been so ever since he could remember. He longed to have a gun that he might go forth to slay the creatures of the field. In default of that, while a mere lad, he had often carried an imitation gun, in the form of a crooked stick; and, afield with this, he had in imagination slaughtered hosts of feathered and furred creatures. He loved the beasts and birds every one; yet the old primeval instinct was strong, and he longed to kill.

Hitherto he had not been able to put his sanguinary desires into execution, for he had not been old enough to have a gun—or so at least his parents had all along contended, against his earnest protestations. But it had been agreed that when he reached his 'teens the embargo should be withdrawn; and now his thirteenth birthday approached. It was a momentous occasion for the youth. For weeks he could think of nothing but the promised gun, and for months he had made preparations for hunting. The weapon was to be a birthday present, but it had been agreed that the lad should earn what he could during the summer vacation, and add the sum to the rather meager allowance that his

parents could afford that he might secure a better gun than would otherwise be available.

A lad of twelve is rather young to step from the sedentary life of school into the farmyard and the harvest field, particularly in the heat of an almost tropical summer. But the youth was a hardy specimen of Iowa boyhood, and he did not mind it in the least. He took pride in showing that, though reared in the village, he lacked nothing of the pluck and stamina of the farm-reared boys of his age; and before the season was over he had abundantly demonstrated that he more than matched in strength and endurance any of his associates who were not two or three years his senior. He had even done a man's work in harvest time, shocking as many bundles of wheat day after day as the best of them, to the astonishment of the farmer, and to his own delight. And he had come back to the village, after the harvest was over, sunburned and rugged, no whit the worse for his strenuous outing, so far as present appearances could indicate.

That was early in August. Now the September days that usher in the hunting season were approaching, and so was his birthday. It was decided to anticipate the latter, that the lad might be fully prepared for the first hunting day. Already he knew by heart the good points of every gun that the local dealer had on sale. Of course his heart was set on one particular gun—and of course that particular gun was more expensive than he could afford.

It is not at all likely that the coveted weapon was any better than a good many of its fellows. A twelve-year-old boy choosing his first gun may be expected to display about the same measure of critical acumen that distinguishes his choice of a first sweetheart two or three years later. But in the one case as in the other, the choice seems at the time,

to the chooser himself, to be a matter of very great moment. So the lad felt that no other gun would make him quite content. Fortunately the gun dealer was willing to make a concession; the lad might take the coveted gun, and pay the balance with his harvest money of next season. Thus it was arranged, and the youth, with feelings of a full-fledged hunter, shouldered his gun, and went home in a trance. Only a few such hours of supreme joy as he felt then are allotted to any mortal in a lifetime.

The young hunter—whose name, it may be convenient to mention, was Charles Stevens—soon proved himself to be what is called a "natural shot." Almost from the very first he was able to hold his own with the average local sportsmen in the field. Indeed, in the quest of quail, partridge, and woodcock, he was more than a match for anyone in the village, because he knew so well the haunts and habits of these birds—his knowledge dating back to the crooked-stick days.

But after the first novelty wore away, the youth did not find the joy in mere killing that he had anticipated. He loved to handle the soft plumage of a beautiful bird, and it distressed him to see the way in which most of his companion sportsmen mauled their game, and threw it pellmell into their game bags. As time went on, he found himself often passing by a covey of young partridges or quail without raising his gun, though the birds might be large enough for the table, according to the ideas of most sportsmen. Somehow he liked to see the birds enjoying themselves; and when a young partridge, for example, would flush into a tree, and sit there only a few yards away craning its graceful neck at him, oblivious of danger, he had not the heart to take advantage of its guilelessness, though he was well aware that most of his boy friends were less considerate under similar circumstances.

Nevertheless he killed a large quantity of game first and last. When the birds were full grown and strong of wing, he exulted in the skill required to bring them to bag—when you can stop a teal going down wind three times out of four, let us say, you have demonstrated no mean degree of craftsmanship. Nor—except in such an exceptional case as that of the young partridges—was young Stevens's imagination often stirred by the thought of what might be the birds' own view of the affair. Such thoughts as that,

indeed, hardly belong to normal, healthy youth. The instinct of the hunter, as has been said, is an inheritance from many thousands of generations. Our ancestors of those generations knew little of the meaning of pity, else they themselves could never have eked out existence. It was only under the fostering influences of a later stage of evolution that the altruistic impulses were able to make themselves felt. And so it is only at a somewhat late stage of personal development that the individual, as a rule, broadens his sympathies to include the little brothers of the field and woodland. But, on the other hand, since the individual life compresses so much into so short a time, it must make many short cuts; and it sometimes progresses by bounds from one mental plane to another.

By such a sudden evolution, as it chanced, young Stevens came out of the sportsman chrysalis; and the manner of this metamorphosis is perhaps worth the telling, because it illustrates a number of somewhat interesting things in a rather graphic way.

It chanced one day in the early fall succeeding the memorable one in which the gun was purchased, that the youth went out for a day's prairie-chicken shooting with a middle-aged neighbor named Luther. Game was abundant, and the two sportsmen had no difficulty in securing a good bag. They had, indeed, quite as many birds as they cared for, and were on their way home when, in a field not far from the village, the setter, ranging at will, came to a point, indicating the presence of game in the stubble. As they went toward the dog, two prairie hens flushed wild and made off with the usual whir and cackle. Boy and man threw up their guns and fired almost at the same instant.

The bird at which the man had fired whirled over and over in the air, and came to the ground with a thud. That at which the boy had aimed thrust down its legs and wobbled as if about to fall; then recovered itself and flew on, its legs dangling. A chance shot had apparently broken its back, paralyzing the legs, but leaving it still strength enough to fly a certain distance. Trained hunter as he was, the boy watched the wounded bird, and marked the exact spot where it finally dropped just at the edge of a cornfield half a mile away.

The dog meantime had rushed after the other bird, and now held it before his master. It was uninjured save for a broken wing-tip

and the jar of its fall. If you have seen a wounded grouse in the mouth of the retriever, you know that under these circumstances the beautiful thing does not struggle nor cry out. Its great hazel eyes regard you trustingly. It appears dazed rather than frightened, seeming little to realize that the hour of its great tragedy has come.

Luther took the bird from the dog's mouth, scarcely glancing at it. With a dexterous motion, he beat the delicate, graceful head against his gun barrel, dashing its brains out. As he thrust the body into his game pocket, he was watching the other grouse, which just at that moment was reaching the end of its flight.

"I think I'll go after it," said the youth.

"Nonsense," said Luther; "it's a half mile away, and you have all you want without it."

"But the bird is wounded. I hate to have it lie out there and suffer."

"Oh, it's probably dead; or if it isn't some skunk or weasel will kill it to-night. Come along."

It was nearly sunset, and the youth was tired after the long tramp of the day. It would be a long trip over to the cornfield for weary legs—and then perhaps to find the bird dead. Already it was supper time at home, and he had a hunter's appetite. So he allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and the two tramped homeward.

But the grouse that had fallen over in the cornfield was not dead. Nor, as it chanced, was its wound of a kind to produce speedy death. The injury did, however, render the bird utterly helpless. Once it had dropped to the earth, it could not rise again. Nor could it move about on the ground, for its legs were paralyzed completely. It lay on the bare earth, sheltered by the cornstalks from the eyes of hawks, and where there was not much danger that a marauding beast would find it. But there was no food at hand. It was doubtful even whether the bird would be able to sip a few drops of dew from a cornstalk to quench the thirst that its wound must develop.

Quite obviously fate had marked the grouse for a lingering death of torture. Its wound, already painful, must become more so with the lapse of time. Insects would come in phalanxes to pester it. Hunger and thirst would add their modicum of agony. The greatest mercy it could hope for would be the coming of some skunk or weasel, as the hunter had suggested, to put it out of misery.

But no such messenger of speedy death chanced to come that way.

We need not dwell on the details of the bird's lingering death. You can picture them to yourself if you have imagination. If you have not—why, you are spared much misery. Suffice it that as the hours dragged on the bird grew weaker, until at last its capacity for suffering was blunted. For some time before it lost consciousness altogether, it lay there gasping but feebly, its end near.

It chanced to be a Sabbath morning on which the grouse was thus nearing the term of its misery—a delicious autumn morning, when the air seemed redolent of peace, and the distant church bells droned a benediction. And just about the hour when the bird drew its last conscious breath, the youth who had brought it to this sad plight was entering a church in the neighboring village, to join his class at Sunday school. In that same hour the superintendent of the Sunday school was reading the lesson of the day from a book in his hand, in very solemn tones, his voice taking on an inflection of pathos and sympathy.

"Our text for the lesson of the day," he announced, "is found in Matthew, tenth chapter, verse twenty-nine: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.' An almost identical text, emphasizing the same thought, is found in Luke, twelfth chapter, sixth verse: 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?' Think of that, children," said the reader, a suggestion of tremor in his voice. "Think of that, and learn a lesson in kindness. No living creature is so insignificant that God does not hold it within the scope of his infinite mercy and pity. Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. This is our lesson for the day, which the various classes will now take up."

As I have said, it was just in the hour when this beautiful lesson was being inculcated that the starved, tortured prairie hen was about to give up the ghost away out there in the cornfield. Now the man who had read the text with such feeling chanced to be our friend Luther, the sportsman of the other day. He was perfectly sincere in reading thus. He was considered to be a thoroughly good man. He believed himself to be altogether honest. But he lacked imagination. He had not

given a thought to the wounded grouse since the moment when he had persuaded the boy to leave it out there in the field. It had simply not come into his mind—never would come into his mind again. The text that he read about the fall of the sparrow was to him wholly impersonal. He would go into the fields to-morrow to shoot, precisely as he had gone the other day, with no recollection of that text, no thought of its application.

He was of those who make no short cuts in life from viewpoint to viewpoint, but who linger always where adolescence found them. But he read the beautiful text about the sparrow with great solemnity and feeling. And while he was reading, he even supposed that he understood its import.

Meanwhile, we may fairly assume, the chicken, slowly agonizing away those last hours out there in the cornfield, got no relief from the beautiful text. There is no reason to suppose that it knew anything of any mind or power, natural or supernatural, that sympathized with its sufferings. Yet there was one human being that thought of it with sympathy in that time of its great trial, little as that sympathy availed. This was the youth who had inflicted that mortal injury.

He had gone to the Sunday school that morning with cheerful heart. He had met a companion on the way, and the two had compared notes about their success in hunting the past week. It chanced that each had killed forty-nine prairie chickens since the season opened. A natural enough spirit of rivalry led young Stevens to exclaim: "I wish I had followed up that chicken I wounded the other day, for that would have made an even half hundred, and I should be ahead." And so his thoughts went out to the wounded bird just as he was entering the church; and somehow, as he heard the text about the sparrow, he could not help thinking still more about the fallen prairie hen.

He was not a particularly religious boy. He went to Sunday school because his parents wished him to go, and because the other children went; and as a rule he paid no very great attention to what he heard there. But this text about the sparrow appealed to him. He had heard it before, of course, but it had never struck him in just the same way.

As he mused, he found himself looking at the teacher of his class, and wondering why she—sweet-faced little woman as she was—could wear a stuffed bird on her hat. The

teacher of the class beyond wore a bunch of aigrets, which, as the youth chanced to know, are feathers of a kind of heron that must be killed in the breeding season in order to secure these plumes. The youth found himself wondering if the heavenly Father, who watched the fall of the sparrow, had noted the fall also of the tanager that his teacher wore; and with what feelings he had watched the starving young of the heron that supplied the plumes for the other hat.

He found a sort of fascination in watching the way the heron plumes bobbed back and forth as the pretty teacher nodded her head to emphasize the truths she was expounding—the beautiful truths about the fall of the sparrow.

Then the youth's mind reverted again to the wounded grouse. He thought too of other wounded birds that he had seen fly off to die a lingering death. He had always pitied them, in a half-hearted way, but his imagination pictured their sufferings now as never before. As he reflected regretfully on having left the grouse to its fate, he was no longer thinking of his half-hundred score. He was thinking of the agonies of the bird itself.

The youth's soul was undergoing development in that half hour. He was making one of those short cuts from point of view to point of view. He was passing—little as he realized it—from the barbarian-hunter stage to a plane of broader sympathies.

All through the lesson he sat brooding the same thoughts, and as he left the church the idea of the wounded chicken had taken full possession of his mind. Instead of going home, he set out for the field where he had shot the grouse. He believed he might find the bird even yet. At least he would try.

A good memory and a keen eye enabled him to go to about the point of the field from which the grouse had flushed; and over by the cornfield he noted the exact point—marked by a peculiar fence post—where the wounded bird had gone down. He went directly to it, and had scarcely entered the cornfield when his dog came to a point. There ahead on the ground lay the bird, stretched at full length. It made no effort to escape as he came up. It was too near death to fear him or anything, its eyes half closed, its bill agape, as it feebly gasped for breath.

In an instant the youth was on his knees beside the bird, a great lump in his throat,

his eyes staring as if they would start from their sockets. The meaning of it all came to him with the force of a blow. Mechanically he brushed away the insects that gathered about the wound in the bird's back. He stroked the soiled plumage tenderly. He found himself calculating the hours that the grouse had lain there suffering. It had happened Wednesday, and this was Sunday—twenty-four, forty-eight, seventy-two, about ninety hours; yes, fully ninety. What a cruel stretch of torture! The youth recalled an occasion when he had had a toothache for two hours that had seemed interminable; and the meaning of that ninety hours of pain came home to him yet more vividly. In an agony of remorse he knelt there, thinking, thinking. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them a few moments later the grouse had ceased to breathe.

The youth rose suddenly and walked to the edge of the cornfield. He selected a spot in a fence corner, and began to dig a hole. The ground was hard, and he had nothing but his knife and a piece of stick to aid him; but he persevered the more stubbornly as his fingers became sore from digging. When the grave was deep enough, the youth went after the body of the grouse and took it up very tenderly, as if so much of suffering had given it sacredness. He laid the poor thing carefully in the

ground, smoothing its every feather. As he was about to begin pushing the dirt over it, he hesitated. After thinking a moment, he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out a knife. It was a beautiful implement, one of the lad's choicest treasures. He regarded it half ruefully for a few moments, opening one blade after another. At last he put the knife in the grave beside the body of the grouse; with a vague feeling that this sacrifice might take a little of the load from his heart. Then he resolutely scooped in the dirt till the grave was filled and carefully smoothed over.

"That will help me to remember," he said aloud.

It was a thoughtful youth who walked slowly homeward across the fields that autumn day. He was asking himself what right he had to inflict such suffering as that. What manner of friend to the birds was he that could wish only to kill them? What pleasure could he get in future in shooting, always with the possibility of reenacting the tragedy of the cornfield?

Long before he reached home, the youth had made up his mind. He knew that he should never shoot his gun again. He had entered a new phase of life. The desire to kill was no longer strong in him. The instinct of the hunter had left him forever.

A HAND PRESSURE

By CURTIS MAY

ONLY a pressure of the hand,
 Nothing more.
 For on the valley-side we stand.
 The avalanche holds his mighty weight
 Poised for a breath to overthrow.
 Speak not a word; 'tis the hush of fate.
 What if the load be tears or snow,
 If a life is o'er!

Up on the high, clear mountain-peak
 Near the sun,
 There with a calm heart one may speak.
 There where the hawk goes circling round
 Seeking the cleft she builded in,
 Far above drifts and ice-rent ground,
 At the last height, where the skies begin,
 Is the burden done.

PETER

BY ROBERT AITKEN

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON

"To-morrow had always been Peter's lucky day."
TOMMY & Co.



PON an upturned bucket at the door of a disreputable hovel, his own handiwork, in the very heart of that howling wilderness, officially described as the Department of Deseado, which lies to the north of Santa Cruz, in Patagonia, Peter was uncomfortably seated in the cold, clear moonlight, plucking perfunctorily at the frayed strings of a shabby banjo; and, to the music thus produced, he was defiantly emulating the wilderness. Not by any means because he felt unduly merry, but rather to relieve a little, if that were possible, the aching emptiness of yet another evening without rum.

An endless month had elapsed since his supply of that commodity had run out. The lack of it had left him prey to the black brooding which leads one blindfold to the crumbling edge of all endurance. He had spent his leisure hours in casting accounts with the past.

For other company than such unprofitable calculation he had only his Man Friday, one Yantele, a sullen Tehuelche Indian, endowed with more apparent body than brains, and far less sociable than any dog in that he could speak but would not; in whose dispiriting society he had lived alone for such a long time that he had grown to hate the sight of the silent giant.

He struck a minor discord, and was singing sorrowfully,

"To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrows overseas, . . ."

when Yantele came sauntering across from his cooking fire, with twitching ears. Peter ceased his plaint, but did not look up.

"*Hay gente!*" said the Indian suddenly, in guttural Spanish. "There are people coming!" and withdrew again as though ashamed of having misused the power of speech. But Peter had dropped his decrepit instrument, sprung to his feet, and was already standing on the summit of a sand heap beyond the well, a long, lean silhouette against the silver sky.

His attitude was one of strained expectancy. His heart was thumping so, that he could neither see nor hear across the undulating desert a single sign of human presence other than his own. He descended to the dip of the slope, ankle deep at every step, and there laid ear to the solid earth. Faintly and from far away, but truer than any telephone, it told him of tame horses cantering toward his camp; and he arose, rejoicing. The hour of his release from the abomination of desolation was at hand; and there would also be more rum wherewith to fight those devils of the dark hours.

Times without number he had ticked off the interminable days since the traveling trader on whom he depended for all intercourse with the outer world had been due to start with his pack train from Punta Arenas; the nights they would have to spend on the unsafe trail, along the Southern Andes by Paine and Agassiz, Fitzroy, and San Lorenzo, ere they could once more come to his relief. Angel Urquiza had never before been so late on his long round, and Peter had begun to fear that he was going to fail him altogether.

He turned, well pleased, and waded back into the cuplike hollow which contained his

dwelling, bade the indifferent Indian build a beacon on its brim, and then brought forth from some safe hiding place within the hut a heap of little bags made of undressed guanaco skin, each holding a handful of impure, gritty gold dross, the scanty harvest of much patient plowing in the sand. It was with these that he would purchase his brief Day of Mercy.

He was still sorting and resorting them when a solitary horseman appeared without warning on the rise in front, paused there, and then rode forward with a great jingling of loosened bit and bridle. An Indian trick, the noiseless reconnoitering of the unknown, but the newcomer was a white man; a fat white man, of soapy aspect morally but not in person, who slipped from his broad saddle with a thankful sigh, and, having first embraced the unwilling recluse, produced from a capacious pocket a black quart bottle sealed with a splash of wax.

"A token of continued friendship, Don Pedro," he explained effusively. "In spite of the almost prohibitive price," he added as an afterthought.

Peter nodded, knocked half the neck off on his boot heel, and drank thirstily from the jagged opening before he spoke.

"Who cares about the price of coal in hell!" said he, gasping relief.

The pack train presently came plodding in, a string of sad-eyed, patient animals, tied head to tail and driven by two evil-looking gauchos. The bell mare whinnied as she snuffed the water. An answering neigh precluded the appearance of the loose spare horses.

"Come indoors, Don Angel," said Peter hospitably, and drew a deep breath of contentment. The bustle and confusion were beyond words comforting to him.

He led the way. They sat down in the hovel and kept glasses going until Yantele set food before them; a smoking flank of venison, a tray of saltless broken bread that had been baked a year before. Which they washed down with further draughts of fiery spirit. They smoked hot Tucuman tobacco, which engenders thirst, and went on quenching that until the stupor of debauch brought sleep, such dreamless sleep as Peter had not known for many nights. He woke at day-break with a splitting head, but grateful none the less to his complaisant guest.

That diplomat was quick to grasp at op-

portunity. He prescribed for the headache a hair of the dog which had bitten them both, and then talked business. Before the dew was dry on the sand without he had driven a bargain with his luckless host. The bags of gold dust had become his property by barter for four demijohns of overproof and bank notes for a sum proportionately small. But not without protest on Peter's part.

"It's not enough," he said as succinctly as a tripping tongue would permit. "I can't afford to trade with you at these rates, Don Angel. I could get twice as much for my color on the coast, and—I need money."

"*Pero mira, don Pedro,*" the trader urged, turning out the contents of his pockets to prove that he had paid his utmost for the parcel, "look you then how I have done my most possible. Every centavo I had I have given you, and—there is this now for luck penny!"

II

He laid on the table between them, beside a bundle of dirty bills and a half-full bottle, the letter he would assuredly have overlooked but for feeling the frayed edge of its envelope between his fumbling fingers. He had forgotten all about it during the weeks which had come and gone since he had picked it up by chance in the post office at the Point.

"*Por dios!*" said he, piously thankful for its timely interposition, "but there are few who would travel so far to oblige a friend."

Peter received the belated epistle with a scowl. He knew precisely what would have happened if he had not the other laid hands on it then.

"A thousand thanks," he said indifferently, "but this will be the last time. Your kindness costs too much. I'll take the next lot to the coast myself, Don Angel."

Don Angel shrugged his shoulders; but his eyes showed anger.

"As you will, my friend," he answered.

Silence obtained for an appreciable space, the trader, sucking stolidly at his cigar, staring out at the sun-swept plain, while Peter trifled with the tattered missive. He was not at all curious as to its contents. His only correspondents were the New York lawyers to whom he was in the habit of remitting an occasional installment toward the total at his debit in their books. Their receipts sometimes reached him thus, at others were lost

in transit. To-morrow would be time enough to scrutinize their statement of the balance still to be settled.

But the mere sight of it had brought back to his mind a train of thought which hurt him horribly. He became seized of an immediate anxiety to be alone again, a sudden craving for the stark solitude of custom.

"When do you start?" he asked, without regard to appearance.

"At this same moment," replied Urquiza with oily smoothness. "At this same moment and in haste, Don Pedro. I must ride fast and far, now that my purse is empty."

It had not been his purpose to set forth before the following day, but the sweet savor of the swindle to be thus successfully consummated would serve to solace him for the deprivation of the final drinking bout to which he had been looking forward. He would sleep all the more soundly, too, with ten or fifteen leagues of shifting sand between himself and his recalcitrant client; who might presently, perhaps, see fit to repent himself of the current transaction also. He poured out a potent stirrup cup, pledged his companion in dumb show, and sauntered toward the doorway. Peter emptied his own glass and followed him into the open air.

The peons of the trader's outfit rose sulkily at their employer's order and set about saddling their mounts. They, too, had counted on a second night in standing camp, with food and water furnished by effort other than their own. They were unnecessarily deliberate in all their movements. Peter impatiently bade Yantele assist him to expedite matters.

While they were busy thus, Urquiza took the opportunity to slip back into the empty hut and regain possession of the roll of bills on the rough table.

"If this is to be the last time," he said to himself sagaciously, "I need not leave my good money behind me." And, catching Yantele's eye at that inconvenient instant, he laid a significant hand on the silver hilt of the two-edged *facón* at his belt.

When all was ready for the road he took a long farewell of his ungracious host, who bade him a curt good-by and was unfeignedly glad to see him gallop off after the pack train; which was soon shut out of sight by a quivering curtain of refracted sun rays. The brooding silence of the waste once more walled in the well.

Peter went in out of the heat, blinking, and had one more drink to drown the distaste with which the departed Don Angel always inspired him. Whereafter there was the day's work to occupy him for his own good. He never spared himself in that respect. It was late in the afternoon before he ceased his patient sifting of sand in a distant hollow and came home, hot and dry and dusty.

At the back of the hut his bath was waiting him, a staked-out skin half filled with ice-cold water, and into that he stepped without delay. Out of the self-respect that was left him he would still take pains with his toilet; and, if his evening clothes were scarcely such as would suit the clubs he had once belonged to, there was all the old sensation of comfort in the change.

Tubbed and shaven and thoroughly tired there seemed no especial reason to deny himself a dose of his accustomed stimulant. He refilled the empty bottle from one of the demijohns and sat down beside it to anticipate supper. The letter was on the table where he had left it. He frowned as his glance fell upon the postmark. It was six months old.

"Must have been lying about for a bit," said Peter casually, and drank deep. "Perhaps I'd better open it."

He tore through one end of the envelope and extracted a single sheet of legal-looking paper, whereon was written, in crabbed characters which seemed to stand out from the page as though they had been traced in fire:

"Winans is dead. We hold his full confession."

Peter sat very still, staring, aghast, at the two simple sentences. Crisis had come upon him in his hiding place, thus, without warning. He was but ill prepared to grapple with it. The corners of his mouth drooped very wearily, his lips were white.

Winans was dead! And then?

"He was my friend," said Peter pleadingly to the inexorable past.

He had confessed in full! Peter's face softened and his eyes grew dim.

"He was my friend," said Peter.

Dusk crept into the hovel like a thief, and darkness followed. A hot north wind was blowing soundlessly across the sand.

But the man at the table did not move. His gaze was fixed on the fateful missive be-

fore him. Through its thin paper he was peering back beyond the bitter years which lay between himself and his lost youth.

III

It was springtime at Yale. He stood by himself in the throng on the campus, ill at ease in his first suit of custom-made clothes, and forlorn, notwithstanding the well-filled note case he could feel in one pocket. He was fingering it that he might thus assure himself of the reality of his surroundings. Such change of circumstance had come so recently that he could scarce believe them tangible.

His fellows fought shy of his stern exterior, although he was earnestly wishing that some one would speak to him, until there came thrusting toward him with outstretched hand a lad of his own age, but dressed in black, who said: "I know your face. Our fathers were good friends."

The which was true in some sense since it had been to his that Peter's had owed such help as was needful to exploit the patent whose early proceeds had rendered possible a college career for the workman's son. In any case it turned the creaking key to the stranger's heart. Jack Winans stepped right into that to stay.

Which was just like Jack; that genial, lovable, warm-hearted scapegrace, ally of high and humble, of rich or poor, and no man's unfriend but his own; with an indefinable charm about him to win quick confidence of man or woman.

His personality was so superb, his easy generosity so evident, his scorn for the mean and petty in life so spontaneous, that none could deny him their regard. To the outwardly stolid, indifferent Peter he was a paragon.

They two became fast friends, despite the fundamental difference in their characters. Throughout term after term they were inseparable, and Peter learned in time to look with lenient eyes upon the pranks his comrade was forever playing; as to whose strict straightforwardness he had at first had some uneasy scruples.

Studies of all sorts they put off until tomorrow, and it was no doubt for that reason that Peter's father, busy amassing money now, received such poor reports of his son's progress.

These passed unnoticed for a time, but presently there came a letter of remonstrance, sharply penned, and, after Jack in turn had read that as he read all Peter's correspondence,

"Better not go back to New York just yet," said he. "Come South with me until the storm blows over. There's only Sylvia at home now. She won't worry us."

They went together to an old-world manor in Virginia, within whose creeper-covered porch a girl was standing with glad eyes as they dismounted.

It seemed but right and proper that a gentleman like Jack should have the fairest lady in the land for sister, with a stately home to shelter her. Peter, uncomfortably conscious of his own uncouthness, bowed down and worshiped her forthwith. In his sight she was so very finely perfect, he far beneath her notice.

And she, of her innate gentillesse, accepted his clumsy devoirs with gracious tolerance.

How dear and very dear, but ah! so short, the days which followed; in that strange old world whose sun and moon and stars were all so infinitely brighter than elsewhere, where all went well, so well that Peter sometimes dared desire that it might last.

And, if he had his high ambitions, as what boy will not, who was the worse? It was sufficient for his proud humility that she should bear with him, a workman's son, awkward and shy as any rustic, for the sake of their mutual idol, Jack; Jack, always frank and debonair as well became a scion of the South whose ancestry went back to Walter Raleigh.

When it was time to go, he went, silent and self-contained, deeper in Winans's debt than ever.

And, in due sequence he paid, lavishly, with open hand. He had been paying throughout the dreadful years which had dragged past since he had found out that their idol had feet of clay.

He was paying still.

The moon rose. Its relentless rays lit up the sordid present. Peter threw down the letter, and, rubbing his eyes, erased the pictured past. In its place he saw confronting him the problem he must solve a second time, for better or for worse, without delay. Since the dead had left such a legacy, a dumb and living man must once more sort the tangled skein in which fate had en-

meshed them both. He got up with a gesture of despair.

"I don't know what to do now," he said shakily, speaking aloud as had become his custom. "There's one thing sure, though—I must cut the rum right out!"

The words recoiled upon him, choked back by the heavy, tomblike quiet. A vague sense of his utter loneliness stirred in his mind.

"Yantele!" he cried uncomfortably, but no answer was vouchsafed him. Nor was there any echo to keep him company.

"Damn it!" he swore with futile frenzy. "I want my supper, and—and—" He dashed out of the hut, calling his servant with increasing anger. No one was visible. The cooking fire was cold and black. Even the Indian had deserted him.

He turned back hastily, and lit his lamp, a lidless can of congealed fat with floating wick, which smelled most evilly. Forgetful of his resolution to the contrary, he swallowed a second dose of rum to stay his sinking heart. Then he sat down again to think.

"I can't stay here alone," he cogitated, "and—I can't get away without a horse. It's close on a hundred leagues to the coast, and terrible traveling.

"But I'll have to manage it somehow, and cable those precious lawyers of mine about that paper. They should have had sense enough to know what to do with it.

"Then, with the money I have—" He paused to reflect, his forehead wrinkled. "The money I have— Now where the devil's the money I have? I left it beside this letter."

He scanned the table, examined the floor, turned all his belongings inside out, hurriedly but without result. More systematic and assiduous research failed to disclose the slightest trace of his cash assets, lacking which he was indeed left desolate.

"Yantele's taken it," he finally inferred, and so dismissed that subject from his thoughts. It was too late for gainless grieving over such spilled milk.

But his face fell at thought of the prospect before him now.

"It'll take me months to wash enough dust to get away with," he muttered miserably, "and in the meantime I'll go mad, I think.

"I can't stay here alone. I must make for the coast on foot."

He kicked his only chair aside, and sat down on the sloping floor, between two demijohns.

"Let's forget it, Peter," he concluded. "There's no use starting to-night. It will be time enough to turn teetotaler to-morrow."

IV

DAY broke. The sun rose on a desert gray and gold. A cool breeze swept across the dew-damp sand. Peter still slept, turning from side to side, restlessly, murmuring.

Over the world's edge, 'twixt earth and sky, far off, came creeping four black, fly-like figures, and, at another point, a fifth, yet smaller, crawled more slowly out of space into the circular expanse about the hovel. The single speck would apparently have fled from its swifter neighbors, but they achieved its capture, and, after a brief interval, turned with it toward the well, growing in bulk till they assumed the shapes of human beings, all but one on horseback. That one led the way.

There were no landmarks visible. Only an Indian could have steered straight through the trackless waste, as he did.

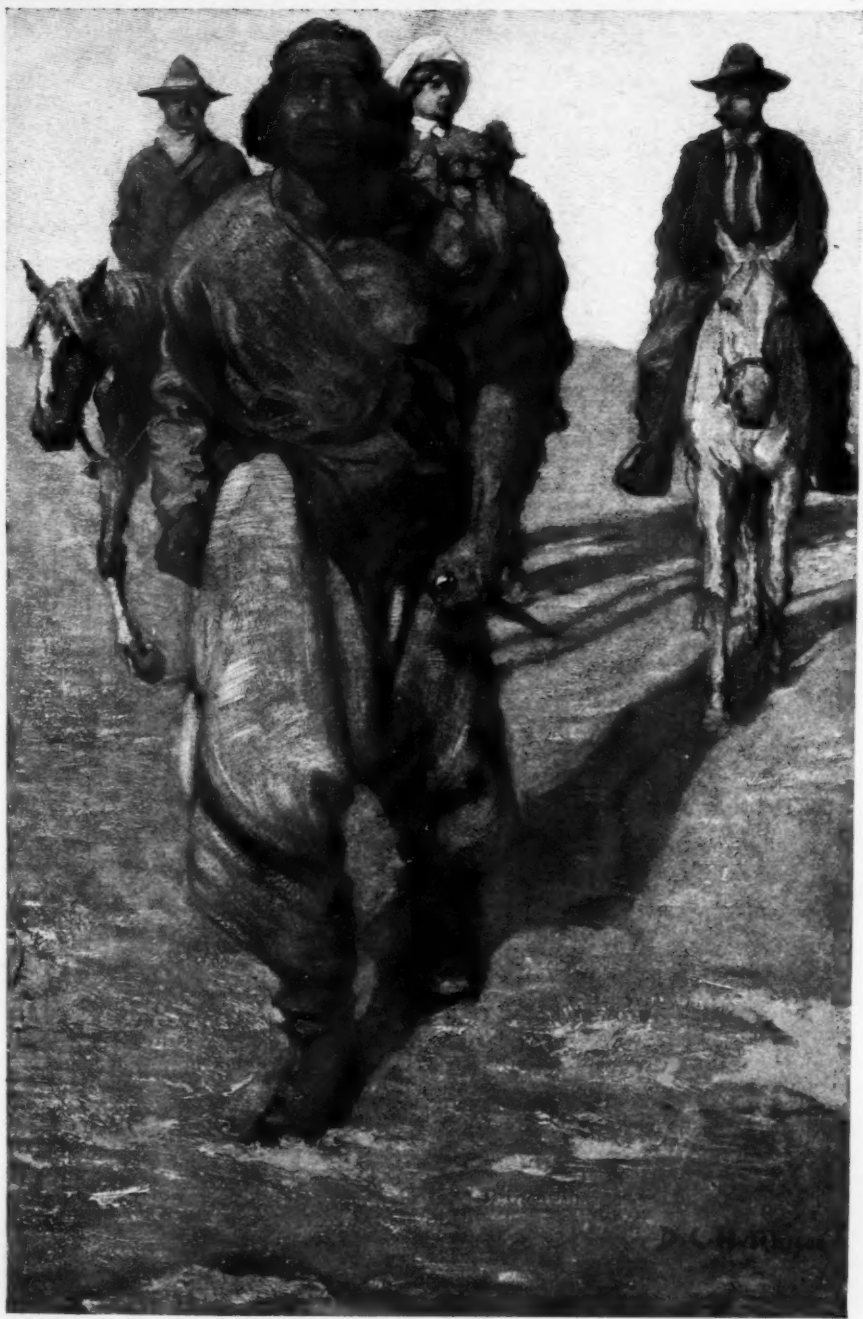
He was an Indian. His name was Yantele. In one hand he was carrying a bundle of dirty bills and in the other a two-edged dagger with silver hilt which had once belonged to Don Angel Urquiza. On his face was a placid, retrospective smile and a deep, dripping gash. His body also showed that he had lately taken part in conflict. He was footsore, had traveled far.

Of those who followed him, one was a woman of the north and very fair. There were two white men of her own people with her, and the fourth was a swart gaucho from the coast, glad to be thus relieved of his responsibilities as guide. At the brow of the cuplike hollow whose heart was water they halted. The white folk hurried toward the hut, throwing the reins to their retainers.

"There's some one here," the first man said, looking inside with a suspicious sniff. "But, say— You'd better wait—"

The girl at his shoulder had seen for herself. She stood and stared, and stared again at the prone body on the floor, head pillowed on a great stone jar.

"It's he!" she said, her eyes dilated.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"Of those who followed him, one was a woman of the north."

She had but whispered. The two men heard her. Their glances met. They turned and left her without a word.

Trembling, she stepped across the threshold. The atmosphere was heavy with the odor of stale spirits. She hung back, shuddered.

"He didn't—didn't drink in the old days," she told herself. Her eyes were wet with misery.

She went still nearer, curbing the dread with which his condition inspired her. She and a dead man, her kin, were deeper in this poor drunkard's debt than she in her old blind pride of race could have thought possible. She would repay—would repay to the uttermost of her powers.

Humbly she kneeled beside him, thrusting the jar away, taking his hot, disheveled head on her lap that he might rest more at his ease. For he had been tossing to and fro in disquiet, mumbling fragments of speech. And there she stayed, doing most hurtful penance for sin that was none of hers.

She had done much already, had made such reparation as she might for a wrong irreparable, since that dark day when her brother Jack, on his haunted deathbed, had bidden her write down for him his belated confession. There were lines at her lips and nostrils now which had not been there before. It had almost broken her heart to hear what he had to tell: that he had allowed the workman's son to endure in his stead.

She had passed through a fiery furnace whose fuel was hope, coming forth from that, sorely scathed, to take up the burden bequeathed her.

How much it had hurt her when Peter had disappeared none knew but herself. She had always believed in her brother's taciturn chum, and her belief had not wavered, although the world at large had adjudged him guilty; not even when his own father, embittered by his inexplicably stubborn silence under accusal, had felt impelled to disown him. And, now that she knew his pitiful reason therefor, the fullness of his abnegation appalled her. Since the man for whom, out of his great love, he had given his life had been laid away in the last poor refuge, how could she hope to requite such sacrifice as she most surely must.

Peter already stood reestablished in all men's eyes by virtue of that paper which she had shrinkingly placed in the hands of his

lawyers. His father was waiting to beg his forgiveness, to welcome him. Guilt lay where it belonged, in her brother's grave. And after the exile had seemed to ignore the urgent messages sent overseas broadcast to bid him come back to his own she herself had forced from his worried lawyers the jealously guarded secret of his asylum, starting therefor on the instant.

She had done what she could. She would do more, if that were possible, but—it was all very hard to bear. In that squalid Gethsemane of the desert, looking down at the wreck of the workman's son, she suffered the extreme agony.

Her anguished glance fell on a sheet of paper on the floor, and the words written on it stamped themselves upon her sight.

"Winans is dead. We hold his full confession."

It seemed then that he knew already what she had come to tell him. And, underneath, scrawled in a big, schoolboy hand, there was the resolution he had reached:

"Burn Winans document."

At such cost he would have kept even her brother's memory clean.

She had once been wont to treat him with gracious tolerance! Great tears welled up from her aching heart. One splashed on the sleeper's face, and, out of dreamland, a hoarse voice said "Sylvia," very wistfully.

Scarlet with shame she scanned his haggard, unshaven countenance, but the eyelashes still lay close; there was no sign of wakening.

"I did it all for your sake, dear!" the sleeper said, and moaned.

She stayed where she was and motionless, slow down dispelling the darkness in which she had wandered so wearily that she was almost spent.

It was for her sake—hers!

In her wounded heart that had held its own secret so closely were sunshine and singing, but no more tears.

"Peter!" she whispered piteously, and, stooping down to him, kissed him with infinite tenderness on the lips.

The grievous impress left there by his time of torment faded from his drawn face.

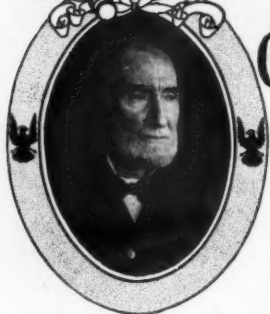
Lingeringly, very reluctant to leave the realm through which she had come to him thus, he let go his hold on the gateway of dreams, woke, and looked up at her with bloodshot, startled eyes.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

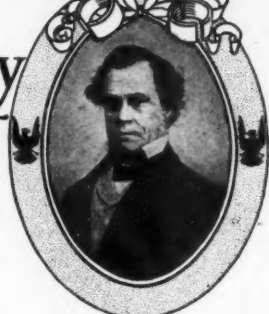
"Peter!" she whispered pitiously.

Speaker Cannon's Memories of Owen Lovejoy



by

Jewell H. Aubere



O one who knows Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, well, and comes to realize what a hard-headed, practical sort of a man he is, will ever assert that he is in any sense a hero worshiper. Yet in weeks of close association with the great legislator it is easy to discover that he has constantly before him certain ideals among men of past generations, contemporaneous with his early manhood, who made an indelible impress upon him. In shaping his own life he has not forgotten them.

The rugged, homely qualities possessed by Mr. Cannon, which have endeared him to a remarkably large clientele all over the country, have by association brought to mind Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President. Then, too, the rugged facial lines of the Speaker, in profile, sharply remind one of the most frequently seen counterfeit of the face of the dead Lincoln. Mr. Cannon often talks of Mr. Lincoln and delights in Lincoln mannerisms and Lincoln stories. Not unlike Lincoln he has the fashion of making his meaning clear, in argument or debate, by telling a fable or a parable, or applying or adapting a biblical quotation or allusion.

But Abraham Lincoln is not the sole idol of Mr. Cannon. If he has such, it is Owen Lovejoy, an Illinoisan, of the Civil War period, who served in Congress and about whom the Speaker is content to talk by the

hour. Owen Lovejoy did not gain the fame of martyrdom that came to his brother Elijah, the editor and speaker, who lost his life in defense of a free press and free speech. To Elijah Lovejoy's memory the people have erected a tall and ornate shaft which looks out over the broad expanse of the Mississippi River from the bluffs back of the town of Alton in Illinois. Yet it seems Mr. Cannon believed Owen Lovejoy to be one of the great and strong men of his time. He frankly declares that as a campaign orator or "stump speaker," the world has never seen his equal. His moral as well as physical courage appeals strongly to the Speaker, for there is no man who has in greater degree the contempt of Mr. Cannon for the coward in public life.

This past year when the Speaker himself made one of the most wonderful campaign tours ever made by a man of his years, what he says of campaigning in the time when our great internecine strife was impending, and when men were moved and wrought up as they had never been in the history of the Republic, takes on more than ordinary interest.

It was while on his great campaign tour, as I sat beside him in the private car furnished by the Republican Congressional committee, that he told me of Owen Lovejoy and why, to him, he appeared one of the greatest and strongest figures of his time. The car was bowling along behind a line of Pullmans over the steep grades of the West Virginia mountains, often swerving back and forth and

threatening to crack like the lash of a whip as we wound sharply around curves or dashed from rough and stony heights toward the fertile valleys below. I had so often heard him refer to Owen Lovejoy in those weeks of riding and campaigning, that I did not hesitate to ask him as to his idol and why he looked upon him as such.

"Owen Lovejoy," said the Speaker with a reminiscent look on his face, "was the strongest stumpster in our State. The northern part at that time, just before the Civil War, was two or three years ahead of the southern part in sentiment. The cry of 'nigger' affected them less. The people of the northern portion who had settled there came from New York and New England. But down in the extreme southern part of the State four fifths of the sentiment had been made from the South. In the central portion the sentiment was about equally divided. It was in this part where I lived and where Owen Lovejoy saw his greatest field of activity. After the campaign opened the fighting was from the shoulder, and the State committee concluded that Lovejoy had better go down in the central and southern portions of the State to make some speeches. I heard him make three. One was at Champaign where three fourths of the crowd were with him, and it was a great crowd. Next I heard him at Mattoon where, perhaps, three fifths of his audience were on his side. The next time I heard him speak was down at Greenup in Cumberland County, on the Vandalia Railroad. At that time the sun did not rise for the Republicans down there on election day until along late in the afternoon. The population was composed of people formerly from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, and nine tenths of all the people were from the South.

"Word was sent out that Owen Lovejoy would not be permitted to make a speech in Greenup, but he made his speech and he made it right from the shoulder.

"I was in Coles County at the time I have in mind. I ran across an acquaintance of mine who was going to hear Lovejoy speak or attempt to speak. He had borrowed his brother's buggy, the brother at the time happening to be in Ohio. I had intended to walk, but you can understand how readily I accepted his suggestion of riding with him. My companion was a good, clever fellow, and as we drove toward Greenup we saw vehicles coming from every direction. Some folks

were walking, many on horseback; lumber wagons were filled with folks, and there were vehicles of every description. It seemed to me that most of the population of Cumberland County was in Greenup that day. I never saw such a crowd at an afternoon meeting in all my political experience with the exception of one or two great mass meetings in large cities in recent years.

"There were many and repeated threats that Lovejoy would not be allowed to speak and that the attempt to hold a meeting would result in all kinds of trouble and, perhaps, serious rioting. The facilities of the little town were taxed to the utmost to care for the visitors. It would have been impossible for all of the people to be accommodated, but a majority of them brought their own things to eat and camped out in the open places near the town or on vacant town lots near their wagons.

"The time came for the meeting and it was called to order. Everything seemed to be under stress of suppressed excitement. It was opened by the Lombard Singers. They were famous campaign singers in their time. You don't hear the sort of singing they did in these days. The crowd seemed to be in fairly good humor, but all around you could hear such expressions as 'niggerskin' and 'd—— abolitionist' and all this, that, and the other.

"After the singing Lovejoy got up to talk. Curiosity got the better of many of those who had been determined to interrupt him and prevent him from talking. There were many people there who did not agree with him in any way, but among them was a generous sprinkling who wanted him to have a show for his white alley. Then, too, there were many of his friends there, scattered through the crowd, waiting developments. If anybody had tried to stop that speech, serious trouble surely would have developed and another regrettable incident would have been added to the many of that troublous time.

"I will always remember my first sight of Owen Lovejoy. I saw a big, heavy man, with a shock of thick, dark hair. When you looked into his face you knew he could lick his weight in wildcats, if necessary."

Mr. Cannon had grown interested in his recital. He stood erect in the drawing-room of the car and with hands thrust deep into his pockets and his kindly gray eye bright with the recollection he continued:

"Lovejoy looked over the crowd, turning his eyes from group to group of faces in the mass before him. Then, with the utmost deliberation, he said, 'I have been told that Owen Lovejoy would not be here to-day, and that if he did come he would not be allowed to speak. The oldest member of my family lies in his grave at Alton over on the Mississippi, a victim of mob violence. He died in the defense of liberty. It is the most a man can do in any cause. I will speak here to-day.' You could have heard a leaf rustle anywhere, almost heard a pin drop."

The Speaker was now so interested that he was using his well-known full-arm windmill-sweep gestures, and in a second more as he quoted Lovejoy his voice simulated the deep tones of the man of that former day, and his eyes burned with some reflection of the enthusiasm which must have prompted Lovejoy.

"Well, he began to speak," said Mr. Cannon. "He was not afraid, and right from the first, when he had occasion to do so, he called a spade a spade. It did not take him more than ten minutes to get full attention and almost possession of that crowd. Even at this distant day I can remember what he said finally, as though his voice was still ringing in my ears. 'I am called an abolitionist,' he shouted. 'Some Republicans are afraid of being classed with me. If I am an abolitionist, make the most of it, and you must know that there are many more like me.'"

"Lovejoy had exquisite control of his voice, and he used all of his powers of persuasion and pathos on that half-hostile crowd facing him. 'I'll try this case,' said Lovejoy."

Here Mr. Cannon simulated the manner of the barrister of the old school who addressed a jury:

"I want twelve men, all of them Democrats, to stand up," said Lovejoy. Then turning to them he began again: 'You will well and truly hear the statement touching the question I am about to put, and a true verdict render as you shall answer at the last judgment day.'

"Lovejoy seemed to look far away into the distant treetops, now," said Mr. Cannon, "and his face had the absent, strained look of one seeing a vision of distant happenings as he continued: 'On a plantation in the distant southland, in the low miasmatic swamps,

there was a woman. She was young, handsome, and, under God's law, had as much right to live and control her own actions as any of us. She was of one eighth African and seven eighths white blood, just like your blood and mine. The overseer of the plantation, where she was held in bondage, sought to persecute her because she would not assent to his advances. She escaped into the swamps. Bloodhounds were set on her trail. She boarded a little steamboat which plied on a small river which emptied into the great Father of Waters. In the fullness of time she landed at the first station in Illinois, name not given, and proceeded from station to station. Finally she arrived in Princeton.'"

Mr. Cannon was now swaying back and forth in time with the slow cadence of his voice, and as his intoning grew low and full of pathos it was not difficult to imagine the effect the words of Lovejoy had on the audience of that distant time.

"Lovejoy was approaching his climax," said the Speaker, "'I myself, Owen Lovejoy, was the keeper of that station at Princeton. She came to my house hungry and told me her story. She was fairer than my own daughter, proud and tall and beautiful. She was naked and I clothed her. She was hungry and I gave her bread. She was penniless and I gave her money. She was unable to reach the next station and I sent her to it. So, from station to station she crossed the northland far from the baying dogs on her trail and out from under the shadow of the flag we love and venerate into Canada. To-day she lives there a free and happy woman.'

"As Lovejoy reached the end of his simple recital some people openly sobbed and cried. He turned his eyes to the faces of his audience and thundered, 'As you shall answer to God what would you have done? Get up. Rise, men, and give your verdict.' Heads were held up and men and women jumped to their feet. There were cries of 'You did right' and 'We would have done the same.' It was wonderful to see what an effect the tale of the man, with his great magnetism and fine presence, had on that gathering of men who in their hearts came to the meeting with hostility toward him."

Having delivered himself of the exact words of the orator of half a century ago, Mr. Cannon seemed to search his memory for something further to support his attitude as

to the greatness of his idol. He began with a renewed eulogy of him:

"Lovejoy was a wonderful man, and while he was more extreme than Lincoln he was a vote maker and a vote getter. David Davis thought he was so extreme in his views and utterances that he spoiled votes, but I say to you that he had ability like John the Baptist, and his cry in the wilderness prepared the way for the great leaders who came after him and saved the Republic in the Civil War time. Lincoln was, of course, the leader then and afterwards, but Lovejoy made more votes for the Republican Party than any other man, than Lincoln."

Again Mr. Cannon was thoughtful as he pulled at his short, black cigar and tilted it up toward his hat brim.

"I'll give you just one more incident about Lovejoy that will show you the kind of a man he was, and the sort of moral courage he possessed. You know pretty well the history of the Emancipation Proclamation," said the Speaker. "It was written months before it was promulgated. Lincoln came from the border land between the North and South, and he knew the temper of the people, and what was best for the nation, better than any man of his time. He seemed to possess the power of divination in a startling degree. Before there was real war between the organized forces of the North and the South there was a close approach to war in the border land of southern Illinois and Ohio and much nearer real war across the river in Kentucky.

"You remember how that committee of preachers went down to Washington in 1862 and wanted Mr. Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. Fremont had moved off in that direction first, you will remember, and his order had to be rescinded. I believe if the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued at that time we never would have succeeded in putting down the rebellion. The country was not ready for it. When the preachers came to Lincoln, he listened intently to all they had to say, and then turning to them he inquired: 'Don't you think to issue the proclamation now would be like unto the Pope's bull against the comet?' Lincoln knew full well that the time was not right. He waited his time.

"September came, and then Lincoln gave notice to the rebels that unless they laid down their arms and acknowledged the supremacy of the national government, he would free

all the slaves. It was a war measure and in time of war all laws are silent. That is an old maxim. It was issued about the right time, take the whole country over, but it surely caused a deplorable time in Illinois and Indiana. When the election came, great Heavens, the majorities they swept into the legislatures!—Democratic majorities, copperhead majorities. But Yates was governor in Illinois and Morton was governor in Indiana, and they were able to control the situation as strong statesmen and patriots."

Mr. Cannon wagged his head in a knowing way which he often affects.

"The Republican Convention in Illinois to nominate a State ticket in 1862," he said, "met in the spring, about a week after the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued. All of the detestable cowards, all the conservatives, and a good many radicals were gathered at the convention. Those were pretty dark days for the party as well as for the Republic. The cowards seemed to be in the majority.

"The committee on resolutions was appointed at an early stage of the convention, with Burton C. Cook, of Chicago, as chairman. Owen Lovejoy was there. The committee brought in a set of resolutions covering nearly every topic then before the people, but there was not a reference to the Emancipation Proclamation. On this point it was silent. Probably one half of the delegates in the convention wanted to avoid the issue.

"While the resolutions were being read Owen Lovejoy began to shake his head. Then Owen Lovejoy began to shake his fist. Then he jumped to his feet. Many of them knew what was coming and wanted to get around the subject without a scene. They began to yell, 'Sit down!' 'Sit down!' He got up on his chair and with flashing eyes looked around at the faces of the delegates turned up toward his and at the wild sea of waving arms. 'I will not sit down,' he shouted above the clamor. 'You may cry peace, peace, but it is the refuge of cowards you seek.'

"He had their attention now," said Mr. Cannon, "and he proceeded in thunderous tones: 'The Constitution which spreads over us guarantees freedom of speech, and that constitutional right I now demand.' Chairman Cook said: 'The convention will be in order. The gentleman from Bureau County has the floor.' Some of them were in despair at this

evident intention of the chairman to let Owen Lovejoy talk. Lovejoy talked for ten or fifteen minutes, and he dealt out some plain truths which made necks stiffen up and faces grow hard and defiant. It was easy for me to pick out the cowardly fellows who wanted to do the right thing but who did not have the courage. Then, too, I could see the disappointed conservative fellows who wished the man in that place where everlasting fire is supposed to burn. But in a short time his fiery eloquence and his commanding presence had won respectful attention and had begun to convince many who were doubtful as to just what should be done."

Again there was the dreamy but almost inspired look on the face of the venerable Speaker as he let his memory serve him. Mr. Cannon continued:

"I well remember a portion of his speech, almost as well as though I could hear his resonant voice now ringing through the car here above the clatter of the wheels over the rails. 'Mr. Chairman,' he finally thundered,

'I send the following amendment to the resolutions reported by the committee, to the platform.' The amendment was a square indorsement of the Emancipation Proclamation. The chairman put it to a vote and the fellows who had all along acted the coward did not respond. Chairman Cook, though, was one of those who had been won by Lovejoy and he declared: 'The amendment is agreed to and without objection the platform as amended will stand adopted.' All eyes were turned toward the place where Owen Lovejoy sat. He jumped to his feet and exclaimed: 'I can say now as said Simeon of old, "Let my spirit depart in peace, for mine eyes have beheld thy salvation."'"

The Speaker smiled and then again with serious face remarked: "Owen Lovejoy was one of the wonderfully strong men of his time. Lovejoy was an evangelist, not a leader in politics to be followed. He was not such a leader as Lincoln, who was born down our way and raised in my State. Owen Lovejoy came from New England, you know."

THE CUP OF LIFE

By EDITH WYATT

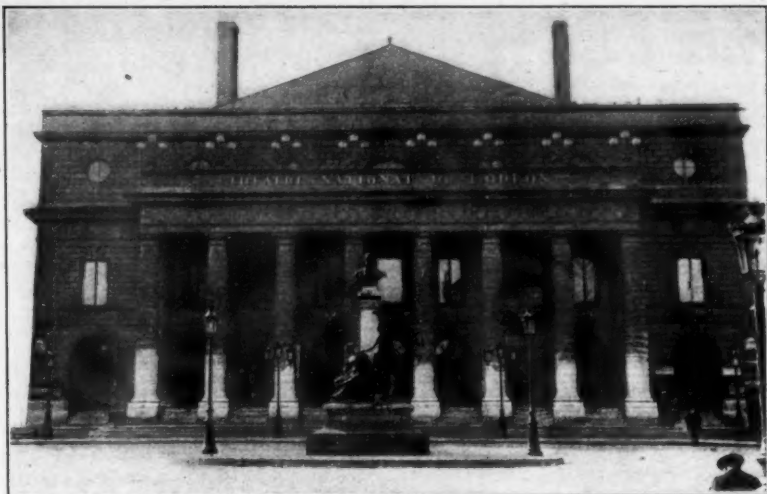
OF all the vintage in the world
One single cup of wine,
One cup of life, one cup of death,
One destiny is mine.

I'd not give up that special cup
My fates have filled for me
For any other in all time
Or all eternity.

For in my time and in my place
No foot has stood before:
My taste of fortune, fine or base,
No lips can know of more.

So, might I choose, I would not lose
For nectared draughts divine
This deep-spiced vintage here and now,
In mine own place and time.

Mine be the strength to lift it up
In pride, drink full and free;
And standing drain the mortal cup
My fates have poured for me.



THE FAÇADE OF THE ODÉON

Where Madame Bernhardt established her hospital.

MY EXPERIENCES DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS

BY SARAH BERNHARDT

I. I ESTABLISH A MILITARY HOSPITAL



VII days had come upon us! Paris began to get feverish and excited. The streets were black with groups of people, discussing and gesticulating. And all this noise was only the echo of far distant groups, gathered together in German streets. These other groups were yelling, gesticulating, and discussing, but they knew, while we did not know.

On the 19th of July, 1870, war was declared and Paris became the theater of the most touching and burlesque scenes. Young men, gone wild, were yelling the "Marseillaise" and rushing along the streets in close file, shouting over and over again, "To Berlin!"

My heart used to beat wildly, for I, too, thought that they were going to Berlin. I understood the fury they felt, for these people had provoked us without plausible reasons, but at the same time it seemed to me that they were getting ready for this great occasion without sufficient respect and dignity. My own impotence made me feel rebellious, and when I saw all the mothers, with pale faces and eyes swollen with crying, holding their boys in their arms and kissing them in despair, the most frightful anguish seemed to choke me. I cried, too, almost unceasingly, and I was wearing myself away with anxiety, but I did not foresee the horrible catastrophe that was to take place.

The war news led us to hope for victory.

There was great joy and a certain emotion felt by everyone on hearing that the young Prince Imperial had received his baptism of fire at Saarbruck.

Life seemed to me beautiful again, for I had great confidence in the issue of the war. I pitied the Germans for having embarked on such an adventure. But, alas! the glorious progress which my brain had been so active in imagining was cut short by the atrocious news from Ste. Privat.

After Ste. Privat came Gravelotte, where 36,000 men, French and German, were cut down in a few hours. Then came the sublime but powerless efforts of MacMahon, who was repulsed as far as Sedan; and finally Sedan! Sedan! Ah! the horrible awakening. A hundred thousand men! A hundred thousand Frenchmen had to capitulate and the Emperor of France had to hand his sword over to the King of Prussia!

Ah! that cry of grief, that cry of rage uttered by the whole nation! It can never be forgotten!

We then arranged for the departure of the whole family, with the exception of myself, as I wanted to stay in Paris during the siege. My mother, my little boy and his nurse, my sisters, my Aunt Annette, who kept house for me, and my mother's maid were all ready to start a few days later. It was the first time I had been separated from the little child who was dearer to me than the whole world.

The idea never for an instant occurred to me that I might have gone away with him. I thought that I might be of some use in Paris. It seemed to me that everyone who was well ought to stay in Paris. For some days I was perfectly dazed, missing the usual life around me, and missing the affection of those I loved. The defense, however, was being organized and I decided to use my strength and intelligence in tending the wounded.

The question was where could we install a hospital? The Odéon Théâtre had closed its doors, but I moved heaven and earth to get permission to organize a military hospital there, and, thanks to Émile de Girardin and Duquesnal, my wish was granted. I went to the War Office and my offers were accepted.

The next difficulty was that I wanted food. I wrote a line to the Prefect of Police. A military courier arrived very soon, bringing me a note from the Prefect, as follows:

Madame: If you could possibly come at once I would wait for you until six o'clock. Excuse the earliness of the hour, but I have to be at the Chamber

at nine in the morning, and, as your note seems to be urgent, I am anxious to do all I can to be of service to you.

COMTE DE KÉRATRY.

I remembered a Comte de Kératry who had been introduced to me at my aunt's house the evening I had recited poetry accompanied by Rossini. He was a young lieutenant, good-looking, witty, and lively. He had introduced me to his mother, a very charming woman, and I had recited poetry at her *soirées*. The young lieutenant had gone to Mexico, and for some time we had kept up a correspondence, but this had gradually ceased and we had not met again.

My heart was very heavy when we came to the stone steps of the Tuileries Palace, where the Prefect had his offices. Only a few months previously, one April evening, I had been there. Then, as now, a footman had come forward to open the door of my carriage, but the April sunshine had then lighted up the steps, caught the shining lamps of the state carriages, and sent its rays in all directions. There had been a busy, joyful coming and going of the officers, and elegant salutes had been exchanged. The Palace was no longer the same. The very atmosphere had changed. Ah! the beautiful French Empress. I could see her again in her blue dress embroidered with silver, calling to her aid Cinderella's good fairy to help her on again with her little slipper. The delightful young Prince Imperial, too; I could see him helping me to place the pots of verbenas and marguerites, and holding in his arms, which were not strong enough for it, a huge pot of rhododendrons, behind which his handsome face completely disappeared. I could see the Emperor Napoleon III himself with his half-closed eyes, clapping his hands at the rehearsal of the courtesies intended for him.

I stopped a minute to wipe my eyes before entering the Prefect's suite of rooms. On entering his room what was my surprise to recognize in him the lieutenant I knew. He had become Captain and then Prefect of the Seine. When my name was announced by the usher, he sprang up from his chair and came forward with his face beaming and both hands stretched out.

"Ah! you had forgotten me," he said.

"But I never thought I was coming to see you," I replied, "and I am delighted," I continued, "for you will let me have everything I ask for."

"Only that!" he remarked, with a short burst of laughter. "Well, will you give your orders, Madame?" he continued.

"Oh! let me get my breath," exclaimed the Count-Prefect. "You speak so quickly that I am gasping."

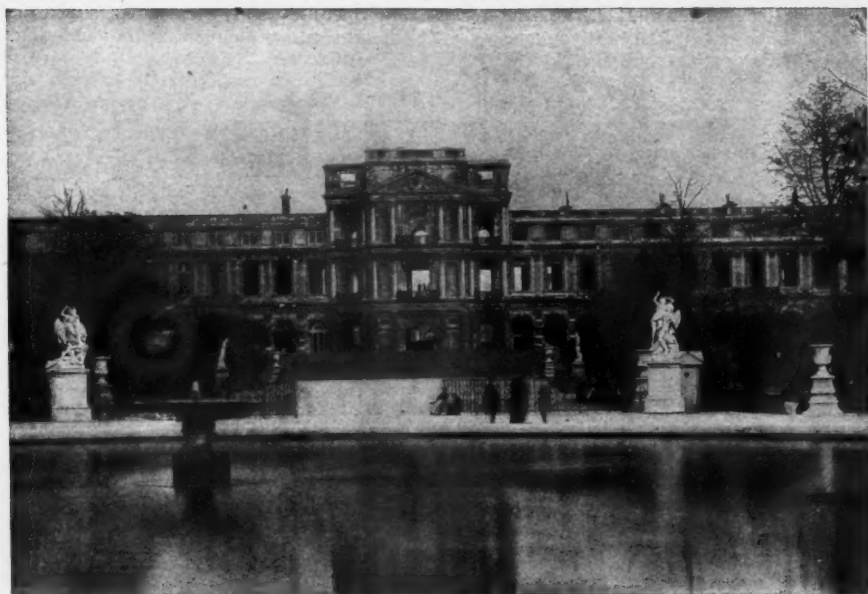


SARAH BERNHARDT

From the famous portrait in the Théâtre Française, painted by Parrot, 1875.

"Yes, I want bread, milk, meat, vegetables, sugar, wine, brandy, potatoes, eggs, coffee," I said in one breath.

I was quiet a moment and then I continued: "I have started a hospital at the Odéon, but as it is a military hospital, the municipal au-



THE RUINS OF THE TUILERIES

thorities refuse me food. I have five wounded men already, and I can manage for them, but other wounded men are being sent to me."

"You shall be supplied above and beyond all your wishes," said the Prefect. "There is food in the Palace which was being stored by the unfortunate Empress. She had prepared enough for months and months. I will have all you want sent to you, except meat, bread, and milk, and as regards these I will give orders that your hospital shall be included in the municipal service, although it is a military one. Then I will give you an order for salt and some other things, which you will be able to get from the Opéra."

"From the Opéra!" I repeated, looking at him incredulously. "But it is only being built, and there is nothing but scaffolding."

"Yes, but you must go through the little doorway under the scaffolding opposite the Rue Scribe; you then go up the little spiral staircase leading to the provision office, and there your wants will be supplied."

"There is still something else I want to ask," I said.

"Go on, I am quite resigned, and ready for your orders," he replied.

"Well, I am very uneasy," I said, "for they have put a stock of powder in the cellars under the Odéon. If Paris were to be bombarded and a shell should fall on the building, we should all be blown up, and that is not the aim and object of a hospital."

"You are quite right," said the kind man, "and nothing could be more stupid than to store powder there. Now are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, shaking hands with him cordially with both hands. "You have been most kind and charming. Thank you very much."

I then moved toward the door, but I stood still again suddenly, as if hypnotized by an overcoat hanging over a chair. I looked beseechingly at the young Prefect, but he did not understand.

"What can I do now to oblige you, beautiful Madonna?" he asked.

I pointed to the coat and tried to look as charming as possible.

"I am very sorry," he said, bewildered, "but I do not understand at all."

I was still pointing to the coat.

"Give it me, will you?" I said.

"My overcoat?"

"Yes."

"What do you want it for?"

"For my wounded men when they are convalescent."

He sank down on a chair in a fit of laughter. I was rather vexed at this outburst.

"There is nothing so funny about it," I said. "I have a poor fellow, for instance, whose two fingers have been taken off. He does not need to stay in bed for that, naturally, and his soldier's cape is not warm enough. It is very difficult to warm the big *joyer* of the Odéon sufficiently, and those who are well enough have to be there. The man I tell you about is warm enough at present, because I took Henry Fould's overcoat, when he came to see me the other day. My poor soldier is huge and as Henry Fould is a giant I might never have had such an opportunity again. I shall want a great many overcoats, though, and this looks very warm."

I stroked the furry lining of the coveted garment, and the young Prefect, still choking with laughter, began to empty the pockets of his overcoat. He pulled out a magnificent white silk muffler from the largest pocket.

"Will you allow me to keep my muffler?" he asked.

I put on a resigned expression and nodded my consent. Our host then rang, and when the usher appeared he handed me the overcoat, and said in a solemn voice, in spite of the laughter in his eyes:

"Will you carry this to the carriage for these ladies?"

Some days later I called on another errand, and on entering the Prefect's room I was petrified to see him, instead of advancing to meet me, rush toward a cupboard, open the door, and fling something hastily into it. After this he leaned back against the door.

"Excuse me," he said, in a mocking tone, "but I took a violent cold after your first visit. I have just put my overcoat—oh! only an ugly, old overcoat, not a warm one," he added quickly, "but still an overcoat—inside there, and I will take the key out of the lock."

Our conversation soon took a more serious turn, though, for the news was very bad. For the last twelve days the hospitals had been crowded with the wounded. Everything was in a bad way. The Germans were advancing on Paris. The army of the Loire was being formed. Gambetta, Chanzy, Bourbaki, and Trochu were organizing a desperate de-

fense. I shook hands with him, told him I had received all he had sent, and returned to my hospital.

I had organized my hospital with a very small staff. My cook was installed in the public *joyer*. I had bought her an immense cooking range so that she could make soups and herb tea for fifty men. Her husband was chief attendant. I had given him two assistants, and Mme. Guérard, Mme. Lambquin, and I were the nurses. Two of us sat up at night, so that we each went to bed every third night. I preferred this to taking on some woman whom I did not know. Mme. Lambquin belonged to the Odéon, where she used to take the part of the duennas. My various friends who were on service at the fortifications came to me in their free time to do my secretarial work. I had to keep a book, which was shown every day to a sergeant who came from the Val-de-Grace military hospital, giving all details as to how many men came into our hospital, how many died, and how many recovered and left. Paris was in a state of siege, and no one could go far outside the walls, and no news from outside could be received. Baron Larrey came now and then to see me, and I had, as head surgeon, Dr. Duchesne, who gave up his whole time, night and day, during the five months that this truly frightful nightmare lasted.

I cannot recall those terrible days without the deepest emotion. It was no longer the country in danger that kept my nerves strung up, but the sufferings of all her children. There were all those who were away fighting, those who were brought in to us wounded or dying, the noble women of the people, who stood for hours and hours in line to get the necessary dole of bread, meat, and milk for their poor little ones at home. Ah! those poor women. I could see them from the theater windows, pressing up close to each other, blue with cold, and stamping their feet on the ground to keep them from freezing, for that winter was the most cruel one we had had for twenty years. Frequently one of these poor, silent heroines was brought in to me, either in a swoon from fatigue or half frozen.

My hospital was full. I had sixty beds and was obliged to improvise ten more. The soldiers were installed in the artistes' *joyer* and in the general *joyer*, and the officers in a room formerly used for refreshments.

One day a young Breton named Marie Le



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

From a photograph taken by W. & D. Downey in 1871.

Gallec was brought in. He had been struck by a bullet in the chest and another in the wrist. Dr. Duchesne bound up his chest firmly and splintered his wrist. He then said to me very simply:

"Let him have everything he likes; he is dying."

I bent over his bed and said to him:

"Tell me anything that would give you pleasure, Marie Le Gallec."

"Soup," he answered promptly, in the most comic way.

Mme. Guérard hurried away to the kitchen and soon returned with a bowl of broth and pieces of toast. I placed the bowl on the

little wooden shelf with four short legs, which was so convenient for the meals of our poor sufferers. The wounded man looked up at me and said:

"Barra!" I did not understand and he repeated: "Barra!" His poor chest caused him to hiss out the word and he made the greatest efforts to repeat his emphatic request. I was informed that the word "barra" meant bread. I hurried at once to Le Gallec with a large piece of bread. His face lighted up and, taking it from me with his sound hand, he broke it up with his teeth and let the pieces fall in the bowl. He then plunged his spoon into the middle of the broth



NAPOLEON III

From his last photograph taken by W. & D. Downey, 1872.

and filled it up with bread until the spoon could stand upright in it. When it stood up without shaking about, the young soldier smiled. He was just preparing to eat this horrible concoction when the young priest from St. Sulpice, who had my hospital in charge, arrived. I had sent for him on hearing the doctor's sad verdict. He laid his hand gently on the young man's shoulder, thus stopping the movement of his arm. The poor fellow looked up at the priest, who showed him the Holy Cup.

"Oh!" he said simply, and then, placing his coarse handkerchief over the steaming soup, he put his hands together. We had arranged the two screens, which we used for

isolating the dead or dying, around his bed. He was left alone with the priest while I went on my rounds to calm the murmurers, or help the believers to raise themselves for the prayer. The young priest soon pushed aside the partition, and I then saw Marie Le Gallec with a beaming face, eating his abominable bread sop. He fell asleep soon afterwards, roused up to ask for something to drink, and died immediately, in a slight fit of choking.

Fortunately I did not lose many men out of the three hundred who came into my hospital, for the death of the unfortunate ones completely upset me. I was very young at that time, only twenty-four years of age, but I could nevertheless see the cowardliness of

some of the men, and the heroism of many of the others. A young Savoyard, eighteen years old, had had his forefinger taken off. Baron Larrey was quite sure that he had shot it off himself with his own gun, but I could not believe that. I noticed, though, that in spite of our nursing and care the wound did not heal. I bound it up in a different way and the following day I saw that the bandage had been altered. I mentioned this to Mme. Lambquin, who was sitting up that night together with Mme. Gérard.

The next day when I arrived she told me that she had caught the young man scraping the wound on his finger with his knife. I called him and told him that I should have to report him to the Val-de-Grace Hospital. He began to weep and vowed to me that he would never do it again, and five days later he was well. I signed the paper authorizing him to leave, and he was sent to the army of the defense.

Another of our patients bewildered us, too. Each time that his wound seemed to be just on the point of healing up, he had a violent attack of dysentery which threw him back. This seemed suspicious to Dr. Duchesne and he asked me to watch the man. At the end of a considerable time we were convinced that our wounded man had thought out the most comical scheme. He slept next the wall and therefore had no neighbor on the one side. During the night he managed to file the brass of his bedstead. He put the filings in a little pot which had been used for ointment of some kind. A few drops of water and some salt mixed with this powdered brass formed a poison, which might have cost its inventor his life. I was furious.

But side by side with these despicable men, what heroism we saw! A young captain was brought in one day. He was a tall fellow, a regular Hercules, with a superb head and a frank expression. On my book he was inscribed as Captain Menesson. He had been struck by a bullet at the top of the arm, just at the shoulder. With a nurse's assistance I was trying as gently as possible to take off his cloak, when three bullets fell from the hood which he had pulled over his head, and I counted sixteen bullet holes in the cloak. The young officer had stood upright for three hours, serving as a target himself while covering the retreat of his men as they fired all the time on the enemy. He had been brought in unconscious in an ambulance. He had lost

a great deal of blood and was half dead with fatigue and weakness. He was very gentle and charming, and thought himself sufficiently well two days later to return to the fight. The doctor, however, would not allow this, and his sister, who was a nun, besought him to wait until he was something like well again.

Soon after he came, the Cross of the Legion of Honor was brought for him, and this was a moment of intense emotion for everyone. The unfortunate wounded men who could not move turned their suffering faces toward him and, with their eyes shining through a mist of tears, gave him a fraternal look. The more convalescent among them held out their hands to the young giant.

It was Christmas eve, and I had decorated the hospital with festoons of green leaves. I had made pretty little chapels in front of the Virgin Mary, and the young priest from St. Sulpice came to take part in our poor but poetical Christmas service. He repeated some beautiful prayers, and the wounded men, many of whom were from Brittany, sang some sad, solemn songs, full of charm. Porel, the present manager of the Vaudeville Théâtre, had been wounded on the Avron Plateau. He was then convalescent and was one of my guests, together with two officers now ready to leave. That Christmas supper is one of my most charming and at the same time most melancholy memories. It was served in the small room which we had made into a bedroom. Our three beds were covered with draperies and skins which I had had fetched from home, and we used them as seats.

Mlle. Hoquigny had sent me a quantity of white "pigs' pudding," the famous Christmas dish, and all my poor soldiers who were well enough were delighted with this delicacy. One of my friends had had twenty large *brioche* cakes made for me, and I had ordered some large bowls of punch, the colored flames from which amused the grown-up sick children immensely. The young priest from St. Sulpice accepted a piece of *brioche* and, after taking a little white wine, left us. Ah! how charming and good he was, that poor young priest. And how well he managed to make that unbearable Fortin cease talking. Gradually the latter began to get humanized, until finally he began to think the priest was a good sort of fellow. Poor young priest! He was shot by the Communists, and I cried for days and days over his murder.

(To be continued.)



JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
Cartoonist and war correspondent.



Drawn by G. C. Wilmschurst.

"And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body."

—"The Younger Set," page 503.